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S. S. McCLURE, Editor

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Lord Northcliffe

By S. S. McClure

AMONG the many great services to England and to the world rendered by Lord Northcliffe it is worth while to recall these three:

1. Whatever preparation England had in aviation at the beginning of the war and the rapid progress in the development of this new science in England were largely due to his initiative and encouragement.

His first speech in the House of Lords dealt with air policy; and long before the war he urged the Government to build aircraft on a large scale.

2. To him largely was due the adequate production of sufficient ammunition and high-explosive shells in 1915. In so doing he took great risks; copies of his papers were publicly burned, and they were excluded from many public institutions; but he persevered though advertisements were withdrawn and circulation fell. "Better lose circulation than lose the British Empire" were words on his lips, and when it was discovered that he had acted with full knowledge and information his influence and his popularity were increased.

3. He was largely instrumental in making Lloyd George prime minister of England.

When in 1915 Lord Kitchener hesitated to introduce compulsory service, though the strength of our armies was failing in the most dangerous manner, Lord Northcliffe began a campaign for national service, which continued, again in the face of intense opposition, until success was obtained in 1916. He was not less energetic in protesting against the policy of concealment adopted by the Government.

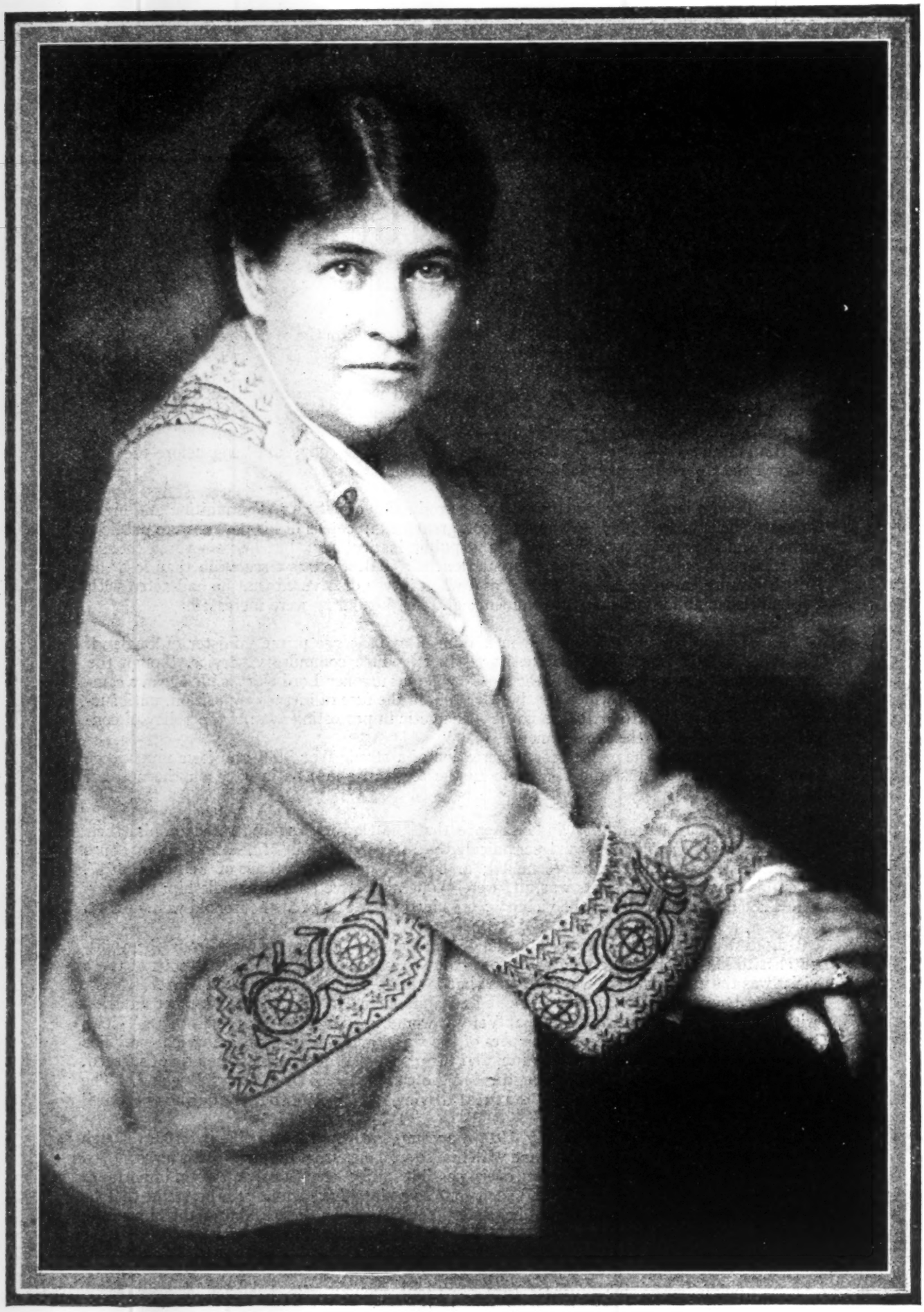
In naval matters he pressed for the creation of a strong War Staff and for a much more vigorous offensive against the U-boats. In the teeth of abuse he insisted on the need of food-rationing.

So great were his activity and influence that the Germans concentrated on him their special hatred; printed a special periodical, the *Anti-Northcliffe Mail*, devoted to abuse of him; struck an anti-Northcliffe medal; and in the destroyer attack of February, 1917, when his house at Broadstairs was hit, were thought to have specially made him their target. Though three persons in the vicinity were killed, members of his household were unhurt.

Lord Northcliffe paid a dozen visits to the various fronts, sending from them dispatches to his papers and acting as his own war correspondent. The most famous of these visits was that to Verdun, during the great battle there, which he watched on March 4, 1916, motoring back to Paris that same night and announcing in his report, after consultation with Marshal Pétain on the spot, that Verdun would not be taken by the Germans—news which was given freely to the newspapers of the world and was everywhere welcomed. His investigation of the situation at Verdun, and his report that the Germans could not succeed, was one of the prime factors in strengthening the confidence of France and England. The *National Review* described him as "the great driving force in our country during the war."

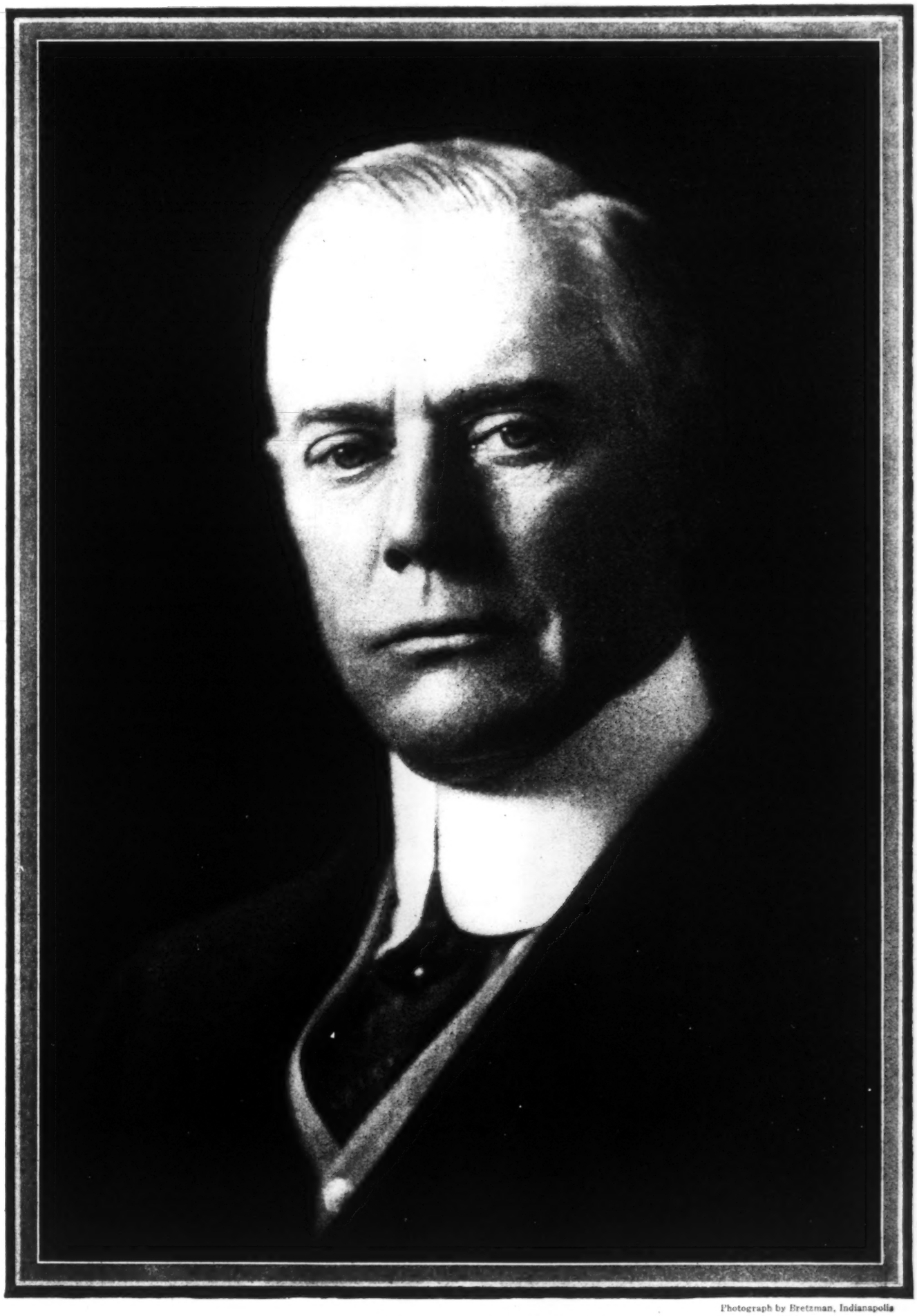
During the first ten days of July, 1914, I accompanied Lord Northcliffe in a tour through Ulster, visiting seven counties. He had with him several men from the staffs of his newspapers. During the luncheon and dinner hours, every possible subject of national and world importance was discussed. Lord Northcliffe had such sources of intelligence all over the world that he was one of the best informed men of his time. Yet, never was there a hint of the impending world war. When I left him, July 11, 1914, he had not the slightest expectation that the great war was impending.

Northcliffe began his business career without money. He achieved success early. He told me that from the time he was twenty-three years old, money had no meaning for him. Taking a general view of the national and international policies he advocated in his newspapers, one can say that, on the whole, he rendered indispensable services to his country and the world.



WILLA CATHER

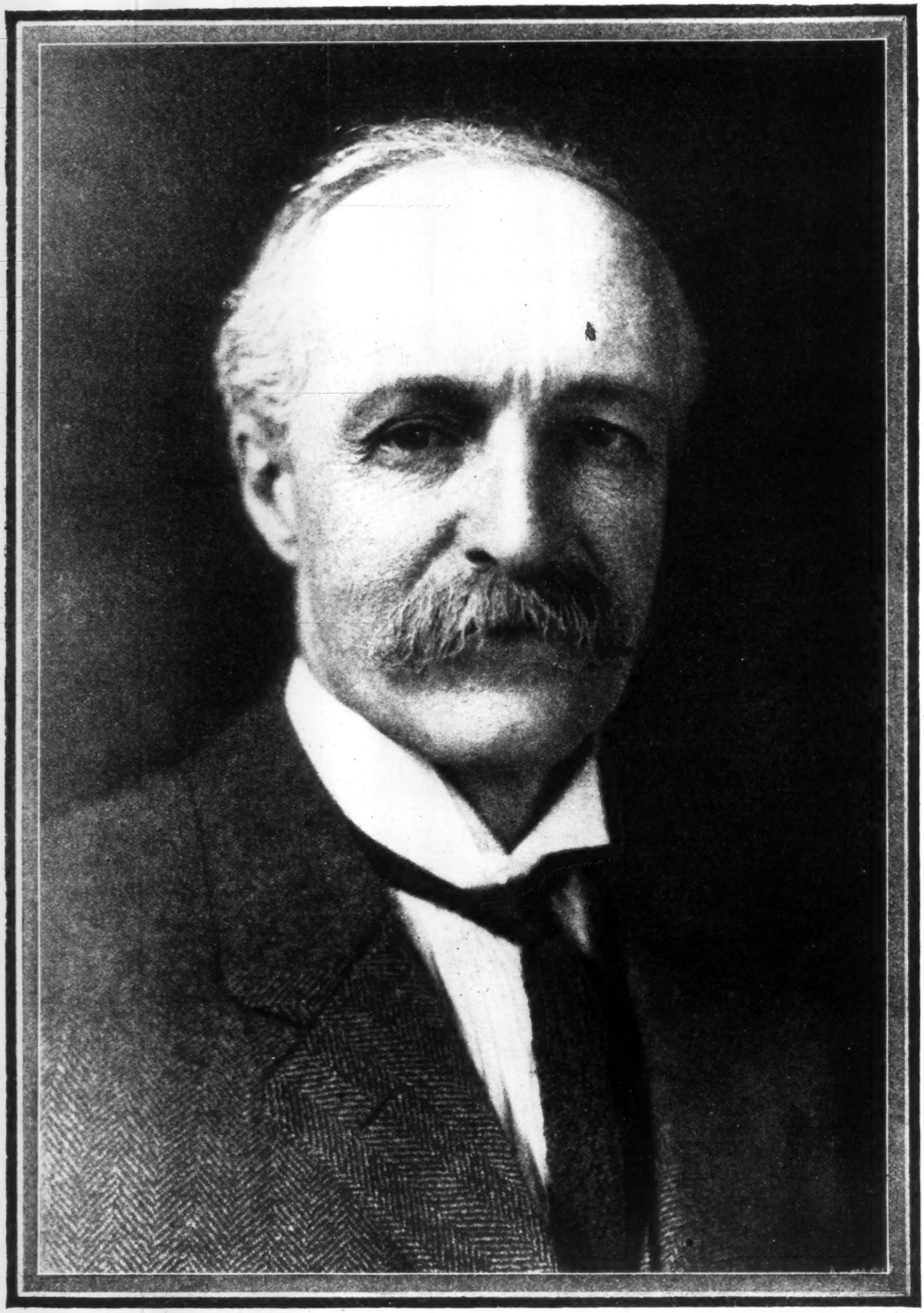
Whose "One of Ours" has been called the long-expected great American novel [see page 19]



Photograph by Bretzman, Indianapolis

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

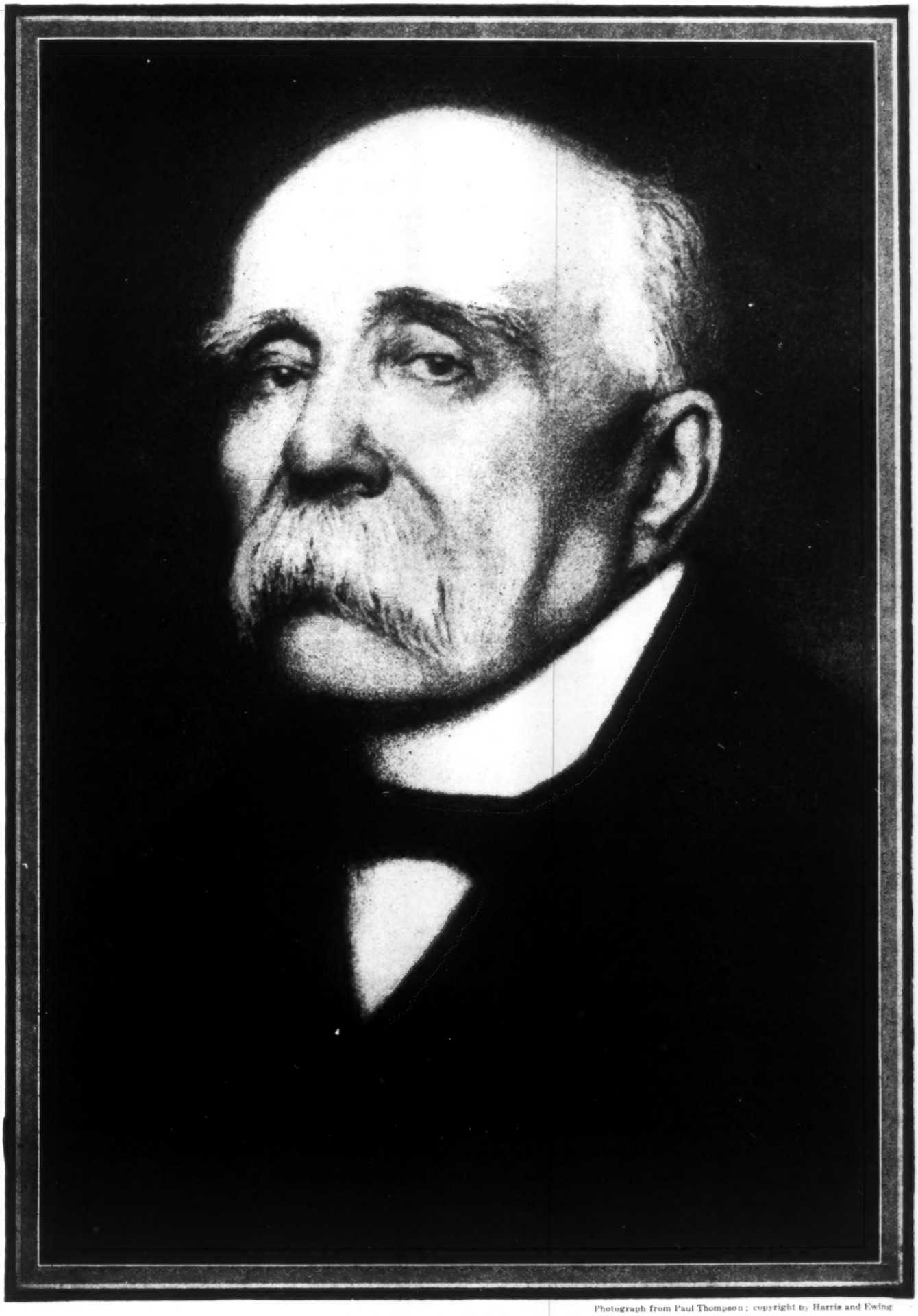
His campaign for the senatorship in Indiana is more than a local contest [see page 19]



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

GIFFORD PINCHOT

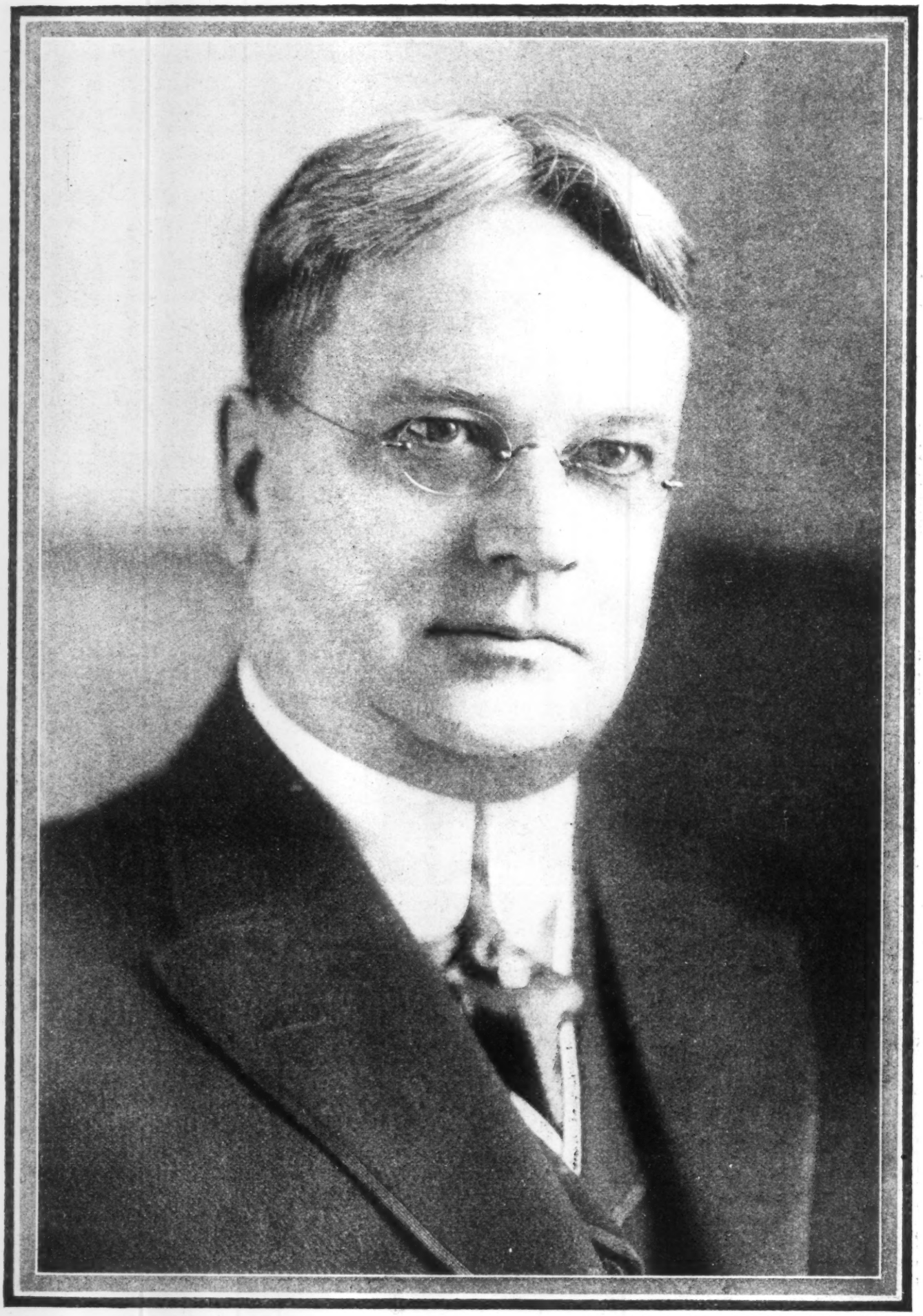
Forester, exponent of conservation, and candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania [see page 19]



Photograph from Paul Thompson ; copyright by Harris and Ewing

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

Former Premier of France, one of the four or five men who won the war [see page 19]



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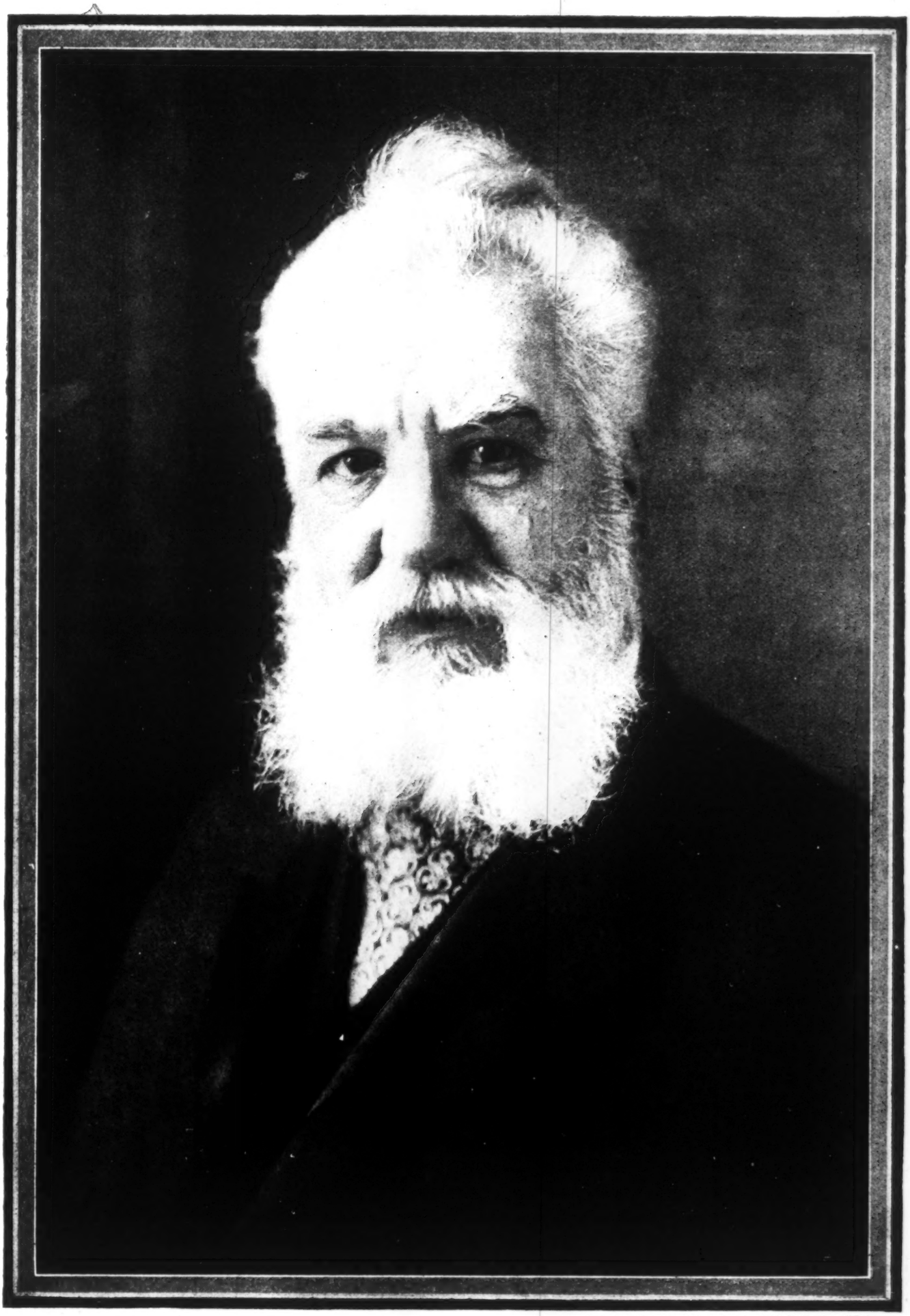
SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON

His supporters feel that he has worked for the public interest [see page 19]



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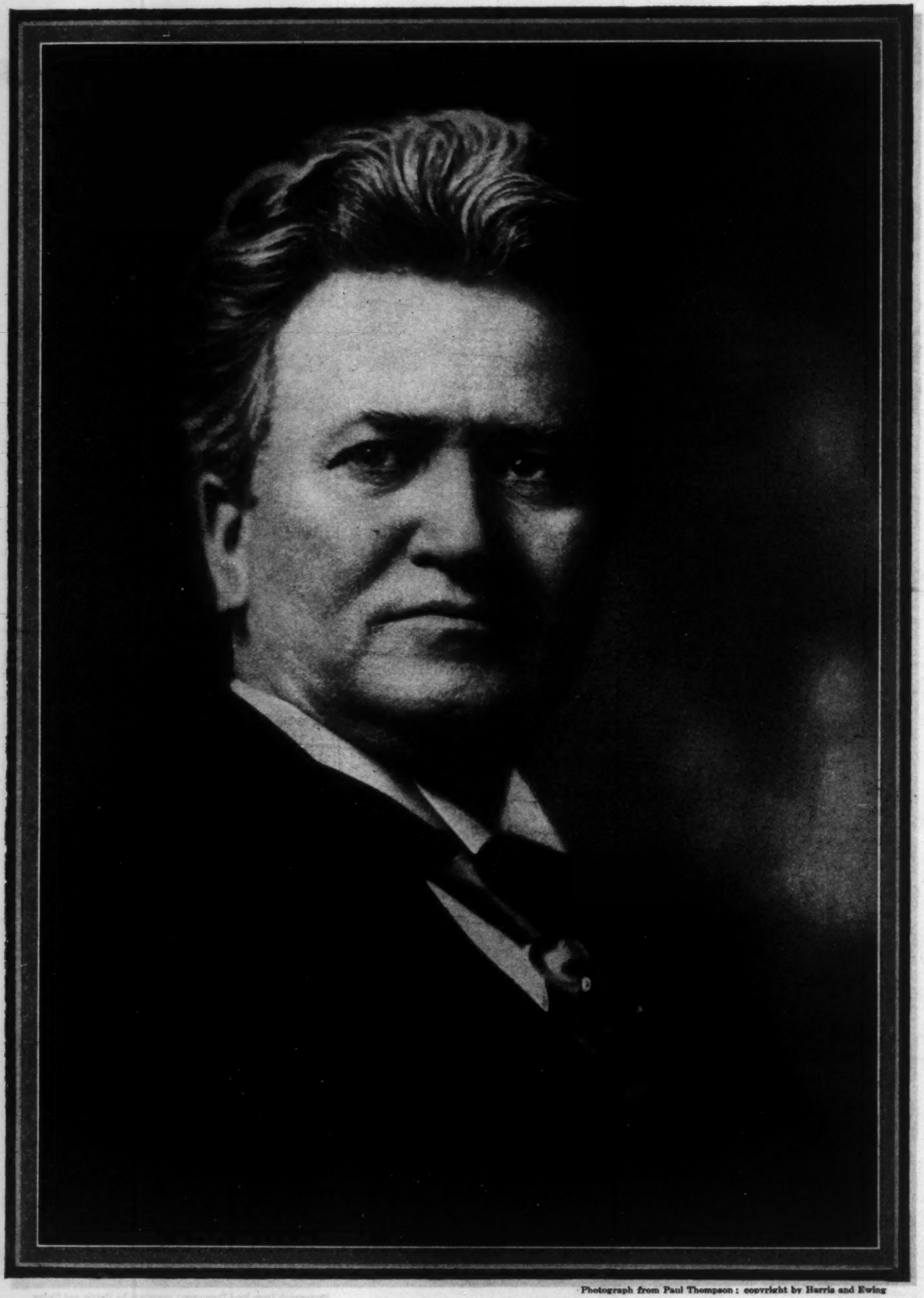
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Inventor of the telephone, whose recent death recalls his gift to the world [see page 19]



Photograph from Paul Thompson; copyright by Harris and Ewing

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Wisconsin Republican leader again wins party nomination for the Senate [see page 19]

Some Notabilities

MISS CATHER is coming into her own. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published her first stories some seventeen years ago, and she has kept the attention of the literary judicious on both her prose and her poetry from that time on, but the wider public took but little account of her till the publication of "My Antonia" in 1918. Here was a new note of freshness and power in the small body of creative work Americans are sending forth these days.

Now her next novel, "One of Ours," has just appeared. She had not been hurrying "to keep up with the market." That is not Miss Cather's way. She has taken her time to write of what she cared about, and she has cared greatly and strongly and deeply about all this world One of Ours moved in, and most about him.

She is young for an artist rich in achievement, and her promise is of yet bigger things.

FEW men have been born to the good fortune that favored Beveridge. He was born in Ohio in the heroic days of the Civil War. His boyhood was one of extraordinary poverty and hardship. At twelve he did a man's work on a farm, at fourteen he was a railroad laborer, at fifteen a logger and teamster. Such a youth naturally earned a college education, and he now has all the degrees, from A.M. to LL.D., that one man ought to have.

Beveridge was from the beginning an orator of easy supremacy. At thirty-seven he began his twelve years in the United States Senate, where he was a leader. The chief danger to a man who is a master orator is shallow thinking. An easy orator need not plow deep. But Beveridge's good fortune did not desert him. He lost his job as Senator. He was driven to deep plowing. And in the "Life of John Marshall" in four huge volumes he produced a masterpiece that alone would rank him with the foremost intellects of our time.

TO three men, more than all others, are due the efforts to preserve the forests of the United States from extinction.

Of these three the first was W. J. McGee, who died in 1912. The vision of McGee was put into form by Gifford Pinchot, who studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria.

To Theodore Roosevelt was due, in large part, the realization of Pinchot's ideas. Mr. Pinchot is preparing an article for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE that will tell of Roosevelt's work for the conservation of our natural resources.

AS Prime Minister and Minister of War from 1917 to 1920, M. Clemenceau saved the situation for the Allies. He put heart and confidence into the French people and the French army. He is one of the four or five men who won the war.

THE invention of the telephone was one of the most remarkable achievements on record and the recent death of Alexander Graham Bell recalls the fact that in spite of its marvelous development and practically universal use it is relatively new, for it still wants something of half a century since the sound of the human voice was first carried over a wire. Dr. Bell himself was seventy-five at the time of his death and he was only twenty-nine when he received his patent; more valuable than any other patent ever issued. To realize what the telephone is to the world it is only necessary to imagine life without it. It has been judged to be the greatest single invention ever made. In an early issue of McCLURE'S Harvey W. Root will tell the fascinating story of the birth of the telephone.

"Why do the folks love Hiram so?"
The little children cried.
"Because he loved them first, you know,"
The teacher then replied.

AND that's all there is to it. Hiram Johnson won in California because, whatever his mistakes—and they have been many and obvious—he has never consciously deserted what he honestly believed was the best interest to the common man.

A sincere and picturesque man is Hiram Johnson of California, who has been nominated for the third time for the United States Senate by the Republicans of California.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, in the New York *Tribune*.

WISCONSIN Republicans have again nominated Robert M. La Follette to the United States Senate, where he has served since 1905. Writing of the success of the result of the recent primary in his state, Mr. La Follette says:

"The result is not so much the protest of disaffection and despair as the inspiring and determined declaration of a great state to bring government back to the people."

Typical New England country that now lies idle; why not put it to use?

The Immigrant on the Land

One Solution of the City Crowding Problem

By S. S. McClure

ON page 49 of this issue of McCLURE'S appears an article by Harry Mount, telling the story of how a few East Side Jews bought semi-abandoned farms in the Berkshires and secured independence and a living, and how their numbers have increased until now more than a hundred Jewish families are living in happiness and comfort on the land, each man being his own master and employer.

The most disquieting phenomenon in America to-day is the flight from the land to the cities. Less than one-third of the population of the United States is living on the land. Naturally, the workers in the crowded cities have periods of unemployment. If three-fourths of the population of the United States lived in the cities, there would be still more unemployment. If 10,000,000 city and town dwellers withdrew to the land, there would be less unemployment. Among the overcrowded city populations, these people who live in utterly artificial conditions devise the most absurd and artificial beliefs and doctrines, which in turn create in the minds of some well-to-do people beliefs even more absurd.

Mr. Norman Thomas, for some time editor of the *World Tomorrow* and now a member of the editorial staff of the *Nation*, in his testimony at Albany at the time of the trial of the Socialist members said:

> I saw children stunted in size and in the growth of body and mind and soul by that system. I know that 20 per cent of the children of the world's richest city, New York, are below the line of proper nutrition. And so, rather reluctantly, I came to the position that, on the whole—I am not giving a total indorsement, but on the whole the best way of attaining a world wherein it would be possible to live according to this ethical system, a world wherein peace and the well-being of men, women, and children would be realizable, would be the kind of world which might be attained by the Socialist economics.

Morris Hillquit says:

> The last of the family to go hungry are the children; yet statistics show that in six of our largest cities from 12 to 20 per cent of the children are underfed and ill nourished. The most alarming condition is that of the rapid growth of tenant-farmers: in 1910, in each 100 farms in the United States, 37, as compared with 28 in 1890 — an increase of 32 per cent during 20 years.

Socialist and communist writers agree as to the underfeeding of children in our cities. Now, why should these children be underfed?

Under the most discouraging circumstances, the least likely element of our crowded cities, Jews from the East Side of New York City, went to rather sterile land that was not very convenient to markets, and became independent and prosperous and well fed.

Eight years ago I bought a farm in Connecticut. I found on the farm two hired men, Poles. I kept them for some years. The older, Frank, married a Polish girl four or five years ago, a girl he had known in Poland. He rented the adjoining farm. A year ago he bought the

greater part of my farm. Had he gone into the city, in all likelihood he would not have had a dollar saved and would have suffered for lack of work and of food for his children. The younger Pole, Paul, married one year ago, and rented the farm that Frank owned before he bought my farm.

If people insist on crowding into overcrowded towns and cities, and refuse the comparative independence on the land, who is to blame if their children are underfed?

The very year that Norman Thomas gave his testimony in Albany, I had to sell a splendid herd of milch-cows because I could get no one to milk the cows.

Mr. Hillquit deprecates the increase in tenant-farming. He misconceives the meaning of tenant-farming, which is a step between the stage of being a hired man and that of being the owner of a farm.

All around my farm, which is in Litchfield County, are Americans, Poles, Italians, and Swedes who are doing well and under no better conditions than exist generally. In fact, to-day a man who has nothing but his health and strength can acquire a farm of given value more quickly and more easily than at any time in the history of the United States, and in the meantime have abundance.

When land was free in Nebraska in 1866 I went to work on a farm in Indiana. Farm land in Indiana was worth from $25 to $40 an acre because the convenience to market made the land as good a buy at those terms as the land in Nebraska was at $1.25 an acre.

The story of the founding of the United States is one of the adventuring of a brave and self-reliant people, ever going forth into the wilderness and remote prairies, far from neighbors, doctors, and schools, frequently in great danger from Indians. The story of these founders of the Republic is to be found in a vast literature, a good example of which is Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." Here are some paragraphs from this wonderful book:

> All the wars we waged for the possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were carried on in the never-ending stretches of gloomy woodland . . . A stranger venturing a hundred yards from the beaten road would be so helplessly lost that he could not except by the merest chance even find his way back to the spot he had just left. . . .
>
> This dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they had lived from childhood and where they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. Tireless and careless of all hardship, they came silently out of unknown forests, robbed and murdered, and then disappeared again into the fathomless depths of the woods . . .
>
> Not only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory. And the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues because it was a war in which helpless women and children so often suffered the same hideous fate that befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers whose families followed them into the wilderness . . . The hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practised by the red men on their captured foes . . . were such as we read of in no other struggle.

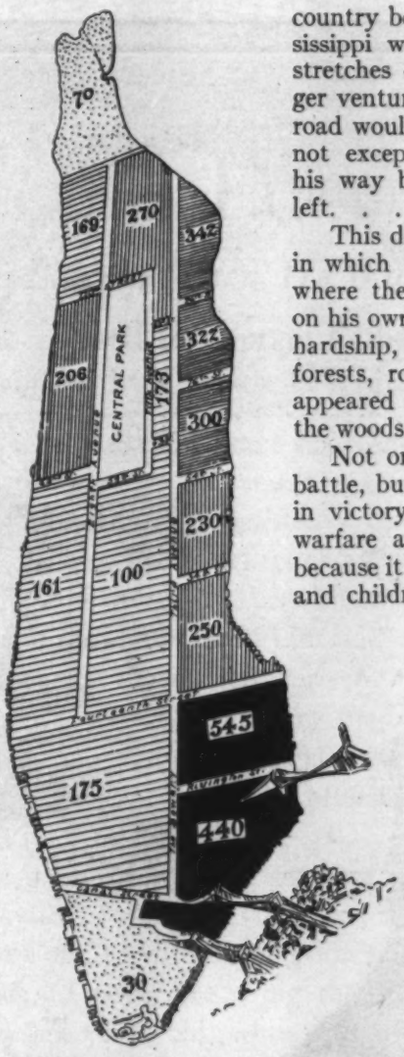


Diagram by Major Joseph Caccavajo; courtesy of *New York Evening World*

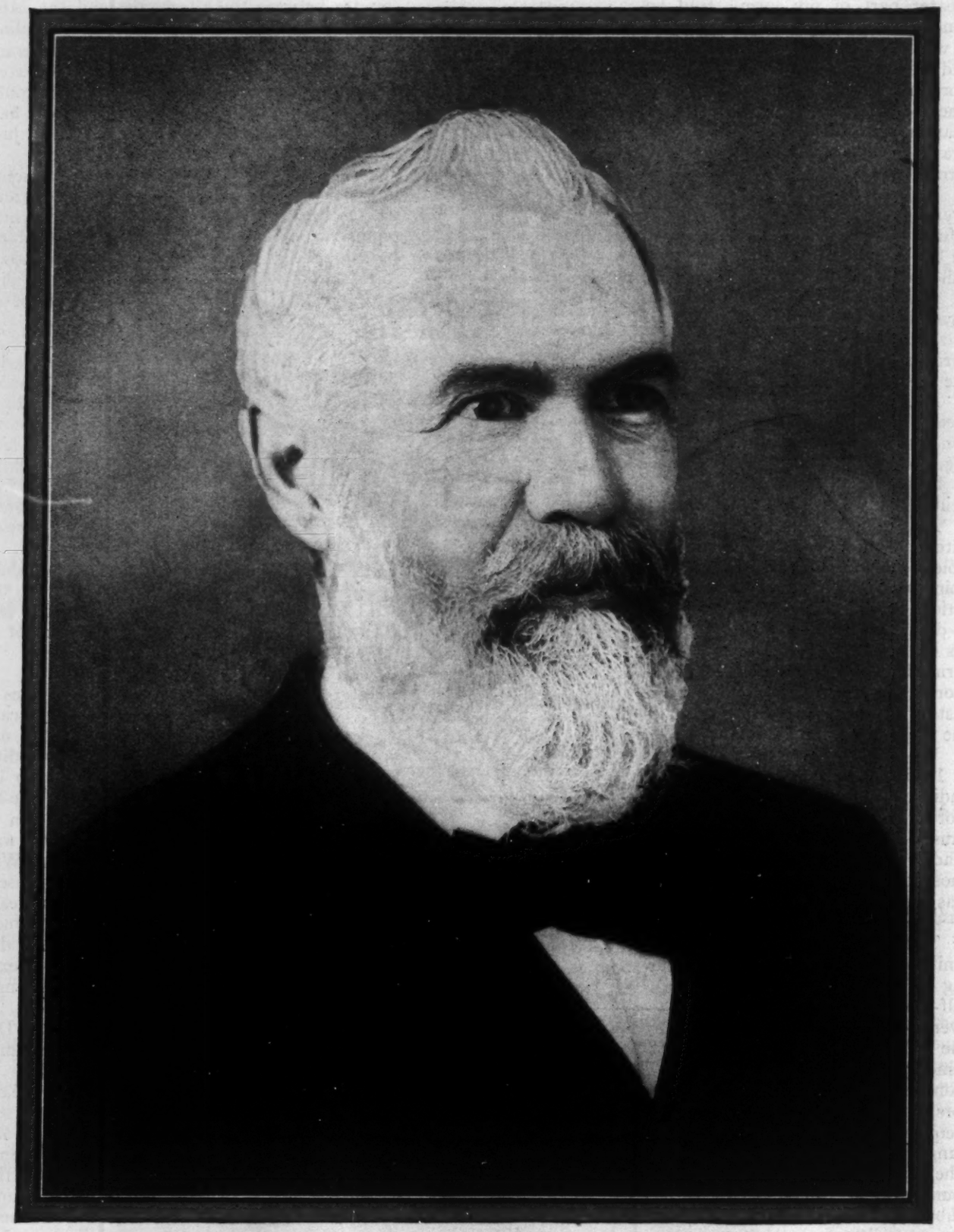
It was from the populous East Side of New York that a number of Jewish families went out to reclaim the Berkshires. This section, represented by the black portions of the diagram, is the most densely populated spot on the globe, 545 persons living on an acre

Such were the circumstances and conditions under which America was made possible for people who, under the mild and beneficent conditions of the present day, find it too terrible a thing to venture on the land. To-day a man, a family, can find work on the farm at large wages, until he learns the business. With a little saving he can equip hmself to rent a farm, and after a few years of hard work he can own a farm, and the work and conditions will be mild and beatific compared with the experience of the English, Irish, Scotch, Germans, and Dutch who made America possible.

Out of the colossal mass of socialistic writings let us take two statements by two brilliant women. In an address published in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1918, Rose Pastor Stokes published an address, which she called a confession, in which she said: "This is a historic moment in my life—the first time

(*Continued on Page 112*)

One of the hundreds of abandoned farms in the Berkshire country



CAPTAIN GILBERT J. GREENE

When he was a young printer in Springfield, Illinois, he knew Lincoln and had many talks with him. Even then he recognized the greatness of the future President. About twenty-five years ago the Captain published his Lincoln reminiscences in the Atlanta *Constitution*. Mr. White discovered "Lincoln's First Pet" among the late Captain's papers and it is here reprinted by permission of the Atlanta *Constitution*.

Lincoln's First Pet

An Experience of Lincoln When He Was Six Years Old

Told by Lincoln himself to Captain Gilbert J. Greene
Recorded by Charles T. White

ABRAHAM LINCOLN asked Gilbert J. Greene to take a walk with him into the country. It was in the late " fifties," when Greene was a journeyman printer in Springfield, Illinois, and when the fame of Lincoln throughout the State was steadily rising. Greene was only too eager to accept the invitation. He already recognized the greatness of the character of Lincoln. A walk and talk with Lincoln meant a widening of the mental horizon. It was a moonlight night. Everything was quiet along the country road. Suddenly the strollers came upon six little pigs with their noses close together.

"Those little pigs are lost," said Lincoln, after briefly surveying them; "let's help them to find their mother."

With little-pig grunts and snorts, the six were soon scampering down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence, and their mother in the field a rod away. Lincoln smiled with satisfaction as he saw the pig family reunited, and remarked: "I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy six years old, while we lived near Hodgensville, Kentucky, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so taken with them that they could not get me away from them. The owner filled me with supreme joy by saying: 'You may have one of those pigs if you can get him home.' I instantly accepted the offer.

I HAD on a tow shirt—one which my mother had woven—reaching below my knees, and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. Using the front of it as an apron, or sack, I rolled my pig up in it and carried him home. I got an old bee-gum,—a hollow log,—put corn-husks and leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night.

"He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him meal and bran, and bread and milk — everything I could think of; but he would not touch any of them. About all he could do was to squeal. At length my mother said to me: 'Abe, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here.'

"What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he to see her! After she had given him his dinner, he

looked so pretty I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in my tow shirt, as I had before, and took him to our house. Mother protested, and I cried. She broke down and relented, and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, until we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good.

"That pig," continued Lincoln, his eyes brightening with the recollection, "was my companion. I played with him, and taught him tricks. We used to play hide-and-seek. I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him!

"AFTER a while he got too heavy for me to carry around, and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, to the plowed ground, and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods brushing the leaves away, picking out the most promising spots, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell. Then he would rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down in a sort of wheedling way, and say, in the language which I understood, 'Abe, why don't you carry me, the same as you used to do?'

"When he grew larger I turned the tables on him and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily and cheerfully as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn — piles of it — and how he did eat! He grew large — too large for his own good and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table one day I heard my father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart was as heavy as lead.

"The next morning was the beginning of a tragedy to me. There were ominous signs everywhere. There was a heavy pole resting on crotched posts near the barn. Father had a barrel of water ready, and was heating stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I was suddenly seized with a determination to save my playmate. I slipped out and took him with me into the woods. When father found what had happened, he yelled as loud as he could:

"'You Abe, fetch back that hog! You Abe, fetch back that hog!'

"The louder father called, the further and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. Father and mother explained to me that we could not keep the hog through the long winter for me to play with — that hogs were meant to be killed for food. I was not convinced. After a restless night, I

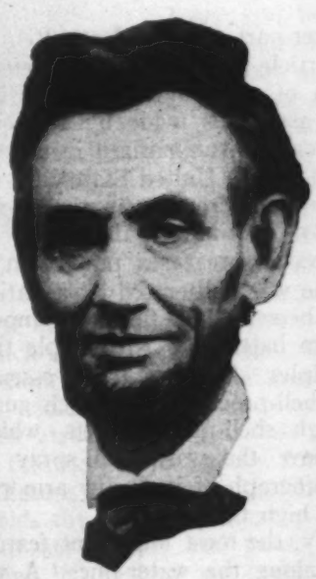
rose early and slipped out of the house quietly, to get my pig and take him away for another day's hiding. But my father had forestalled me by rising still earlier, and he had fastened my pet in the pen.

"I knew then," continued Lincoln, as the two men halted momentarily, "there was no hope for my pig. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not got far into the woods before I heard the pig squeal, and I ran faster than ever to get away from the sound.

"BEING quite hungry at midday, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog dressed, hanging from the pole near the barn. I began to blubber. I just couldn't reconcile myself to my loss. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my hunger till night, when I returned home.

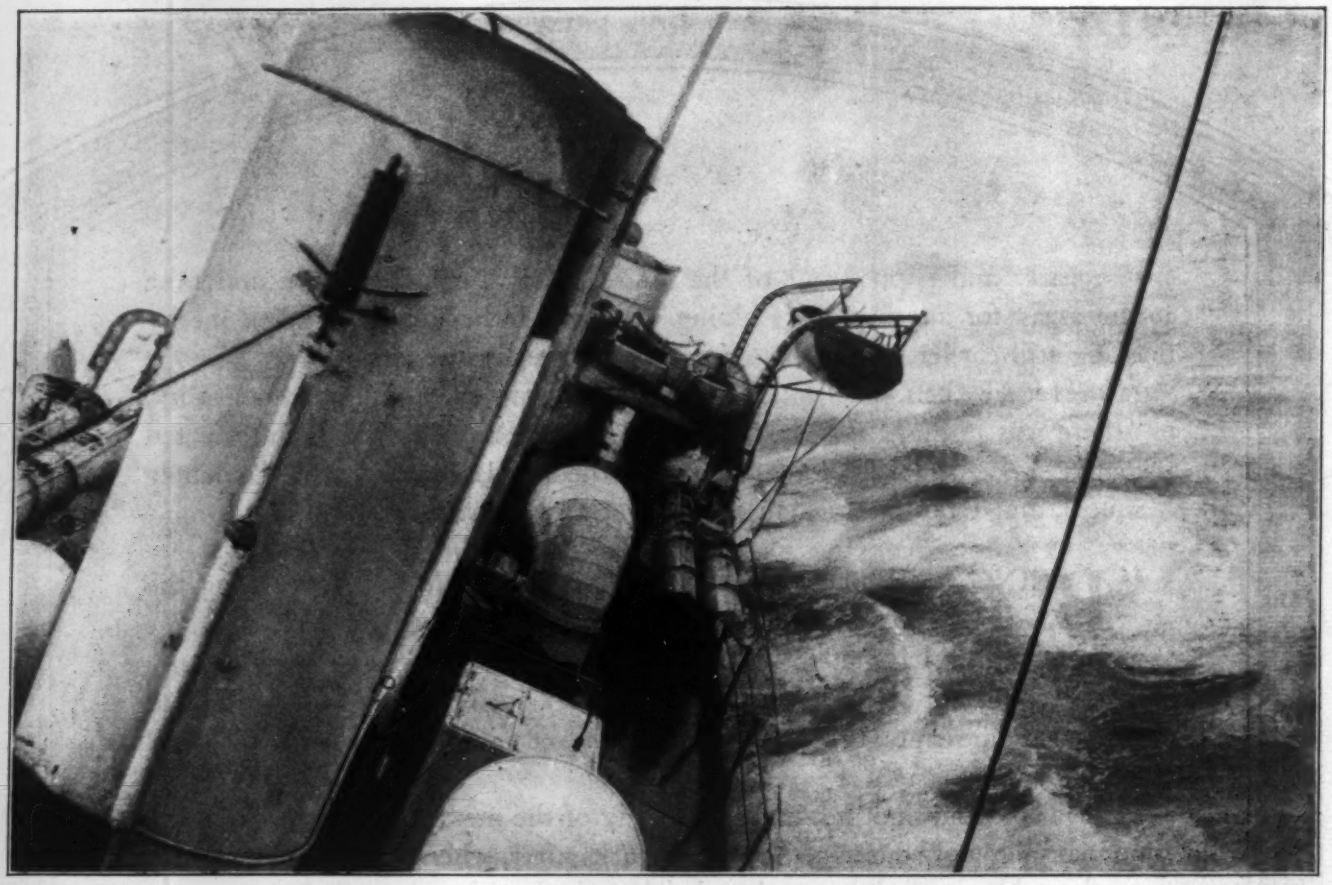
"They could not get me to take any of the meat — neither tenderloin, nor sausage, nor souse. And even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

"The next morning," continued Lincoln, "I went into the yard and saw some of the reminders of the butchering. Taking a big chip, I scraped the scattered blood and hair into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the fold of my tow shirt, and strewed it over the ground, to cover up every trace of what was to me an awful tragedy. The new dirt did not do its work very well," said the speaker, smiling somewhat sadly, "for to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we just met in the road, it all comes back to me — my pet pig, our rambles in the woods, the scenes of my boyhood, the old home and the dear ones there."



IN commenting on this walk and talk with Lincoln, Captain Greene said:

"It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln than years of close association could have done. He had a wonderful kindness of heart. He could not help being tender any more than the song-birds about his cabin could keep from singing. It was easy, even then, for me to see how the boy, so tender to his first pet, might grow to be perhaps the very greatest and noblest American gentleman."



Admiral Sims

Who Inaugurated the Most Far-Reaching Reforms in the Naval History of the United States

By S. S. McClure

IN the latter part of 1907 Henry Reuterdahl brought me an article dealing with the defects in the construction of our warships.

The assertions made by Reuterdahl were incredible and can be summarized in a few words:

"The fleet of the United States, by mere statistics, is now the second strongest in the world. But mere statistics mean nothing by themselves. Three years ago Russia was a great sea power; in one afternoon of fighting she was obliterated by a nation statistically weaker than herself. Her fleet was unprepared.

"A modern battle-ship is a simple thing in its big general principles. Two points are essential in its protection — a shell-proof armor, which guards its water-line; and high shell-proof turrets, which lift up its guns just above the wash and spray of the waves. An X-ay photograph of its heavy armor would show a monitor with high turrets.

"Obviously, the most important feature of all must be the belt along the water-line. A wound upon a turret may silence that one turret's guns. A hole upon the water-line will cripple or sink the ship. Of all the Russian follies which came to light in the great battle of Tsoushima that sealed the fate of the Russian-Japanese war, one stands out especially. The Russian battle-ships, when they went into that fight, were overloaded until the shell-proof armor of their water-line was underneath the water. They were not battle-ships at all. Within a year afterward, our navy awoke to the realization of a startling fact: the ships of the battle fleet of the United States are in exactly the same condition as the Russian ships at Tsoushima — not temporarily, but permanently.

"Of all our battle-ships, not one shows its main armor-belt six inches above the water when fully equipped and ready for sea. There is a continuous belt of this main armor from seven and one half to nine feet wide around every ship. The constructors' plans were made to have from 12 to 30 inches of this out of water when each vessel makes her trial trip. But trial trips are made with something less than half the weight of actual service on board the ship. When fully loaded for sea, practically the whole of the ship's water-line belt is under water. Above this is a thinner armor, which can be pierced by heavy shells. The standard heavy gun of to-day throws a steel projectile 12 inches in diameter, 4 feet long, and weighing 850 pounds, charged with a high explosive. The bursting of one of these shells in this thinner secondary armor would tear a hole bigger than a door upon a ship's water-line. What would happen after this is best shown by what actually did happen to a Russian battle-ship, the *Osliabia,* as told by one of

Note.—In three articles, the first of which appears on page 32, Admiral Sims tells of Roosevelt's greatest achievement—the creation of the Navy of the United States that so successfully bore the test of the Great War

her officers on the evening of the battle of Tsoushima:

" 'Three shells, one after another, almost in the same identical spot. Imagine it! All of them in the same place! All on the water-line under the forward turret! Not a hole but a regular gateway! Three of them penetrated her together. She almost heeled over at once, then settled under the water. A tremendous rush of water, and the partitions were naturally useless.'

* * *

"No other nation of the world has ever made this fundamental mistake, except in the case of a few isolated ships. The French have always had a high, continuous belt which reaches from five to eight feet above the water-line. The British, for some time without the continuous belt encircling the entire ship, have always raised the armor they considered vital many feet above the water. The *Dreadnought* — their famous battle-ship, embodying the secret lessons of the Russian-Japanese war — represents the principle upon which all their ships are being built to-day. Her main water-line belt extends eight feet below the water and five above."

So much for the most important defensive equipment. Our battle-ships were practically light-armored cruisers.

The Lowness of American Ships

"A battle-ship must fight at sea — in heavy weather. To do this, she must have her gunports and her turrets well out of water. If this were not the case, the *Monitor* — long since discarded — would be the fighting-ship of the world. But the lowest of our battle-ships to-day are scarcely more than monitors. The three ships of the *Indiana* class have their bows but eleven feet above the water; the two ships in the *Kearsarge* class but thirteen. And in the very latest of our ships afloat, the *Connecticut*, the bows are only about eighteen feet above the water-line. The bows of our latest armored cruisers are only twenty feet above.

"Now, all modern battle-ships in foreign navies have forward decks from about twenty-two to twenty-eight feet above the water; the armored cruisers have theirs from twenty-five to thirty-two feet high. And in the latest of the foreign ships, especially in the French and British navies, the high bow is universal. The *Dreadnought's* forward decks are twenty-eight feet high. Her forward turret is set far back — about one hundred and ten feet from the bow; and in front of it a breakwater is arranged to prevent the waves that come aboard from rolling back to this turret.

Admiral William Sowden Sims
A recent photograph

"The result of this difference in construction would be disastrously apparent in any naval war. Fighting at sea takes place with ships under way and steaming at high speed. Our ships, when moving into any considerable heavy sea, take in over their low bows solid water, which slaps up over their forward turrets. What this means can be understood from a recent experience of one battle-ship in our navy. The *Virginia*, with all her ports closed by steel buckles, shipped one hundred and twenty tons of water into her forward turret during a trip from Cuba to Hampton Roads a few months ago. With these ports open for action during bad weather, each wave would send through them tons of water. The electrical installations of the machinery which turns the turret, hoists the ammunition, and elevates the guns would be short-circuited and burnt out, and the turret and its guns would be rendered motionless. The water would pass down inside the turret to the handling-room, and from there directly to the magazines.

One Third of Guns Useless in a Seaway

"In other words, it would be impossible in rough weather to aim and fire the forward turret guns, one half, that is, of our heaviest guns, which form the main reliance of the modern battle-ship. In the same weather, foreign battle-ships, with their high bows, could fire their forward turret guns with ease. The handicap is still worse for our armored cruisers, for these ships steam faster than the battle-ships, and, consequently, throw up more water at their bows; and, being longer than the battle-ships, they plunge their bows much deeper into the waves.

"But the broadside guns on our ships are in an even worse position than those in the forward turrets. In the *Georgia, Idaho,* and *Connecticut* classes — containing the twelve latest battle-ships afloat — they are only about eleven feet above the water. In each of our new armored cruisers, ten of the fourteen medium guns are at the same height. None of these guns could be fired to windward while the ships were steaming at battle speed against even a moderate sea; that is, these guns could not be fought at all in the most advantageous position; for the ship which fires to windward holds the great advantage of being free from the smoke of her funnels and guns. The broadside guns of foreign battle-ships and cruisers are, generally speaking, twice as high as ours, and many of them are three times as high.

The Open Shaft

"The three or four best navies in the world have faster ships than ours; they could, in most cases, pick

their time of fighting. If they chose to fight us in rough weather, their advantage would be enormous. In only fairly heavy seas, while the French and Japanese could be using their entire batteries, our forward turrets and three quarters of our windward broadside guns would be heavily handicapped, if not quite useless. These constitute more than one third of the guns upon a fighting-ship.

"The most important protection of a battle-ship, outside of the hull itself, is that given to its magazines. Never, since the use of powder upon fighting-ships, has there been such danger to the magazines as exists in every battle-ship and armored cruiser in the American fleet. It is a first principle, recognized even in the days of wooden frigates, that powder must not be passed directly up to the gun-deck through a vertical shaft. Primitive common sense demands that there must be no passageway straight down from the fire of the guns on the fighting-deck to the magazine. The open turret of the United States battle-ship is the only violation of this principle in the practice of the world."

Other Defects

There were other defects, almost as fundamental, including inadequate ammunition hoists, and further, a great lack of torpedoes and destroyers.

In the nine years between the Spanish-American war and the preparation of the article there had been a total of ten days' battle drill, compared to many weeks each year by other navies.

It is impossible here to go fully into the condition of the American navy in 1907, as set forth in the Reuterdahl article. I told Mr. Reuterdahl that no magazine could publish such an article until the editor *knew* the statements were true, and that there was one man in the navy in whom I had confidence, although I had met him only twice, and that was Commander Sims.

With Mr. Turner, a member of the staff of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, I went to Washington. After a brief investigation I decided it was worth while for Mr. Turner to make a complete investigation. This he did and it took two months' solid work to get all the statements verified. In addition, as soon as it was known that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was undertaking this investigation, help came to us from all directions. One of the most distinguished admirals in the navy, now no longer living, called on me and told me that I could have any document needed to show me the truth. One such document was a report made by Rear-Admiral Remey, at the time on the China Station. This document was a report made by Remey in 1901. In this he showed that by the fire-control system devised by Sir Percy Scott of the British navy and adopted also by the Japanese navy, one British or Japanese battle-ship of a given tonnage and equipment could hit as many times as could eight American battle-ships of the same tonnage and equipment.

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One of Admiral Sims' staunch admirers: Admiral Viscount Jellicoe

By 1907 Sims had been able to bring American marksmanship up to the standard of the Japanese and British navies. He was now fighting to cure the fundamental defects in the structure of our battle-ships.

I publish herewith statements by the foremost naval men of the world as to the standing and achievements of Admiral Sims.

Jellicoe's Opinion of Sims

Here is the opinion of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, given on pages 116-117 and 154-155 of "The Crisis of the Naval War":

"Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims arrived in this country in March, 1917. . . . He came to visit me at the Admiralty immediately after his arrival in London, and from that day until I left the Admiralty at the end of the year it was my privilege and pleasure to work in the very closest cöoperation with him.

"My friendship with the Admiral was of very long standing. We had during many years exchanged views on different naval subjects, but principally on gunnery questions. I, in common with other British naval officers who had the honor of his acquaintance, had always been greatly struck by his wonderful success in the post of Inspector of Target Practice in the United States Navy.

"That success was due not only to his intimate knowledge of gunnery, but also to his attractive personality, charm of manner, keen sense of humor, and quick and accurate grasp of any problem with which he was confronted. It was fortunate indeed for the Allied cause that Admiral Sims should have been selected to command the United States forces in European waters, for to the qualities mentioned above he added

a habit of speaking his mind with absolutely fearless disregard of the consequences.

"This characteristic has led him on more than one occasion into difficulty, but in the circumstances with which he had to deal in 1917 it was just the quality that was needed. . . . He was consistently taken up by that great ambassador, the late Mr. W. H. Page, who also honored me with his confidence, and to whom I spoke perfectly freely on all occasions.

* * *

"The German staff may have had in mind the situation during the Spanish-American war when the fact of Admiral Cervera's weak and inefficient squadron being at large was sufficient to affect adversely the naval strategy of the United States to a considerable extent and to paralyze the work of the United States Navy in the offensive direction.

"Very fortunately for the Allied cause, a most distinguished officer of the United States Navy, Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims, came to this country to report on the situation and to command such forces as were sent to European waters. Admiral Sims, in his earlier career before reaching the flag list, was a gunnery officer of the very first rank. He had assimilated the ideas of Sir Percy Scott of our own Navy, who had revolutionized British naval gunnery, and he had succeeded, as Inspector of Target Practice in the United States Navy, in producing a very marked increase in gunnery efficiency. Later when in command, first of a battle-ship, then of the destroyer flotillas, and finally as head of the United States Naval War College, his close study of naval strategy and tactics had peculiarly fitted him for the important post for which he was selected, and he not only held the soundest views on such subjects himself, but was able, by dint of the tact and persuasive eloquence that had carried him successfully through his gunnery difficulties, to impress his views on others."

Admiral Sir Percy Scott
who knew Sims as a junior navy officer

Admiral Sir Percy Scott on Sims

The man most competent to judge the achievements of Admiral Sims is Admiral Sir Percy Scott, to whom the British Navy owes much of its efficiency. His opinion of Sims is given on pages 153-157 of "Fifty Years in the Royal Navy."

"It was while stationed at Hong Kong that, early in 1901, I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Wm. S. Sims, U. S. Navy, at that time serving on board the battleship *Kentucky*.. He was a gunnery enthusiast and was trying to impress upon his naval authorities the necessity of a reform in heavy-gun shooting. He based his arguments upon a comparison of the very bad shooting of the American Fleet at that time and the records made by *H.M.S. Terrible* in China in 1900 and 1901, pointing out that the fundamental defect in training was that American scores were based upon observation of the splashes of projectiles, while British scores were a record of actual holes made in a canvas target.

"It is not inappropriate to my own reminiscences to recall the part which Admiral Sims, as he afterwards became, took in reforming the gunnery of the United States Navy. Though then a junior officer, he felt impelled to report to the Navy Department at Washington on the unsatisfactory methods of training men in gunnery. He little anticipated the opposition which would be offered to his suggestions and the annoyance which would be occasioned by his criticisms. He began his campaign in a moderate spirit as befitted a junior officer addressing his seniors, observing all the ordinary regulations in bringing his views to the attention of the authorities. His memoranda reached Washington and were acknowledged, but he got little more satisfaction out of it than that.

"He wrote again and again, and at length the naval authorities at Washington did not even take the trouble to acknowledge his communications. At last, this young naval lieutenant became desperate. He sat down in his cabin and prepared a report on the state of gunnery in the United States Fleet and mailed it in duplicate, sending one copy to President Roosevelt at the White House, who since the time when he had acted as Assistant Naval Secretary had taken a great interest in everything connected with the Fleet. I forget at the moment to whom he sent the other copy. It was, of course, a gross act of insubordination for a junior officer to address the President, who was technically the Commander-in-Chief of the whole Fleet, ignoring the American Admiral on the Station and all the senior officers at Washington.

"But Lieutenant Sims accepted the risk. By some good chance the letter to Mr. Roosevelt actually reached his own hands. He sat down to study this young officer's letter. He was rather shocked by his criticism of existing methods, but equally impressed by his suggestions for reform. So he forthwith sent a communication to the Navy Department stating that this young man was to be immediately sent for, given an opportunity of proving his contentions, and then, if he failed, it was significantly added, the senior officers in the department could do with him what they liked without consulting the President.

Sims Goes to Washington

"So in due course an order reached Lieut. Sims, directing him to return to Washington. When he got there he found that, though the President had shown that he was concerned in the matter, he had not by any means rendered the path of Lieut. Sims smooth and comfortable; on the contrary, quite a lot of people in influential positions were prepared to put obstacles in the way of this upstart, as they regarded him. Lieut. Sims worked on for some time, and then he saw that he could make little headway. Fortunately, one of the

Admirals serving in the department was impressed by his knowledge, energy, and courage. He went to the White House and represented the position of affairs to the President. The result was that Lieut. Sims was forthwith appointed Naval Aide-de-Camp to the President, which gave him freedom of access to Mr. Roosevelt and insured his support.

"In this way the traditional conservatism of many older naval officers of the United States Navy was broken down. At length, this daring lieutenant was not only promoted, but a new office was created for him, and he became Director of Target Practice. Before he relinquished that appointment, the gunnery of the United States Navy had been reformed, and he had become one of the outstanding officers of the fleet.

* * *

"The United States Navy made wonderful strides in perfecting their shooting and quickly went ahead of us, while we, for our part, were strenuously resisting the competition the Americans believed in.

* * *

"Lieutenant Sims held the position of Director of Target Practice until February, 1909. Eventually, as I have said, he became Aide to President Roosevelt in addition to his other duties, and subsequently he was appointed, by order of the President, to the command of the battle-ship *Minnesota*, being the only man of his rank to have such a command. Upon the completion of his two-year term of sea service, he was ordered to the Naval War College, at Newport, from which he graduated two years later and received the command of the Atlantic Torpedo Flotilla. During his administration of this latter command, the efficiency of the torpedoes and guns of the destroyers was, I am told, very considerably increased. He was singled out for special service by President Roosevelt, and when the United States entered the War in April, 1917, a guarantee of effective coöperation between the British and American Fleets was supplied by President Wilson's appointment of Rear-Admiral Sims—for he had reached that rank—in command of the United States forces sent to British waters."

The Admiral as a sportsman

It is worth while to get the views of a trained newspaper man, especially if that man is Mr. Edward G. Lowry. This view is given in "Washington Close-ups."

Sims in "Washington Close-ups"

"I think I have never known any man who walks about the world so gayly and so unafraid as Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims, . . . the first figure in the navy, the ablest officer of our generation in the sea establishment. If there is a more competent officer on the active list of the navy, he has not made himself known and his influence felt. And I think he has come to his present estate by being unafraid.

* * *

"I do not think he goes off at half-cock. He knows very well what he is doing. He exercises when he sees fit, and thinks a need exists, his quality of being unafraid. He has grown in his own stature and in public esteem through these 'indiscretions.' Another thing he has that makes for confidence and poise and a quick willingness to back his own play, and that is, perfect health. To-day at sixty-three he is a better man physically than the average man of forty-five. He functions easily. He keeps in the pink. That perfect good health would make him chipper and gay, even without his eager, dancing spirit. . . .

Sims Wins a Third Time

"But the great war was the searching test. Admiral Sims could have so managed his affairs and the affairs of the navy abroad, so conducted himself toward the Navy Department and the powers at home in Washington, could have been so smooth, so pliant, so discreet, so accommodating and complaisant, so adroit in taking the easiest way, that he might have returned full of honors—which he would not have deserved. I think there is no doubt he could have so contrived his business that he would have been made a full Admiral for life with the thanks of Congress, and mayhap a sword or some additional token. But he has never attempted to advance his personal interests at the expense of the public interest or an efficient prosecution of the war to an early and unimpeded conclusion. He might have taken to the water and paraded himself before a gaping continent had he so chosen, and only a handful of people in all the world would have known that he was play-acting. To the others he would have been a hero.

"Instead, as was his duty and obligation, he kept a careful, orderly record of all that was done and all that was not done that affected our participation in the war at sea.

"When the war ended he came home and submitted a piece of constructive, documented, supported and attested criticism of naval administration. He pressed it boldly and fearlessly. He forced a controversy. He got a Senate investigation and the whole naval conduct of the war thoroughly aired and investigated. He was sustained in his contentions and his criticisms.

"It was a public service. It was not the first nor the second time he had stood up against the Navy Department and won. It was the third time.

"In 1901, after trying in vain over a long period through official channels to get action and remedy, Admiral Sims wrote directly to President Roosevelt over

the head of the Navy Department and charged that the navy couldn't shoot for beans. He proved it by the target practice records. It was a disillusioning and disconcerting revelation. It raised a rumpus. Roosevelt brought Sims home from China and put him in charge of the navy's target practice.

"'Do exactly as he says for eighteen months,' said Roosevelt. 'If he does not accomplish something in that time, fire him.'

"Sims was Inspector of Target Practice for six and one-half years, until our naval gunners became the best shots in the world. Whether they have retained that eminence, I do not know. There was some good shooting in the North Sea a little while ago in which we did not participate. But if we are not still the best naval gunners in the world, we have not fallen back to the humiliating inefficiency that was ours prior to Sims's criticism.

"That was a piece of effective constructive criticism in naval gunnery.

"He walks the world unafraid"

Second Encounter with Department

"His second notable encounter with the Navy Department grew out of his first. He brought about a radical change and improvement in naval construction. Roosevelt helped him in this, too. From 1900 to 1907 Sims constantly poured into the department a flood of reports in which he repeatedly charged gross errors of construction in our fighting-ships. They weren't properly protected, they weren't properly designed, there was virtually nothing about them that was not wrong; they were armored under water but not above, the guns lay so low that in a sea they were awash; the gun apertures in the turret were too large and offered no protection to the gun crews, the magazines were exposed and badly placed.

"'The *Kentucky* is not a battle-ship at all. She is the worst crime in naval construction ever perpetrated by the white race,' was one descriptive comment.

"By the beginning of 1908 these charges and assertions were appearing in public print. Sims was threatened with court-martial. Secretary Metcalf, who didn't know or even suspect that President Roosevelt was privy to all that was going on, wrote Sims a formidable letter. But Roosevelt quietly squelched all that. The present design and construction of American battleships dates from those criticisms and that issue forced by Sims. . . .

"Young officers in the navy are his warmest and most enthusiastic admirers. One of them told me: 'There has always been a team whenever we were at sea, with Admiral Sims as the captain, elected to this position by the team because he has always been the best member on it. His discipline has always been a discipline of appreciation rather than a discipline of fear.'

"A fine, gay, upstanding sailor man. That he is unafraid is the thing to know and remember about him."

The following letters, one from President Roosevelt and the other from Captain Richard Wainwright, give an American naval officer's opinion:

White House,
Washington.

(Personal.)

December 5, 1903.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

The enclosed letter of Wainwright explains itself. It pays a just tribute to Lieutenant-Commander Sims' great services — and unconsciously shows what a fine man Wainwright is. I should like to reward Sims in some marked fashion for what he has done. Is there any way you can suggest?

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

Hon. William H. Moody,
Secretary of the Navy.

(Enclosure.)

U. S. F. S. *Newark*,
Buenos Aires, October, 1903.

Dear Mr. President:

Knowing your great interest in straight and rapid shooting in the Navy, I venture to suggest to you that some action be taken to reward Lt. Comdr. Sims for what he has done in that line. I do not think his services can be exaggerated and it is well inside the truth to say that one battle-ship with the crew trained by Sims' methods can make more hits per minute than five battleships with crews trained as of old. I would gladly see Sims promoted over my head and believe the reward of a commission as Rear Admiral, or at least as Captain, would not be more than his services merit, and would give the Navy a splendid young officer with high rank. I know you have followed with interest the improvements we have made in target practice, but without actual experience in new methods it is hard to realize how blind we have been and what a great change has taken place.

I served on two ships with the best target record according to old methods, one on the North Atlantic and one on the Asiatic Station, and I had read all of Sims' papers, so knew what to expect, but our first target practice on the *Newark*, after a few months' practice training with a rather indifferent crew, was almost as surprising to me as if I had read or heard nothing. We are now learning something and improving our ordnance every day. You may remember how often the rapid shooting of the English 8-inch guns was brought to your attention when Asst. Secretary and how all the experts said such rapidity was impossible. Now the old 8-inch guns of the *Indiana* have beaten the English record. This is all due to Sims' methods. When I saw you last in Annapolis, I told you I was inclined to think Sims a little pessimistic. I now realize, what he knew then, into what a depth of ignorance of our weapons we had fallen. The enthusiasm about all target work in the Navy is well kept up at present, but I believe it would be increased if your approval was shown in some such manner as I have suggested. I imagine the necessary Congressional action could be obtained. I feel sure you will approve of my motive if not my suggestions.

Sincerely yours,
Richard Wainwright.

The President of the United States.

Roosevelt and the Navy

Recollections, Reminiscences, and Reflections

By Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims

WE are still too close to the great spirit of Theodore Roosevelt to gauge how fully his dynamic personality has shaped our national destinies, but as Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske finely expressed it:

"Now the world is becoming dimly conscious that America has produced another man pre-eminently great, and to feel that history may declare him a worthy successor of George Washington."

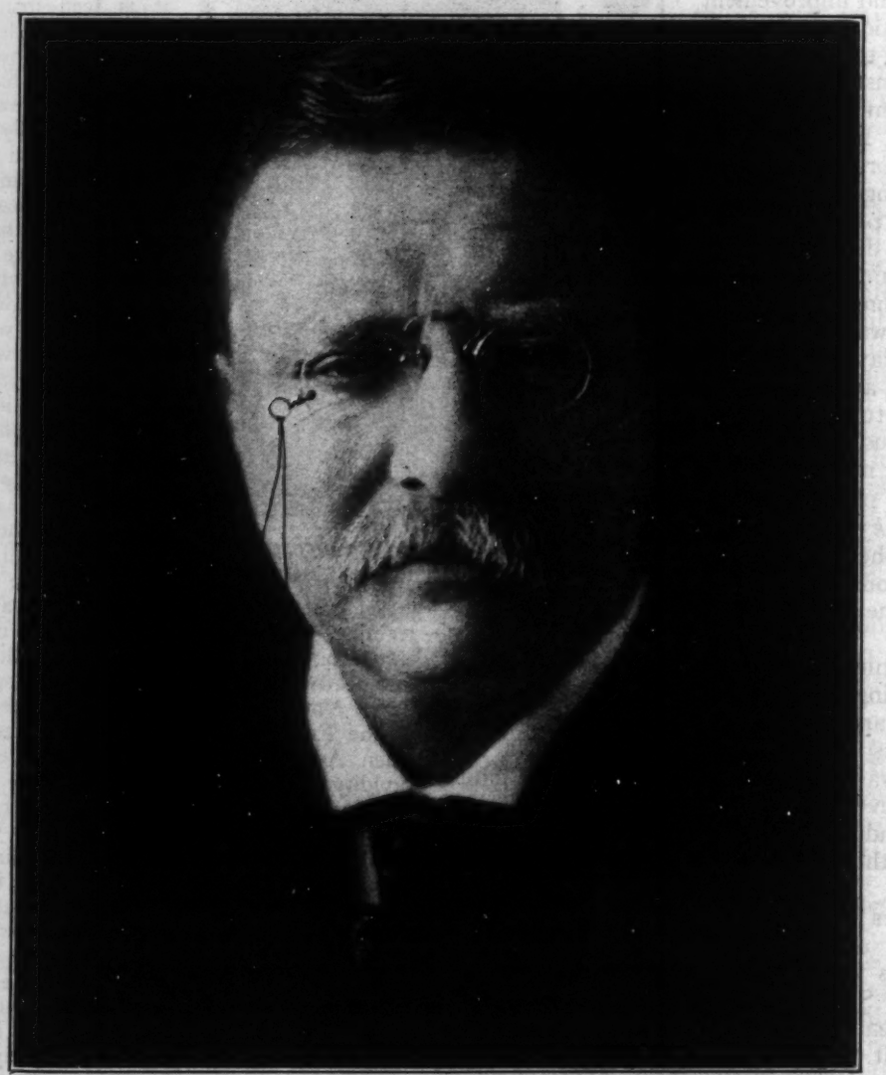
What manner of man was he? The beautiful and simple description of Admiral Fiske is well worth quoting:

"The things that Theodore Roosevelt did for the world are known by the world, and so are the positions that he held; but the things that he did and the positions that he held were because he was the man he was. Strong of mind and will and muscle; brave and kind and true; highly imaginative, yet highly practical; audacious and yet cautious; ambitious yet self-sacrificing; conscious of his talents yet modest; aggressive yet submissive; assertive of his own opinions, yet eager to hear those of others; possessing a wider range of knowledge than any other mortal of his time; discerning a straighter and wiser path of personal and national living than any other man; following it more rigidly and inspiring more people to follow it, Theodore Roosevelt stands a unique figure in the corridors of time."

Such was Roosevelt the man. It is possible to judge from his ideal of the Navy and his work for it, that the above description is a true picture.

To many his interest in the Navy is an aspect of his versatility that is ignored or forgotten. Yet no other subject was as close to his heart. Therefore, in no other subject would it be more fitting to seek a reflection of the man as he was. And this interest produced upheavals and revolutions of far-reaching importance: changes in gunnery, in ship design and in naval organization. He piloted our Navy through the greatest transition since steam and steel supplanted wood and sail: the *Dreadnought* revolution in which he early took a prominent part.

He was able to accomplish these things not by any easy gift of genius; his understanding of naval matters was no heaven-sent intuition; he knew about the Navy only by years of study, and he reaped only where he had sown. Just as Napoleon disclaimed any inspiration of genius and said that he made his brilliant decisions *"En y pensant toujours"* — by continually reflecting upon the subject — so it was with Roosevelt. His intelligent grasp of the fundamentals of the naval profession was, as was his prodigious vitality and his powerful physique, the creation of his own inflexible will.



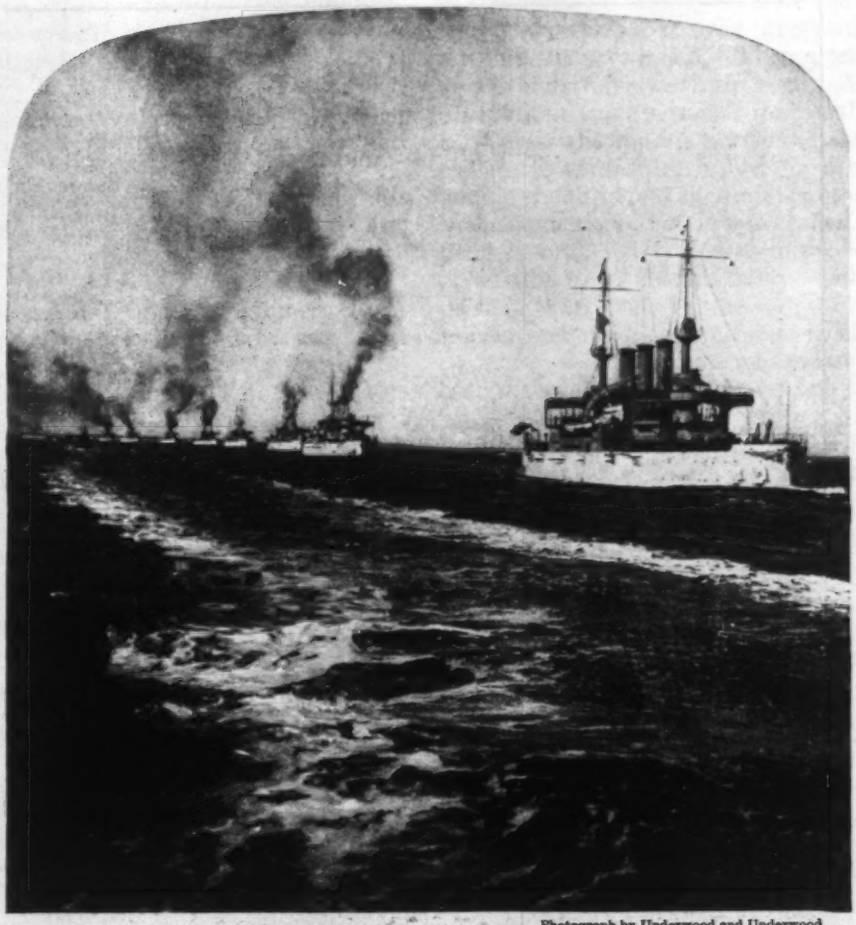
Theodore Roosevelt, from a photograph taken in 1909

Few men have ever been interested in as wide a range of subjects. Interest to him was not mere curiosity. When a subject attracted his attention and was worthy of it, he did not rest until he had gone to the heart of it. Thus, although delicate in his youth, he became interested in athletics. So he participated in sports until he became a master of many. So, also, he was interested in history. Therefore he studied history; he wrote history; he became President of the American Historical Association; what was more than all these, he made history. So it was also with the Navy.

His first interest in the Navy was largely historical; in fact there was little else to be interested in, for the Navy

scarcely existed then, save as a glorious tradition. It had been only a few years before that a few obsolete craft had cruised leisurely about, commanded by elderly naval officers, and Mrs. Admiral and Mrs. Captain had generally accompanied Mr. Admiral and Mr. Captain and had used the steam-pipes to dry the clothes of the next generation of naval officers. An enjoyable time was had by all.

About 1882 a bright young man was finishing at Harvard and entering politics. His name was Theodore Roosevelt. He then wrote a book called *A History of the Naval War of 1812*. It was a good history; it was a fair history; it gave credit where credit was due. In his preface the young author stated:



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

The Fleet when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary

"Without abating a jot from one's devotion to his country and flag, I think a history can be made just enough to warrant its being received as an authority equally among Americans and Englishmen."

Events proved him right. So impartial was his scholarship and so wide his knowledge that when Clowes' *History of the Royal Navy* was being written, Roosevelt was requested to write the chapters on the war of 1812. And Americans were pleased, too, because after giving all the credit to the enemy that was his due, it was discovered that there were still more glories left than the reader could possibly remember without going to the trouble of manufacturing imaginary ones. After all, what was the use of claiming credit which was not rightfully ours when there existed such rich stores of renown to which we were indifferent?

It was no coincidence that the year 1882, which saw the publication of *A History of the Naval War of 1812*, saw also a revival of interest in our Navy. Mr. Albert Shaw says of it:

"The Navy had been at a low ebb when Mr. Roosevelt wrote his *Naval War of 1812*, and that book fairly contributed toward the revival of interest which soon set on foot the movement for the creation of our modern fleet."

The result is described by Roosevelt himself in his address "The Strenuous Life," delivered in 1899:

"In the early eighties the attention of the nation became directed to our naval needs. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that in the summer of 1898 it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world."

Needless to say this statement was made before information was available as to the fundamental inefficiency of our vessels in marksmanship and design.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy

It was as a result of his interest in naval matters that President McKinley appointed Theodore Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The Secretary was Mr. John D. Long, who was president of the Massachusetts Peace Society and hence less interested in preparations for war than his energetic assistant. To the latter the work was a labor of love, and he brought all of his tremendous energy to bear upon it.

It was at this time that I first came into contact with him, although it was not personally. For a long time I had been sending in voluminous intelligence reports. The habit had been contracted in 1895 on the China Station, when the superior protection of the guns on *H. M. S. Crescent* and her superior gunnery formed the basis of a fifty-page report. When Mr. Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary I was Naval Attaché at Paris. He became interested in my reports. This was naturally encouraging, because it was the first evidence of any particular interest in my efforts. The hard-shelled conservatives of the Navy Department had not encouraged me, as some of my reports specifically stated that foreign ships were better than our own, particularly in marksmanship.

As I say, all these reports — the letter of Theodore Roosevelt dated December 2, 1897, will indicate the volume of them: 110 in 105 days — were pigeon-holed and forgotten until Mr. Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary. Another letter, not reproduced here, requested detailed information regarding the reported British developments in gunnery. I referred him to my report of two years earlier on the *Crescent*. He replied that it had been overlooked, but that it had been found. This interest in gunnery resulted in his initiating certain reforms. They were badly enough needed, for despite all that was done, when the Spanish-American war broke out our ships at the Battle of Manila Bay made only one hit in fifty! and at the Battle of Santiago, made

only three per cent. of hits! Fortunately for us the Spanish did not believe in target practice at all, and we won a glorious victory.

But with the outbreak of war, Mr. Roosevelt, as all recall, left the Navy Department to become Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders. Thereafter, despite the strongest indorsement by Admiral Remey, the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, on my reports on gunnery and ship construction, no attention was paid to them.

But how the responsible officers who would have to

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON,

December 2, 1897.

Sir:

1. The Department acknowledges the receipt of your communications Nos. 175 to 196 inclusive.

2. Once more the Department's attention is called to the energy, zeal, and intelligence that you have displayed in the collection of so much valuable information in so short a time, meriting in a high degree the confidence reposed in you. I am very much pleased; you have done well; your report and enclosures will be as interesting as anything I have recently read.

2. Enclosed please find:

Vouchers to accompany letters Nos. 179 and 193.

Register of the U. S. Naval Academy, 1896-97 (2 copies).

Very respectfully,

T. Roosevelt

Assistant Secretary.

Personal.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 27, 1901.

My dear Lieutenant Sims:

I value your letter. I think you unduly pessimistic, as you certainly were at the outset of the Spanish-American War, when, as you may remember, you took a very gloomy view of our vessels even as compared with those of Spain. Nevertheless, I would a hundred-fold over that you erred upon the side of thinking us not good enough than of thinking us too good; and many of the suggestions that you have made in the past, both upon the need of improving our gun practice and of doing away with or removing faulty construction in our battleships, have been genuinely fruitful.

I thank you for writing me, & shall always be pleased to hear from you, in relation, or suggestion.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Lieutenant W. S. Sims, U.S.N.,
Care of Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.

Typical Rooseveltian letters

fight our ships in battle looked upon these criticisms may be judged from the indorsements which Admiral Remey placed upon the reports. Of my report on the *Kentucky* he said:

"The *Kentucky's* defects are glaring, and I have been informed that many of the foreign officers visiting her noted with interest her large turret and casemate ports."

Of the report *Record Target Practice, H. M. S. Terrible, 1901*, Admiral Remey said in forwarding a special copy to the Secretary of the Navy:

"The subject is of such vital importance that I beg leave to bring it to your special attention. It touches upon gun-mounts; arrangement and protection of guns; stowage and handling of ammunition; features of construction; training and morale of the crew; target practice; and the final combination of all these elements in the crucial test of action. I deem the paper worthy of the most serious attention, recommending that it be considered by the General Board. . . . No well-informed man can deny that our situation is extremely critical."

The report on *The Board on Construction and Design of Battleships* was indorsed:

". . . This paper treats of matters of such vital importance that it is recommended that it be laid before the General Board."

This paper was not even acknowledged.

Another report, on *Marksmanship, Gun-Pointing, Telescope Sights, Gun-mounts, etc.*, bore the following indorsement by Admiral Remey:

" . . . I am not an alarmist, but I am satisfied beyond the slightest doubt, that we are inferior to foreign navies in gun-mounts, sights, protection and marksmanship to a perilous degree."

Criticism of conditions so perilous was ignored until Roosevelt became President.

Theodore Roosevelt and Gunnery

The Navy had been thinking about gunnery for a long time. During the period 1890-1894 Lieutenant (now Rear Admiral, Retired) Bradley A. Fiske had invented and perfected a telescopic sight which was successfully tested. In 1895 the British began to improve gunnery. In 1897 Roosevelt became interested, and a year later a British naval officer, Captain Percy Scott, carried out on *H.M.S. Scylla* successful experiments which resulted in 80 per cent of hits, a record never before even approached. Our Manila Bay two per cent did not look good alongside of that record. In 1900 Captain Scott came to the China Station in command of *H. M. S. Terrible*. The records in target firing achieved by this ship under Captain Scott were perfectly extraordinary.

The old method of gun-pointing had been to wait until the roll of the ship brought the sights in line with the target, and then the gunner fired the gun. It sounds awfully simple, whereas it was simply awful. The sights were so coarse and so close to the eye, and the target was so far away, that even the front sight could obscure the whole target, while the rear sight could obscure a whole division. The British sight was far ahead of ours—though even it was a shockingly crude instrument. But, with the method of waiting for the roll of the ship to put the gun on the target, no finer instrument was practicable, because the telescopic sight would have so small a field of vision that the target would be past it before the gun could be fired. What Sir Percy Scott discovered was that the good old law of *gravity*, or at least the related law of inertia, was on the side of the gunner and was doing its best to keep the gun steady on the target. The gun, being balanced at its center of gravity on its trunnions, objected to being tied down so that its muzzle kept going up and down with the motion of the ship. It asked no more than to be given a bit of help to stay pointed at the target all the time, no matter how the ship rolled. Then a telescopic sight would give wonderfully accurate aim. Accordingly Captain Scott got up some new gear that enabled the gun-pointer to depress the muzzle when the ship rolled up and to elevate it as the ship rolled down, and thus to keep the gun on the target all the time; in other words to maintain "continuous aim," as it was called. This, and other gadgets and new wrinkles in the way of training, enabled him to get extraordinary results. So I had to report on that.

As Sir Percy Scott recounts in his book *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*, my memoranda reached Washington and were acknowledged but I got little satisfaction out of it other than that. I wrote again and again and at length the naval authorities at Washington did not take the trouble to acknowledge the communications.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

The President visits the Fleet—photograph taken in 1907

In desperation I prepared a report on gunnery in the Fleet and mailed it to President Roosevelt. It was insubordination, to be sure, but I could see no other way of getting anything done. The President received and studied the report and instructed the Navy Department to send for me at once and give me a chance to prove my contentions.

From the time that Roosevelt left the Department less and less attention was given to my reports, which by this time had reached a total of about 11,000 pages. But the Navy Department did not wish to be disturbed by new ideas. The men there applied with great practicality that passage in the Good Book which says:

"All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. . . .

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

This the Department interpreted to mean:

"We are all right; and if we're not, we don't want to hear about it."

And so the reports mysteriously disappeared from the files, and my successor at Paris was instructed to burn the twenty-two letter-press books containing copies left at the Embassy in Paris. When conservatism goes far

enough to destroy official public documents to prevent the discovery of inefficiency, something has to be done.

It was, of course, only after every possible legitimate channel of protest had been tried and found wanting, and after careful reflection had convinced me that it was my duty to risk my personal fortunes rather than continue to see the ships of our Navy lying at the mercy of possible foes, that I acceded to the suggestion of Commander Key, the brother-in-law of General Leonard Wood, to carry the fight over the heads of the Bureaus direct to President Roosevelt. This I did, inclosing the letter in an envelope with a personal note to the President's Secretary, Mr. Cortelyou. My letter was as follows:

U. S. S. New York
China Station
November 16, 1901

"Sir:

"I beg that I may be pardoned for the liberty I take in addressing you a personal letter; and my only excuse for so doing is the vital importance of the subject that I wish to bring to your attention, namely, the extreme danger of the present very inefficient condition of the Navy, considered as a fighting force.

"You will doubtless recall that in 1897, when you were Assistant Secretary of the Navy, you initiated certain reforms in naval target practice as a result of information obtained from the Naval Attachés abroad concerning the progress in marksmanship in foreign navies. The Spanish War interrupted these reforms, and no progress whatever has been made since.

"I have within the past few months submitted to the Navy Department a number of reports on foreign target practice, and on other matters in connection with the fighting efficiency of our vessels; and, after as exhaustive a study of these subjects as my opportunities would afford, I have, in the last of these reports, been forced to the very serious conclusion that the protection and armament of even our most recent battle-ships are so glaringly inferior, in principle as well as in details, to those of our possible enemies, and that our marksmanship is so crushingly inferior to theirs, that one or more of our ships would, in their present condition, inevitably suffer humiliating defeat at the hands of equal numbers of our enemy's vessels of the same class and displacement.

"I fully realize the extreme gravity of this statement; but it is the result of a long and conscientious study of the subject; and I am convinced that it is the plain truth: and this opinion is held by all the naval officers of my acquaintance who have seriously considered the subjects treated in the reports above indicated.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Force on the Asiatic station, Rear-Admiral Remey, in forwarding my last report to the Secretary of the Navy, states that he fully agrees with the conclusions therein given, and that he considers our present situation extremely critical.

"In this report I have set forth as clearly as possible the reasons in support of the above statement—which reasons are principally based on information acquired during a period of three years as Naval Attaché to our Embassies at Paris and St. Petersburg, and one year on this station, where I have had opportunities of becoming familiar with the details of a number of the most recent foreign vessels.

"It would have been my duty to have made these comparisons, between our vessels and those of other nations, while I was occupying the position of attaché, but I was unable to do so at that time as I was not then acquainted with the details of the construction of our latest vessels.

"That my criticisms are, however, not exaggerated is unfortunately but too completely demonstrated by a recent special target practice in the North Atlantic Squadron which shows much greater inefficiency in marksmanship than I have reported, or than I could have imagined possible. Five ships each fired during five minutes at a hulk at a range of about 2,800 yards and made a total of two hits. The hulk was afterward sunk at close range.

"I am aware of the irregularity of thus addressing you personally; but the danger of the false impression, that is universal throughout the United States concerning the efficiency of the Navy, appears to me so great, and the need of prompt and radical reform therefore so extremely urgent, that I hope I may not be considered as overstepping the bounds of propriety in inviting your personal attention to the papers indicated in the inclosed memorandum—particularly the last report, which with Admiral Remey's letter of transmittal is now on file in the office of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) Wm. S. Sims,
Lieutenant U. S. N."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Captain Hugo Osterhaus, Roosevelt, and Sims

Roosevelt Was Also Insubordinate

Sir Percy Scott was correct: I was insubordinate right enough. But Roosevelt had been insubordinate himself when, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he invaded a Cabinet meeting to try to force Secretary Long to prepare for the Spanish-American War. Years later in an interview he said regarding my letter:

"It was because he appealed directly to me as President that his target practice and other schemes went through. Nelson was also insubordinate."

He probably did intimate to the Department that if I didn't make good he would hand me over to their tender mercies. That accords well with his methods: a man was given a job and not interfered with as long as he produced results. But if he did not make good, out he went.

As Roosevelt himself expressed it:

"I have to use the material that is at hand. I find men who can serve me. When they develop the frailties I simply find another man. We must progress and I must find men who will progress with me. We cannot let the whole works go because one man falls down. Several of my aides have made mistakes, but I have taken the best of their good advice, and I have left the bad."

Here is the whole of administration in a few words.

Nevertheless, his attitude toward my letter was far from unfriendly. He wrote the characteristic personal letter which is reproduced under the date of December 27, 1901.

The result was that finally I was called from the China Station to Washington to substantiate my claims. Thus began my personal relations with Theodore Roosevelt. To prove the state of marksmanship in the Navy the whole Fleet had been ordered out to fire at a condemned light-ship. This had resulted in an amusing situation. At 2,500 yards the entire Fleet blazed away, and at the end of the test the target ship had been hit but twice, although the area of the target was 5,000 square feet. *H. M. S. Terrible* alone had made 141 hits on a target of only 325 square feet! To avoid the humiliation of displaying the results of this test a battleship steamed close alongside the target-ship and sank her with a broadside. But the test had been conclusive.

However, this did not mean plain sailing. Between an insubordinate lieutenant and a sympathetic President there were many powerful superiors, and they were able to put more than one monkey-wrench into the machinery, and at this time I did not feel that I was in a position to call upon the President for support; on the contrary, ever since I had been called to Washington I had studiously refrained from even paying him an official call. This was partly due to the fact that I was fully aware that, notwithstanding the purity of my motives and the ample provocation, I had nevertheless committed a breach of discipline and did not care to appear to take advantage of the fortunate issue of the incident; and partly because I wished to avoid any appearance of going over the head of Admiral Taylor—a friend as well as my superior. As a matter of fact, it was some time—nearly two years—after my appointment as Director of Target Practice that I first came into direct and intimate association with Theodore Roosevelt, and it came to pass in this manner.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Saluting the Fleet at Hampton Roads, 1907

One day I chanced to meet the Secretary of the Navy. I had not even called upon him. The Secretary asked me if I had ever called upon the President.

"I have never been near the President," I replied.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," I said, "to tell you the truth, I thought that he would not care to see me; I have been insubordinate, you know, and it might embarrass us both."

The Secretary advised me to leave a card, which I did; perhaps he reported the conversation. At any rate I was promptly invited to the White House to dinner, and the President on that occasion showed the keenest interest in the progress of gunnery; he asked repeated questions, and instructed me to keep him fully informed regarding developments.

It was very fortunate for the progress of our gunnery training that this was so, for soon in the extremely important matter of accurate sights the Department developed a strong obstinacy.

A Characteristic Episode

Naturally, it was impossible to raise our marksmanship to the level of that of the British — much less to surpass it — unless we had the proper gun-gear and sights. The very fact that I had not been punished but had been placed in a position of great responsibility was a severe blow to the pride of the old-fashioned naval officers who ran the Navy Department, and their stubbornness was increased by the humiliating results of the battle-practice test. They had proved mathematically that Sir Percy Scott's ideas were impracticable and they were convinced that their methods were right.

The principal dignitaries of the Navy Department, therefore, were far from helpful when it came to improving the sights. With a keenness of vision which was remarkable in this instance, they foresaw no end of troubles when they were called upon by the President to provide them. The new gear, they said, was very expensive and the Navy Department had no specific appropriation to be used for new sights, and if they had it would take seven years to replace the old ones with new.

So Mr. Roosevelt called in the young insurgents to state their side of the matter. We told him, if the Department could not furnish the sights under seven years, that some other way could be found; that designs for sight mounts could be prepared and that industrial firms could manufacture the appliances. Thus they could be installed in about one year. With his characteristic energy Theodore Roosevelt said:

"I shall give the Bureaus an alternative: either they must find the money to re-sight the Navy with the best possible design of instruments or I shall take the matter up with Congress and tell them that the Navy's sighting devices are obsolete and inefficient."

He sent for the Chiefs of Bureau. I do not know exactly what the President said, except that it was to the effect that no reasonable expense was to be spared to make the sights as efficient as possible, and to present to these potentates the alternative mentioned above. They chose to find the money; the President then admonished them to "get busy" and they departed. They found the money—I do not know how—and the Navy's guns were sighted with the very best sights in about one year.

That is how Theodore Roosevelt did the Nation's business.

One of the trophies offered by Roosevelt to encourage naval gunnery

What this meant to the Navy a layman can scarcely imagine. Only by the fruits can they judge. This passage at arms only directed his interest the more keenly toward the problem of improvement in gunnery. How intimate our relations now became, what close interest he took in my work and how sturdily he supported the gunnery, may be judged from the letters herewith. This interest and this support continued throughout his administration, with the result that the Navy improved five times in gunnery and actually improved 3000 per cent with the more important guns!

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in 1908 expressed our progress in gunnery in these words:

"The American Navy now leads the world in accuracy and rapidity of shooting; six years ago it was behind the Navy of every first-class power. Six years ago the standard for firing heavy turret-guns — which are now a battle-ship's sole weapons of consequence in battle—was once in five minutes; the average of hits on the target now in use would not have been one hit an hour. At present these guns fire an average of one and a half shots a minute; they hit the target once a minute. . . .

"Translated into terms of war these changes mean this: Six years ago an American battle-ship would not hit an enemy's vessel at a battle-range of three miles or more oftener than twice an hour. To-day every ship of an enemy's fleet steaming into range would be struck by two tons of steel shell every minute by every modern American ship firing at her."

His Knowledge of Human Nature

It must not be imagined that this astonishing progress came automatically as a result of the President's support of the new mechanisms and of the new methods alone. No error could be greater and no conclusion such as this would do justice to the breadth of his understanding. Machines and organizations, systems and methods are the servants of man and not their masters. Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt had never read Ardant du Picq, but he knew as well as that famous military thinker that "Man is the first instrument of battle," and that he who does not know the nature of man will fail in any undertaking however ingenious his machines, however brilliant his system and however complete and logical his organization. Roosevelt knew human nature. He knew that men like fair competition. He understood that men become proficient in their work when they enjoy it, and that they enjoy it when they understand it and are allowed to take an intelligent interest in it and are permitted to make suggestions for its improvement. Therefore he not only sanctioned such a conception of gunnery training, but he ordered that a reward be offered in the form of extra pay ranging from two dollars to ten dollars a month, according to the class of gun, to those gun-pointers making certain scores.

Moreover, by the President's direction, suitably designed bronze plaque trophies were provided for the winning vessels of each class: battle-ships, gun-boats and torpedo craft. For Roosevelt knew, and none better than he, that men are naturally loyal to their mess-mates and instinctively co-operate if they are permitted or encouraged to do so, and this, combined with keen and fair competition between crews and between ships, enabled the Navy to make gunnery records that would otherwise have been impossible. Nor was the system extravagant; for the extraordinary increase in efficiency was gained without any increase in the expenditure of ammunition.

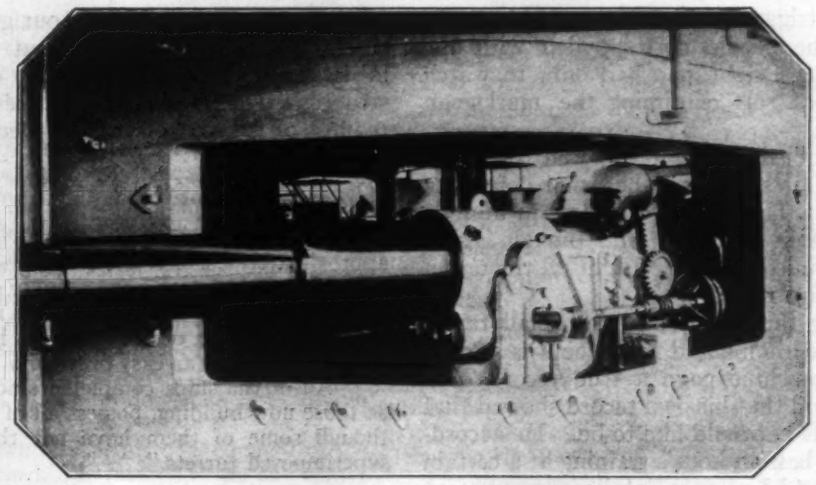
There is no commodity in state-craft that pays such dividends as wisdom.

Thus, not only did Theodore Roosevelt consciously and intentionally reform our gunnery, but unconsciously and unintentionally he caused the British to reform theirs, and the contacts and mutual respect that sprang up between the two naval services prepared the way and smoothed the path for their cordial co-operation when "the day" came.

Such were the tangible results of Theodore Roosevelt's sympathetic understanding of the Navy and its problem of gunnery.

Meanwhile, the British, who had been the pioneers in gunnery, had actually gone down hill in efficiency, for

they had no Roosevelt. It was only the example of what had been done in our Navy because of the President's interest and support that enabled the Royal Navy to forge ahead once more. Admiral Sir Percy Scott tells the story in these words:



Unprotected gun of the "U. S. S. Brooklyn"

"On the 24th February, 1905, I was appointed 'Inspector of Target Practice,' . . the Admiralty desiring to copy what the United States of America had already done in making Captain W. Sims Director of Target Practice.

"Captain Sims . . . was backed by the United States Naval Department and by the President of the United States, consequently he could do something. But if I had been appointed as Director it would have been a very different thing. I should only have been backed by Sir John Jellicoe, who was then Director of Naval Ordnance; but in name only, for he had little power to do anything and was not a member of the Board of Admiralty. It was useless for me to try to play Captain Sims' part without his power, so I got the name changed from 'Director' to 'Inspector' of Target Practice."

Roosevelt as a Marksman

Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt understood gunnery because he was interested in marksmanship. During the last eighteen months of his second term, I was his naval aide, in addition to my duties as Inspector of Target Practice. One afternoon, shortly before he retired to private life, I went to his office on some business or other, and while there one of the White House messengers came in and reported that a box of guns had just been delivered. They were rifles of various kinds that had been ordered for the proposed hunting expedition in Africa. The President expressed a boyish satisfaction and said that he would examine them directly—just as soon as he had finished signing a stack of routine papers; and he speeded up the signing so as to get at the precious guns.

I said to him: "Are you a good shot with a rifle?" He dropped his pen, spun around his swivel chair and snapped out: "What do you mean, am I a good shot?"

I replied: "I mean, can you aim quickly and accurately, fire, reload, aim and fire again and keep it up rapidly; that is, what record can you make in 'hits per gun per minute'?"

He understood very well that our naval records in great gun firing depended upon the number of hits the guns made per minute; that the Navy's success in battle would depend chiefly upon whether we could hit an enemy more times a minute than he could hit us; this made him give immediate attention to any doubt upon his ability as a marksman.

"Well," he said, "I have always supposed that I could shoot pretty well; what have you got to say about it?" He was not in the least irritated, but simply strenuously interested. He liked frankness.

"Well," I said, "I've got just this to say about it: you had better find out how many 'hits per gun per minute' you can make before you go to Africa and find a big rhinoceros charging down on you. You know that in your own words 'the only shots that count are the shots that hit,' but you have got to get them in before the rhinoceros gets to work with his horns. Your life may depend on 'hits per gun per minute.'"

"Yes, I know all about that," he replied, "but what do you propose that I do about it?"

"Just what you did with the Navy," I answered. "You might have a test first to see how you shoot and if you need it I can put you through a course of training."

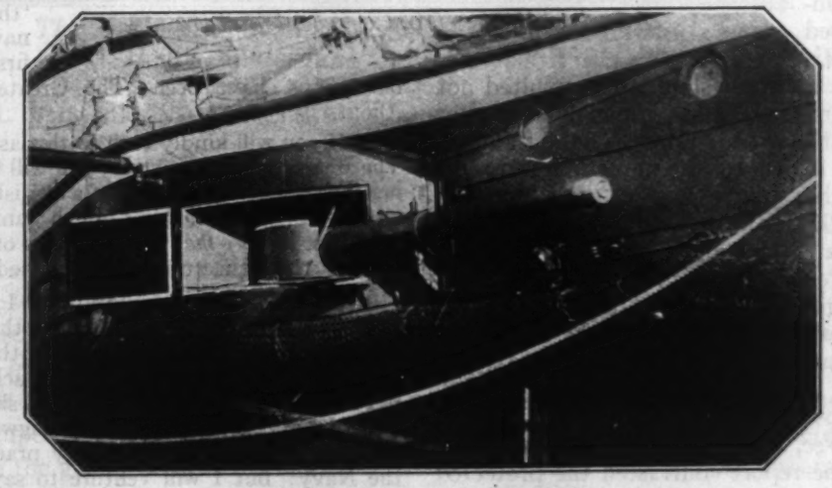
"Yes," he said, "the plan is all right, only I haven't the time to go to a target range."

"The rhinoceros won't take that into consideration," I told him; and then I said that I could have a range suitable for testing and training set up in the White House itself and the training would take no more than half an hour a day.

"How are you going to do that?" he asked, mystified.

I explained that a certain mechanical aiming device would enable me to determine at once whether or not he could aim accurately and fire rapidly; that the same machine could be used for training him if he needed it; and that it could be set up in any part of the White House that afforded a clear view sixty feet in length.

He at once agreed to be tested, and he promised to submit to training if it was found necessary. The aiming appliance was at once installed in the third story of the White House. It was of such a nature as to show, beyond the possibility of doubt, a marksman's defects of aiming, especially that of "pulling off" when firing, because it would show graphically the positions and motions of the line of sight at all times on a miniature target attached to the machine. When the aim was perfect, a small needle pointed at the center of a little bull's-eye, and the needle pierced



The British type of protected gun

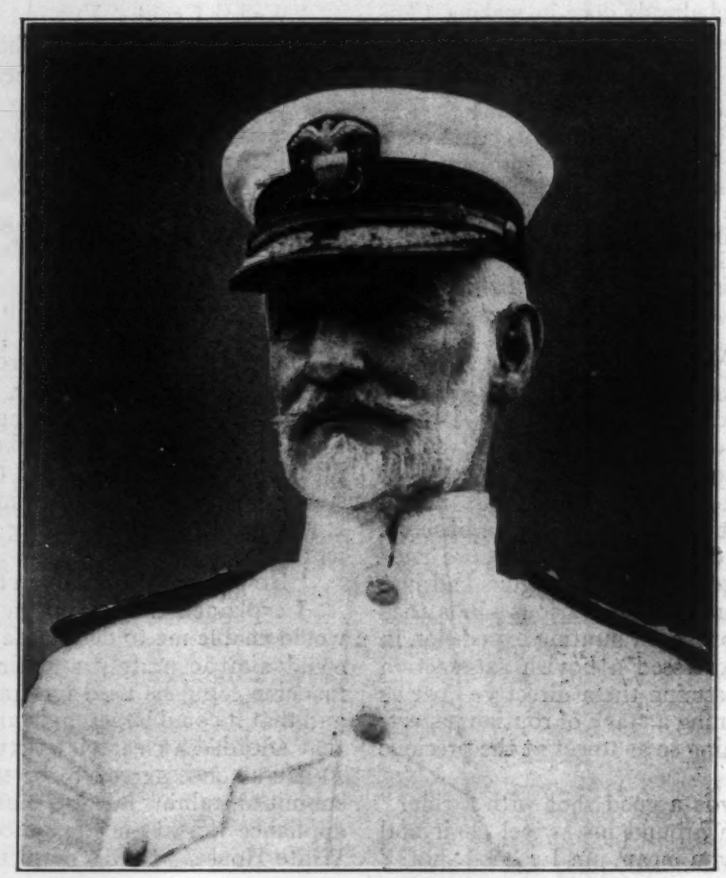
the bull's-eye if the trigger was pulled steadily. As the movements of the needle corresponded with the movements of the line of sight, one had only to watch the needle to see what sort of aiming the marksman had done.

The test was carried out and showed that the President, though a fair shot, had the usual defects of the occasional hunter: that he was too slow in aiming, not sufficiently expert in reloading, and though fair in holding on, he often pulled the line of sight off the target when attempting to fire rapidly.

Through watching the needle and the small target while one of us did the aiming and firing, he was at once convinced that the machine gave a true record of a marksman's ability, and that his own record showed that he was not as expert as he would like to be. He accordingly agreed to put in half an hour's training at a certain hour each afternoon, and I at once detailed a competent marine officer, Lieutenant Harry R. Lay (now Lieutenant Colonel), who was an expert with this training device.

The President kept the agreement faithfully, often giving more than half an hour of his time, and he submitted to the discipline of training with the docility of the veriest recruit, but with an enthusiasm and earnestness that recruits seldom attain, and the result was rapid progress in steadying his aim and in increasing his rapidity.

Doubtless his progress was not solely due to his well-known desire to excel in all branches of a sportsman's skill: perhaps the vision of the thundering charge of a two-horned rhinoceros supplied some of the pep that he put into his training.



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Admiral Sims—from a recent picture

Roosevelt and Ship Design

The reform in gunnery was not the only important change fostered by the President. His concern over the defects in our ship design resulted not only in the correction of evils in the ships of that time, but led later to his ardent support of the "all-big-gun" battleship, now known by the name of the prototype, the Dreadnought.

From March 5, 1897, for four years as Naval Attaché in France and Russia, I had an opportunity to study the latest European developments in naval construction and reported on them to the Department. Some of these reports came to Mr. Roosevelt's attention. He was therefore somewhat prepared for the criticisms which came later.

The storm broke over a strong criticism of the *Kentucky* and the *Kearsarge*, the pride of our Navy at that time, May, 1901. The report contrasted the protected gun positions of the British ships of the *Canopus* class with the exposed position of our guns and crews. Other similar defects were pointed out. This report was followed up by a general criticism of the Board on Construction and Design of Battleships, written at the request of Admiral Remey in December, 1901. In that report I stated:

"It will thus be seen that, if the analysis of the comparative fighting powers of the *Royal Sovereign* and *Asama* are approximately correct, there is no escape from the humiliating conclusion that we have proudly sent abroad, as an example of American naval architecture, a new battleship that is not superior in fighting quality to types half a dozen years older, and that would be an easy prey for a modern armored cruiser.

"All of the ships completed since the *Kentucky*, as well as those now building, possess all of the defects of this class though some of them have not the additional danger of superimposed turrets."

This gives an idea of the nature of the report to which in a letter dated March 11, 1902, I invited the President's attention. I also drew his attention to the dangerous spirit of complacency among the majority of older officers which rendered improvements impossible. That must have struck a responsive chord, for the President was a believer in young men. Perhaps an extract from my letter will help to give an idea what was at stake:

"I am afraid I could never explain successfully the present mental attitude of the Navy. I cannot even trace clearly my own experience. I may say, however, that, from the day that I entered the Naval Academy, I was taught that our officers were the finest in the world (we had only wooden ships then); I thought the 'White Squadron' was composed of the best vessels of their class; each ship that we launched was 'the latest expression of naval science;' and our first, and all succeeding battleships, have been 'The Greatest Fighting Machines Afloat.'

"If you will kindly turn to the last pages of the paper on The Board on Construction, you will find photographs showing the effective protection of a British 6-inch, casemate gun; also one of the *Brooklyn's* 5-inch guns, standing in a gaping port that is *more than twice the area* of the whole gun and its mount, which the armor was designed to protect.

"I cannot now understand how I could ever have looked at that gun, in 1897, and thought that it was protected. I would not have believed it possible that even a life-long flattery could have so blinded one to such a manifest absurdity; but it is the simple truth. The gun shown in the photograph is in the *Brooklyn's* starboard gangway, and has been seen, during the past seven years, by practically every officer in the Navy; but I will venture to say that the veil of self-sufficiency, or whatever is the mysterious influence that

paralyzes the critical faculty, has prevented every one of them from fully realizing that all the vitals of the gun, and every member of the crew, would be exposed to certain destruction in action; and that, consequently, the armor is carried as a dead weight.

"That this statement is not exaggerated is shown in the most conclusive manner possible by the fact that the auxiliary guns of all of our ships, now built and building, are similarly exposed before open ports, and are installed all in a single compartment, thus rendering a number of the guns, and all of the crews, liable to disablement from the effects of a single high-explosive shell — a projectile long since adopted by all important navies, but not yet by ours — all of the foregoing in so far as it relates to design, in violation of the principle of isolated gun positions, that has been universally adopted, by all of the principal navies of the world, since eight or ten years.

"'No one knows his own city or his own country till he has been abroad and returned.' I 'returned' the day that I stepped on board the *Kentucky*, at Gibraltar, and saw that not only were all of her auxiliary guns exposed in the same manner, but that her turret guns, and the magazines beneath them, were even more dangerously exposed."

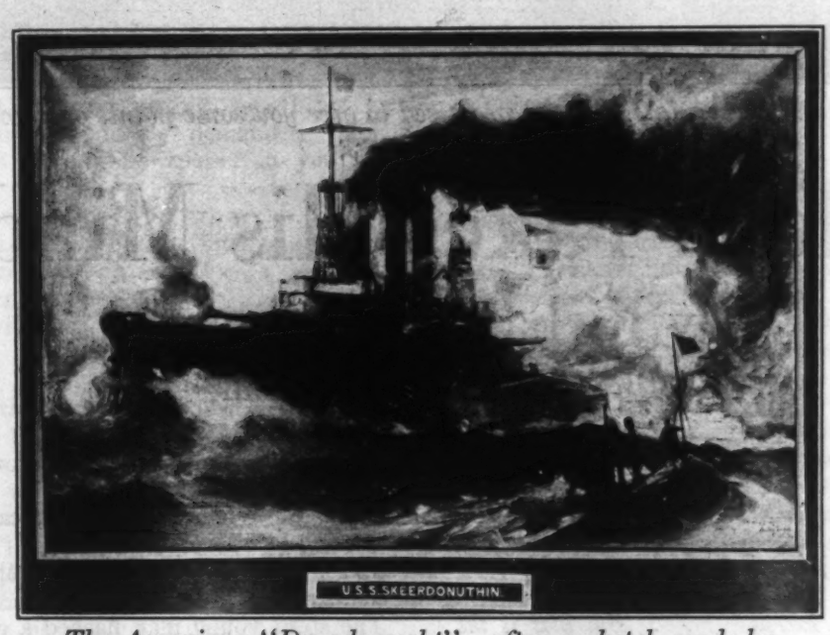
The bureaus responsible for the designs thus attacked, naturally enough, were none too well pleased. They considered that the criticisms reflected on their professional ability. And yet it was not necessarily so. The great difficulty lay in the organization. For example, taking only the matter of the guns: The Bureau of Construction designed the turrets; the Bureau of Ordnance designed the guns that went into the turrets, and the Bureau of Construction, again, designed the hoists that brought the ammunition up to the guns, *and there was no co-ordination between these bureaus!* The results were often ludicrous — and dangerous. For example, when a gun and its mounting were put in a turret it was discovered that the gun could not be elevated or lowered to fire! So the Bureau of Construction had to cut great holes in the armor through which four 12-inch shells could penetrate at one time! No designer, however clever, could produce other than idiotic results under so hopeless a condition. So I stated in one of my memoranda for President Roosevelt's "inside pocket" — the President's habit of demanding memoranda to take home in his inside pocket will be described later — our methods of designing a warship did not conform to the methods used by other countries, and efficiency and common sense alike condemned them. In the memorandum I said:

"Up to the present time the general plans of vessels have been decided upon by a small body of officers, about half of whom are concerned exclusively with consideration of material, and all of whom are intensely occupied by numerous details of an administrative nature. The result is, as the Chief of the Bureau of Construction recently stated:

"'While this body of officers determines only the general characteristics of vessels, the Chiefs of the material bureaus determine without discussion (outside their bureaus) a great many questions concerning the arrangement of military appliances, some of which are vitally essential to the vessel's success in battle. All of these military characteristics, both general and detailed, are not subject to criticism by the officers who must be responsible for their proper use, until after the plans of the vessel have been decided upon and the vessel built and placed in service. This process should be reversed.'"

That was the trouble; we had put the cart before the horse. Just as a saw is a good thing, but not to shave with, so the ships built for the Navy may have been mighty fine ships — but not to fight with. When an institution begins to lose sight of the end in its worship of the means, that institution needs to be overhauled. The remark of the War Department Bureau Chief at the time of the Spanish-American War has become a classical illustration of this:

"*Here I had just got things running nicely when a war had to come along and spoil the whole business.*"



The American "Dreadnought"—after a sketch made by Henry Reuterdahl for "Collier's Weekly"

ADMIRAL SIMS' SECOND ARTICLE WILL APPEAR IN THE DECEMBER McCLURE'S

Welcome Home!

By F. W. P. Swinborne

WAR-FIT returns in peace your fleet to-day
From round the world triumphant to your shore!
To greet it now vast multitudes outpour,
Thronging from your great cities every way,
All honor to the sailor-man to pay
Who braves the tempest-blast and battle-roar,
And welcome home the gallant ships once more
From southern lands to seas of northern gray.
Its venturous cruise will make for history
An epoch! and as great, perchance, as when
One storm-swept bark, fulfilling destiny,
The *Mayflower*, anchored—and devoted men
Reared in the wilds their pure democracy
To found your Empire, dreamed of even then.

From "Sonnets on the Cruise of the American Battle Fleet Around the World," 1909

"Twenty-two minutes late! Say—I promised to give you some points on efficiency"

Napoleon Takes His Mind Off

By Richard F. Maynard

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

If a man has tools and the genius to use them, he may, like Napoleon, cross out the word "impossible;" but with Bently it was a fair question how much could be done with nothing—or with nothing tangible; how much one could give out of an empty purse, from a down-and-out social position, and even without being especially gifted or clever; with nothing to do with except . . . But that is the story.

"LET 'er rip!" said the young man. "I'm late!"

But Bently, like the elevator, belonged to the established order and was not to be hurried. Placidly he stroked the Napoleonic lock of hair on his almost bald forehead as he politely inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you forgotten your hat?"

"Say, I won't get there at all if you don't *start!* Shoot me down to the restaurant. Hat after breakfast."

"But, sir, there's no breakfast served in the restaurant, only lunch and dinner. Very sorry, sir. Most of the tenants what haven't regular kitchens ——"

"Let me out!" The young man vanished into his own apartment, reappeared and crossed the hall into the elevator again before his door slammed after him. His hat was on crooked and he carried a bulging portfolio. He straightened his hat.

"Say, push her along faster, can't you? It's the devil being late the first morning!"

"Yes, sir," echoed Bently sympathetically, "it is indeed, sir."

The stern young man flashed a glance at him, then looked him up and down. "Been here long enough to know the ropes?"

"Six months, sir. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I'll put it up to you. I landed yesterday from California to take charge of the New York office of the Hammerton Tractor Company. My uncle is president and lives West. A clerk in the office rented this place for me. I thought I was fixed but I can't work without food. What's the answer?"

"Oh, sir, you could get a little electric stove and ——"

"Just what I can't do. Haven't time to buy one, let alone cook on it. Come again."

"But if you had the stove, sir, some one could ——"

"Look here, I haven't time to talk. I want breakfast every morning. I want fruit, cereal, two eggs, toast and coffee. If you'll manage to get that cooked for me at eight-fifteen regular, I'll pay you anything

that's reasonable and then some. I've worked with all sorts of men and I've generally found they treat me square when I treat them square. Here's twenty-five dollars to start things. Are you game to tackle it?"

For some time after the nervous step of Philip Hammerton had clicked out the front door, Bently stood looking at the crisp two tens and a five.

At one minute past eight the following morning he presented himself at Hammerton's door with arms full of a number of things and seventeen cents in change. He had done it "handsome" and spent the young gentleman's money for what was "right and proper."

Hammerton, half shaved, opened the door. "Good! — But where's the cook?"

"You left all the arrangements to me, sir, you may remember, so I engaged myself in that capacity, also as butler, sir, if you please."

"O. K. on that. Sized you up for the sort to help a fellow out, once you got the idea. But, say, don't ring the bell, mornings. Here's an extra key. Saves time."

As Bently spread the white cloth over the library table, a sunbeam slanting on it lit up his clean, old, English face. A smile flickered about the corners of his mouth and he straightened his shoulders as one who feels himself "coming back" after being jolly well down and very nearly out. He set the table with an individual technique and cut the grapefruit to an intricately fancy shape with almost careless ease. At the entrance of the stern young man, he pulled out his chair with the hauteur of the profession combined with its graceful deference and then stood behind him in a stately Napoleonic attitude.

HAMMERTON, after eating two-thirds around the grapefruit, suddenly demanded, "Say, you don't happen to have a newspaper in your pocket, do you?"

"No, sir. Very sorry. To-morrow, sir."

"Good! I like to have something to do when I'm eating. Ever have to eat alone?"

"Yes, sir; ever since ——"

"Are you a widower, Bently?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, Bently, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I can't talk out the back of my head. Would it break any of the Ten Commandments if you should stand where I can see you?"

"Well, sir, it would be a bit unusual, but there are exceptions, as you might say. Sometimes, when Lady Claibourne didn't come down to breakfast, my Lord would say, 'Bently, stand around and we'll have a bit of a chat about the garden.' For he was a great hand to talk of the flowers, he was, and a deal of pleasure he took in them."

"Funny! Never heard grown men talk about *flowers!*"

"Oh, sir, a few blossoms on your breakfast table would . . ."

"Don't cut off that way. What would they do?"

"They'd smile up in your face, sir, and start the day right."

"Go on, Bently! You're joking! Wouldn't even see them. Rather have a bunch of fruit. Some use."

Bently didn't answer. The stern young man glanced up across a lifted spoonful of breakfast food. Bently's face looked listless and the Napoleonic pose drooped.

"Say, Bently, I don't just get your idea, but I wouldn't mind taking a sample of it. Buy me some flowers and put them under my nose at breakfast. — Ought to have something to start the day right yourself, I guess. Look played out. What's the matter? No breakfast?"

"Not yet, sir. I came here directly I was off duty."

"So that's it! Been up all night tending the elevator and switchboard, then I invite you to watch *me* eat. Perfectly rotten efficiency! Sit down and have a bite with me."

"Oh, sir! If Lord Claibourne could imagine any of his men so far forgetting himself as that, he'd turn in his grave!"

"Do him good!"

"Yes, sir, — I beg pardon — but . . ."

"Well, say, do you think I can enjoy eating like this? If you could talk about bloomin' flowers with his Lordship, why can't you drink a cup of coffee with me? — If you can't sit down, take it standing."

"Well, sir, you're very kind . . ."

"Try the top of the bookcase for a lunch counter. And cook yourself some eggs. Say, this is great, having some one to eat with. Feel a lot more human. How much would you charge to eat here every morning regular?"

"Oh, sir, if I might! You don't know what it would mean to me. Indeed, I wouldn't charge you anything for anything!"

"Steady, Bently! Don't go off your head. Have another cup . . . Say, I sure have seen you some place before."

BENTLY smoothed down his lock of hair and struck an attitude with one hand behind him, one tucked in his vest, and his head thrust slightly forward. "Does this remind you, sir?"

"Well, I'll be . . . ! *Napoleon!*"

"I used to look more like him than I do now, sir. The waiters at the Waldorf called me 'Napoleon' Bently. That started me reading about him. Oh, sir, mustn't he have been magnificent in his coronation robes!—I thought if Napoleon had been a waiter like me, he'd have been a *Head Waiter!*"

"Bright idea."

"Yes, sir, but there was Josephine — only her real name was Mary. She wasn't very strong so I gave up everything and moved out on Long Island where we served shore dinners to motorists. I called myself 'Head Waiter' then, but I was also ordinary waiter and omnibus besides, which I fancy wasn't the way Napoleon the Great would have managed it. But we had a lovely garden and were very happy until it all ended.—Afterward I was taken with a fever and when I came out of it, the doctor told me to do the easiest work I could find. This is it, sir: push the lever forward and you go up; pull it back and you go down; and open and shut the door."

"But Napoleon . . . ?"

"I lost Napoleon here, sir. I couldn't imagine him as a night elevator man."

"Why didn't you get out, then? Health all right now, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but you see I'm quite alone in the world and sometimes the people in the building speak to me most affable, 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' — and the weather. It's very kind of them. And sometimes their little children ride up and down with me pretending we're in a balloon, most adorable, sir." His old face glowed with gentleness. "Then at night, when everybody's asleep, you know, I'm the only one on guard. There might be a fire or a burglar or something.—There never is, but there might be.—Somehow I've put off going away . . ."

"Huh! Awful poor imitation of Napoleon, if you ask me!"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid so.—I seem to have failed in everything."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. You have vision, that's something. You can see what might be. And your idea isn't so bad. All you need is a little more punch in your efficiency.—Tell you what, I'll give you some points on it!—But I've got to hump along now. Where'd you put the portfolio I left on that corner of the table?"

"Here it is, sir."

He started like a sprinter at the crack of a pistol and after him the door slammed with a reverberating boom.

The next morning Hammerton came into the breakfast-room tying his tie. He finished exactly as he reached his chair.

"Say, Bently, what sort of a building is this I'm in, anyway?"

"A studio building, sir, mostly artists and musicians, you know, and some other folks who fancy the big, two-story studios to entertain in."

"Musicians! Ha! There's a female person in the next apartment who sings, actually sings, late at night. Doesn't it beat the devil how inconsiderate some people are! I go to bed at ten sharp. Have to, to work the way I do.—She doesn't even begin till I'm ready to go to sleep. Then she'll stop and wait a few minutes and start in again. I'll bet it was after eleven before she finally quit! Then I lay awake a while before I could be sure she was really through. She'll drive me crazy!"

BENTLY looked troubled. The stern young man continued:

"Say, I could sleep next to a brass band if it played loud and regular enough but this intermittent soft singing keeps me guessing. Sometimes she sings so low I have to strain my ears and that wakes me up worse than ever. Her tunes are all right, start out fine, but then her voice gets kind of sad, like she couldn't help turning a regular good one into a hymn. Gave me the blues. Wished I was back in Frisco. If she feels that bad, she ought to take something for it."

"It's very odd, sir, but it's the music she's taking for it. Her housekeeper told me. She came from Boston the same day you moved in, wearing the deepest mourning, her face so pale and sad, sir, like a white rose in the rain."

"I know that kind, Bently, all black, sagging clothes, black gloves, nothing but gloom, and watery eyes with tears running along the wrinkles. Ought to be a law against black."

"Oh, sir, she hasn't any wrinkles. She's quite young. And as for black, the very next day she went out with a soft green dress on, like a white rose in the sunshine, if I may say so, sir."

"That's funny! How'd she get sense enough to cut out mourning?"

"Doctor's orders, sir. I believe he said she couldn't stand living in black after what she's been through."

"Some doctor! But what did he want her to sing for? I should think it would make her feel worse than ever.—Did me."

"The housekeeper said, sir, that the young lady would have to get interested in something to take her mind off."

"What's the matter with her mind?"

"She's very nervous and often doesn't go to sleep till broad daylight."

"Bad. No efficiency in that."

"No, sir, but seeing it's so, her housekeeper wanted me to ask if you would be so kind as to close your door more quietly in the morning, sir, —begging your pardon."

"Wake her up, do I? Tell her, if she'll quit serenading, I'll sneak out like a black velvet kitten."

"I'm sure the young lady would be very sorry if she knew she had disturbed you, sir. Singing so faintly, as you said, very likely she had no sort of notion any one could hear her.—She's a very sweet young lady, if I may say so, sir."

"That has nothing to do with her keeping me awake. That's sentiment. Makes you soft-headed. Undermines efficiency. Cut it out."

"Yes, sir, I beg pardon."

The stern young man looked up across the steaming coffee. The Napoleonic pose was drooping again.

"Don't take it that way, Bently.—I see you've got that bunch of Pollyannas for me.—Very pretty.—But give them to the lady with my apologies for slamming the door."

"Thank you, sir; that's very handsome of you, sir."

"And Bently, get me another bunch for the table. They don't do any harm as far as I can see."

The next morning there was a pack of letters at the left of the stern young man's grapefruit.

"Morning, Bently. Ha! Letters! Let me put you on to a trick of efficiency. Lay them at the right and face down, then I can slit them open one after another like this, see?"

He began to read, not — at first — forgetting his breakfast.—"What . . . ! Say, Bently, listen to this:

"'Dear Traveler to the Great City,

"'You won't recognize my handwriting because I never wrote to you before. But I thought you might be glad to know that some one back home is thinking of you a great deal. I only have to shut my eyes to see you sitting at your desk that last morning! I know you must be awfully busy planning your beautiful career — [Never thought of tractors just that way!] — but would you let me write to you and tell you just how I feel about everything? I am trying to copy your manners and be like you in every way because I think you're just wonderful.

" 'With love, MOLLIE.' "

THE stern young man looked up speechless.

"Don't you know who it's from, sir?"

"Might be a stenographer in the Frisco office from what she says about my desk. Didn't know her first name. Always looked kind of scared when I dictated to her. That's the way they are when they begin to get foolish, isn't it?"

"Very likely, sir. I'm sure she must be very fond of you."

"Go on, Bently!—But, say, this *might* be a kind of a love letter, wouldn't you think?—Makes a fellow feel sort of nice!—But you don't suppose somebody is trying to work off a little humor, do you? Hang it all! There's something about it doesn't smell just right."

He turned it over.

"Hello! Here's a postscript on the back page. Might have missed it.

"'P. S. — Mother says not to seal this till Father comes in. He might want to send you a message.

"'P. P. S. — I hear him in the hall now.

"'P. P. P. S. — He says to taper off on those chocolate-coated pills and take only one after meals.'"

"Pills! *Pills!* Where's the envelope that letter came in? Here! 'Miss Lois Etheridge!'"

Bently shifted uneasily. "I'm sorry, sir, but sometimes I'm very hurried sorting the mail. I brought it to the right floor but to the wrong apartment. It's for the young lady from Boston.—Yes, sir, the one who sings."

"Ha! That one! And I'll have to write 'Opened by mistake by Philip Hammerton.' Hate to sign my name

to knowing all about the pills the lady takes. If she's an invalid, she's probably touchy on the subject."

"Oh, sir, I shouldn't say she is an invalid. It's just that some of her folks died of the flu and some of other things, and now she hasn't a single relative left in the world. She'll be all right, her housekeeper says, as soon as she can take her mind off and get something else to think of. It seems too dreadful, sir, that a lovely young lady like that ——"

"Steady, Bently! Get back to the point. It was really your mistake, you know."

"Yes, sir."

"And it seems to me, instead of my writing on the envelope, it would be more polite if you should just hand the letter in and explain to the housekeeper person how it happened."

"Very well, sir, only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Would you mind if I should do it while you're in the hall waiting for the elevator? Explaining it in your presence, sir, would sort of make it seem all right, you know, wouldn't it?"

"Well, come on, then." Hammerton grabbed his hat and portfolio.

"If you please, sir, don't ring the elevator bell too soon."

Steps sounded from inside Miss Etheridge's apartment. A pleasant-faced little woman with apple cheeks and tawny hair, slightly silvered, smiled a good-morning to Bently as he held out the letter.

"Dreadful mistake, you know, Mrs. Simpson. All my fault ——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bently." She turned her head as though listening. "Just let me answer that phone." Then her voice sounded muffled from the inner hall. "It's there now? She'll be right down. Miss Lois, your taxi is waiting."

HAMMERTON put his finger on the elevator bell and held it. Mrs. Simpson returned to the door and took the letter.

A soft voice called from within, "Ring for the elevator, Jane, please. I'm coming."

"It's getting rung all right," commented the stern young man. He shifted his feet restively. At the sound of light steps approaching, the elevator not having arrived, he bolted for his own door. "I forgot my umbrella. Don't hold the elevator. I'll go next trip."

"But, sir, it's bright sunshine!"

Though half in his door, Hammerton turned on Bently but was held by the unsmiling dark blue eyes of a pale flower of a girl. Under his startled gaze she lowered her lashes with an uncertain flutter, then diffidently raised them toward Bently.

"Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, ma'am, sort of an accident about a letter for you that Mr. Hammerton — this is Mr. Hammerton, Miss Etheridge ——"

"Sounds like an introduction," said the stern young man, advancing. "Pleased to meet you."

She raised her hand limply to his, lowered her eyes and raised them again with a quite unsuccessful effort to smile. Her words came hesitatingly. "I — I am so sorry to have disturbed you. I hope you slept better last night."

"No. Guilty conscience. Awful silence kept me awake. Say, Miss Etheridge, you just sing any old time of day or night you feel like it. Anybody that tries to stop you ought to have something coming to him." — Bently's mouth dropped open with an expression of mild surprise.—"And say, I'm mighty sorry I slammed my door. Looks this morning like you had a mind to slam yours first."

One corner of her mouth quivered just a little. "Oh, no. I have to go to my music lesson. I'm afraid I'll be late."

She raised her hand to the elevator bell just as the door rolled open. Hammerton looked at his watch. "Whew! I've got to sizzle! Seven minutes behind schedule!"

"I'm afraid it's my fault. Let me take you to the subway. I'm going by. . . ."

The door clanged shut.

When Bently let himself into Hammerton's apartment the next morning, a cheerful sound of whistling came from the bedroom. It was a fragment of a tune that proceeded but a little way when it ran off the track on a wrong note. There followed hesitating experiments up and down the scale until, at eight-fifteen, the whistler came briskly in tying his tie.

"Morning, Bently. Coffee smells good. Hungry!"

Hammerton was held by the unsmiling dark blue eyes of a pale flower of a girl

"I'm most particularly glad, sir."

"Why so much joy, Bently?"

"There'll be something especial, sir. Mrs. Simpson asked if I would do her the favor of tasting her waffles to see if there is anything the matter with them. It seems that the poor young lady, sitting at the table all by herself, barely touches anything, and Mrs. Simpson afterwards eating all by herself, which she isn't used to, hasn't a bit of relish for her own cooking. So you see ——"

"But, Bently, hold on a minute. Were those waffles good?"

"I was just coming to that, sir. Mrs. Simpson is to bring you a plateful at twenty-three minutes to nine. That would be as you finish your first piece of toast. I thought if you should eat waffles from there on, very likely you could have three and still get out on schedule."

"Bently, you're improving. You're getting the idea."

"Thank you, sir."

AT the correct moment, Mrs. Simpson came in bearing a napkin-covered plate and a little pitcher.

"It's real maple syrup from the Etheridge country place in the Berkshire Hills. I was born and raised up that way. My father used to work for Miss Lois's grandfather."

"Yum! Melt in my mouth! Say, Mrs. Simpson, couldn't you put Bently on to the way you do it? Taste better than toast."

"Why, Mr. Hammerton, I'd make some for you any time and glad to."

"Thanks.—Couldn't impose on Miss Etheridge, though."

"Oh, she wouldn't mind. Why, she was saying only yesterday it must be awful for a young man to be three thousand miles away from everything he's used to and have to eat all alone around in restaurants."

"Did she say that? Sure was mighty nice of her."

"She's very grateful to you, Mr. Hammerton."

"To me? Go on! What for?"

"Maybe it was kind of accidental, but it was for slammin' your door. You woke her up two mornings so early she couldn't help but be sleepy at bed-time, and then she slept so much better she gave me orders to wake her every morning. But just now when I went to call her, she rubbed her eyes and said, 'Why, Jane! I slept all night! Mr. Hammerton's door is better than all Doctor's chocolate-coated pills.'"

"Ha! Do you hear that, Bently! Say, Mrs. Simpson, she's good stuff to take it that way. Expect she'll be thanking me for opening her private correspondence next."

"Well, Mr. Hammerton, I don't know but she might. That letter was from her doctor's little girl, nice child, terrible fond of Miss Lois. First time since we came she's had gumption enough to answer a letter. Maybe your opening it gave her something pleasant to write about. Anyway, there was almost a twinkle in her eyes. My, did me good to see that!"

"Bet she was laughing at me behaving like a silly ass chasing back after my umbrella."

"Oh no, sir," protested Bently, "but perhaps it all happened very fortunate to give her something to take her mind off."

"That's right," approved Mrs. Simpson, "but what's worrying me is about taking her mind off to-morrow. It's her birthday, the first she ever spent alone. Last year they gave her a surprise party and she was so happy, laughin' and laughin' till you couldn't help but laugh yourself, it was that catchin'. And she's got the loveliest dimple in her left cheek! — I 'most forgot it. Haven't seen it now for weeks and weeks."

The stern young man stopped eating. "Say, something ought to be done about that! Bently, why don't you come across with an idea?"

"Oh, sir, it isn't for me to suggest, — but I could put on my butler's uniform to wait on table and Mrs. Simpson could bake a birthday cake and ——"

"Cake doesn't make a party, Bently. You've got to have people at it."

"You, sir."

"Go on, Bently! She wouldn't want me. Queer the whole thing!"

Bently looked appealingly to Mrs. Simpson who clinched the idea by saying, "Well, she don't know anybody else."

"Sounds like I was elected. But maybe she'd get mad."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hammerton, she's very understanding of other people. She'll take it the way it's meant."

"Well, it's up to you and Bently to fix things. I've got to hump along now."

"But, Mr. Hammerton, couldn't you think of any way I might get her out of the house in the afternoon while I'm baking the cake and all?"

THE stern young man's eyebrows puckered.

"Say, you don't suppose . . . ? But I'm an idiot. She never would . . ."

"What, Mr. Hammerton?"

"To-morrow's Saturday half-holiday. You don't suppose she'd go to a matinee with me, do you? If you think there's a chance, you can ask her. Now I'm off."

"But, sir, begging your pardon, wouldn't it be proper to write her a bit of a note inviting her, you know?"

"Hate to write notes." But he sat down and scratched with a pen. Presently, floating on the air, came a soft voice singing the song that Hammerton had been trying to whistle. "Ha! That's how it ends! Would have bothered me all day.—Say, Bently, how do you spell 'effrontery,' one or two 'f's?"

"I don't remember ever having spelled it, sir."

"Never mind, I'll spell it 'n-e-r-v-e.'"

As he handed the note to Bently, he glanced at the clock. "Twenty-two minutes late! Say, I promised to give you some points on efficiency. Here's one: efficiency was invented to serve you, not to run you. When I'm late because of doing something more important, *I'm not late!* See?" He walked out with the dignity of one who leaves his reputation behind him.

To Miss Etheridge, Bently explained, "He wished me to get the tickets after inquiring what you would prefer to see, ma'am."

She smiled wistfully. "It's very kind of him, but I'm in the deepest mourning, really, though not in black."

"He'll be very disappointed, ma'am. I had orders to get two tickets. Would you think I'd best get one anyway so he can go alone? He's too busy to do anything for himself."

"I'm afraid I can't decide that for you, Bently."

"But — but very likely he'd be lonesome in a crowd if he couldn't speak to anyone. Too bad he doesn't know any nice young lady who *could* go with him."

"I'm sorry, Bently."

But instead of accepting the finality of her voice, he stood nervously smoothing his Napoleonic lock. "Well, I'm afraid he'll be making himself sick if he works *all* the time and no one to take care of him." He swallowed and fidgeted. "Would you think, ma'am, I'd best get two tickets anyway and he might take one of the young typists from the office?"

He switched on the lights in the studio where the table gleamed with sparkling crystal and flashing silver

Miss Etheridge lifted her dark eyes.

"Why are you so interested in him?"

Bently's face sobered. "I don't know, ma'am. — Mr. Hammerton is somebody to be interested in, very likely." Then, as with a sudden realization, he clenched his hands and burst out vehemently, "I've *got* to be interested in something! It's a long time between the last tenant to come in at night and the first to go out in the morning. There's too much time to think. I'm jolly well tired of myself. Mr. Hammerton came. He wanted breakfast service. He gave me something else to think of. He's so very different, ma'am, he takes my mind off."

She looked down at a certain bunch of flowers on the table. "Oh, if anything could take my mind off!" With appealingly lifted eyebrows.—"You said the nights are long. I know how long they are. And you have thought it all out. So have I. But I haven't found any answer and I don't understand yours." She rested her elbows on the table and dropped her head in her hands.

There was no sound but her uneven breathing. Slowly she lifted her flower-like face from the enclosing calyx of her fingers and looked up with glistening eyes.

"Get two tickets, Bently. I'll go."

LATE the following afternoon the preparations had proceeded to the point of clinking the ice into the glasses when Bently, in all the gorgeous regalia of his butler's uniform, switched off the lights at the sound of a key in the hall door. In crescendo with its opening came the lilting voice of Miss Etheridge: ". . . anything so nice could ever happen again. Thank you so much!—I wish I might ask you in to dinner. If only I had thought to tell Jane!"

"You *do* wish that, honest-to-goodness?"

"Yes, cross my heart and hope to ——"

"Then I'm coming."

"But ——"

"Oh, that'll be all right. All you need is a touch of magic. Just clap your hands and call your favorite genie — or jennie — or jane, as the case may be."

"Yes, Mr. Hammerton," said Jane, stepping from behind the portiere.

"Oh, that was easy," laughed Miss Etheridge. "You saw her there all the time."

"But listen! Jane, can you cook dinner for two in one minute?"

"If I don't have to wait on table, sir."

"We'll clap for another genie to do that. Let's have a celebrity. Nap, Nap, Nap, Napoleon!"

Bently stood out from the other portiere.

"Prepare a banquet table."

"Instantly, sir." He switched on the lights in the studio where the table gleamed with sparkling crystal and flashing silver.

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Miss Etheridge with wonder-eyes. "This *is* efficiency!"

They sat down and Bently served them as ceremoniously as though they had been Lord and Lady Claibourne. When he brought in the birthday cake with twenty yellow-flaming candles, it lighted two glowingly happy young faces.

"Now you know how old I am," laughed Miss Lois, with the loveliest dimple in her left cheek. "When your birthday comes I'm going to get Jane to bake a cake for you and then I'll know how old you are!"

And so they chatted on and on until, if anyone had thought of it, it must have seemed very odd that almost any little thing, if once you put your mind on it, will serve to take it off.

BUT one tragic evening, while Bently was dozing in the telephone booth, came a buzz from the Hammerton apartment. "Is Miss Etheridge in?"

"Yes, sir, I'll connect you directly."

Another buzz and a snap. "Lois!"

"*You*, again! I told you ——"

"But, Lois, you must listen to reason."

"Some things may be above reason."

"Yes, if they're supported by it."

"Well, anyway, they're so and they can't be helped."

"But just let me prove they're not so and they can be helped."

"Whatever you prove, I'd still be in mourning. I feel wicked to have listened to you."

"But were your people the sort to be happier in heaven the more miserable you make yourself here?"

"That's brutal."

"Well, turn it over. Wouldn't they be happier there if you had some one always to guard and protect you here and —and love you?"

"Philip!"

"Well, I can't help saying it again. It's something 'just so.' Fact is, it's a lot more 'so' than your being in mourning."

"Philip, how can you ——!"

"Well, how can you act as though your own folks wouldn't want you to be happy?"

"You assume my happiness depends exclusively on you?"

"If it did I'd move heaven and earth ——"

"Yet you won't do the least thing I ask you; you won't let ——"

"It isn't the least; it's the most impossible."

"Why?"

"Because I love you."

"*Again!*"

"You wouldn't have asked why if you didn't want me to say it! I repeat, I love you."

"Philip, I can't — I can't listen to you. I won't! I'll go away. Good-by!"

In the buzzing silence his voice said, "Please" three times and ceased.

Early the next morning, Miss Etheridge called up Grand Central and then a taxi office. For some time Bently rested his forehead on his folded arms, then deliberately put the plug in the hole to ring Hammerton.

"Hello! Hello!"

"The taxi for Miss Etheridge will be here at eight o'clock, Mrs. Simpson. I'll be up directly to carry down the luggage."

"This isn't the Etheridge apartment!"

"Oh, I beg pardon, very stupid of me, sir."

As soon as he was relieved from duty, Bently, with trembling key, let himself into Hammerton's apartment. The stern young man was not there. He began to make coffee much as a surgeon's assistant might prepare a hypodermic. At eight-fifteen the phone rang. It was Hammerton's voice. "Bently, — you old idiot, God bless you!— go down and pay off that taxi!"

When breathlessly he returned, Miss Lois was sitting at the coffee percolator alone. With dewy eyes she smiled a peculiarly confused good-morning.

"Bently, I've missed the train!"

His expression was politely blank.

"You said he took your mind off," she explained.

"Oh, ma'am, is it true?" he asked radiantly. "May I wish you happiness?"

For answer, her nervous little laugh eddied in the dimple of her left cheek. "Oh, the accident to the telephone! He said it was your marvellous efficiency. Oh, I might have been gone by now!"

Hurriedly Hammerton entered, his face haggardly happy. He walked up to Bently. "Shake!" They shook.

As Bently seated him opposite Lois, the stern young man looked up in mute appeal for the correct thing in these almost married circumstances. At the sight of Bently's pose and beatific expression he laughingly exclaimed, "Napoleon at Friedland!"

But instantly Lois lifted protesting eyes. "Oh, Philip, not that!—No, Bently! And I'm glad, glad you're *not* like Napoleon! What did he do but make wars and widows in trying to be Head Waiter of all Europe! And could he, in your place, have done what *you* did? Or would he, if he could?"

"Say, Bently, it sure looks as though you'd better scrap that Napoleon idea."

"Yes, sir, but . . . Oh, sir, I thought if I had some one great to copy after . . . "

"You did, Bently! You did!" cried Lois with a quaver of awe in her voice. "But it wasn't Napoleon you were copying after, it wasn't Napoleon!"

The country is strewn with the wreckage of its former prosperity

Re-Pioneering in the Berkshires

A Story of Success Wrested from a Land of Tragedy

By Harry A. Mount

ABANDONED! Is there a more tragic word in the language? Lost hope, shattered ideals, broken spirits, failure—all of these the word implies. And there is tragedy on a grand scale in the thousands of abandoned farms strewn up and down our Atlantic seaboard from Virginia to Maine. Once these farms supported a large and prosperous population. To-day, fields still neatly marked off with stone walls are over-grown with brush and weeds, and decaying buildings bear tottering witness of past glories. It has been estimated that if all of these abandoned farms were joined they would make an area twice the size of the state of Massachusetts. I could fill this page with foreboding statistics which show this to be one of the really big tragedies of America.

But I have a happier purpose. This is to be a story of success; of success wrested from a Land of Tragedy under most trying circumstances, a story of faith and courage, of resourcefulness and dogged persistence.

An abandoned trolley line

The heroes of this story are a group of Jewish immigrants, recruited from one of the ugliest spots I know—the lower East Side in New York City — and set down by the process of curious circumstances in one of the loveliest spots on this earth—the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts.

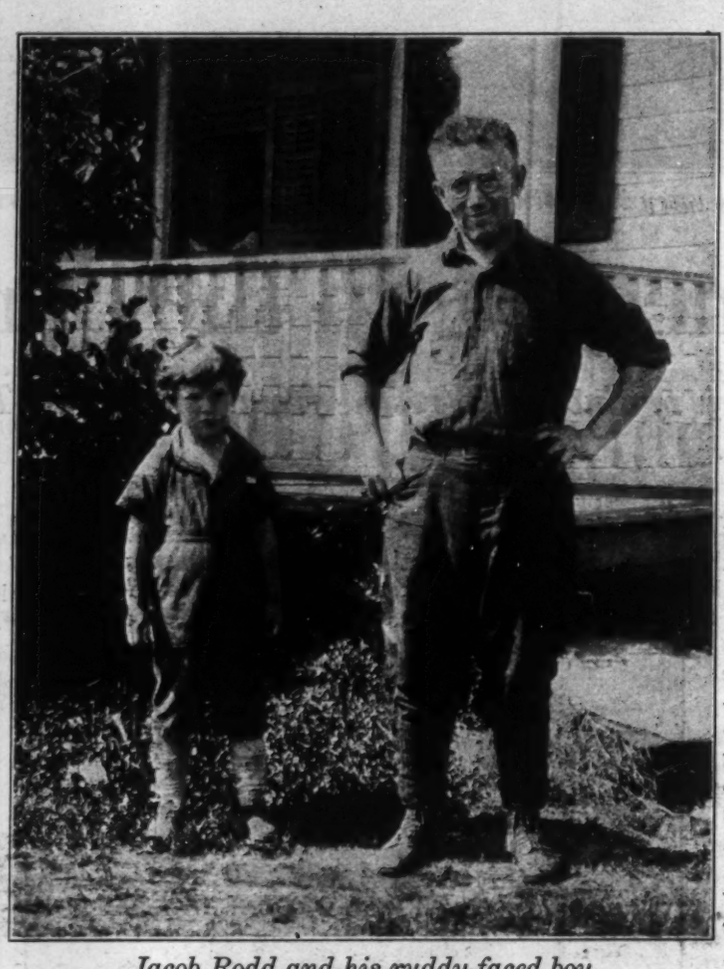
It is unusual to find Jews on the land. They seem to be traditionally bound to the cities and the marts of trade. Stranger still it is to find a group of workmen and small tradesmen from a large city succeeding on farms where natives of the soil have confessed failure. How this situation came about holds, I think, a lesson of deep importance to every American.

The statement has been made and often repeated that these old Eastern farms were abandoned because the land

"ran out;" it was no longer fertile and would not produce crops to compete with the newer lands in the Middle West. However true this may be of some sections, it certainly is not true of the Berkshire farms. Those farms which are under proper cultivation are yielding to-day as good crops as ever came from them.

It cannot be denied that the land is not as well suited to agriculture as in some other sections. Most of the farms lie on steep hillsides and the soil is stony. On the other hand, there is the compensating circumstance of a favorable climate and nearness to the great market centers. Some of the famous agricultural districts of the Far West are operating under far worse natural handicaps. At least, these farms once yielded an independent livelihood to a much larger population than they now support and, in some cases, they were the basis of present-day fortunes.

There isn't any doubt about it; it wasn't the farms, but the families which "ran out." The lure of the cities to the younger generations and Horace Greeley's classic admonition "Go West, young man, go West!" had a lot more to do with it than failure of the soil. Ask any of the older native Yankees how this farm or that one came to be abandoned and the answer is nearly always the same.



Jacob Rodd and his ruddy-faced boy

"The Boys and Girls Left"

"Oh, the boys and girls wouldn't stay on the place and the old folks couldn't run it any longer alone. They couldn't sell it so they just abandoned it."

The Berkshire country is strewn with the wreckage of its former prosperity. Not only are farms abandoned, but roads, schools, churches, mills, small factories, a trolley line and a partially completed railroad—and even whole villages. In fact the complete equipment of a community is idle and decaying. Only here and there do we find a Yankee farmer. That part of the native population which remains lives in the villages on the proceeds of its wits, a few scattered industries and the high price of chicken dinners for summer vacationists. Indeed, the vacationists, who swarm into the Berkshires in the summer, seem to be regarded as a sort of manna fallen from Heaven by the villagers, and should this source of revenue for any reason fail, no doubt the wrecking of this once prosperous community would be final and complete.

The influx of Jews into this territory began about fifteen years ago when three old Yankee farmers living near the town of Lee (their affairs having come to such a pass that they must either sell or abandon their farms) placed their land in the hands of a New York firm of Jewish real estate dealers. The plan was conceived — there seems to be some doubt as to whether the Yankee farmer or the real estate men should be given credit for it — of splitting the farms up into smaller tracts and selling them to immigrant Jews on the East Side in New York. The cheapness of the land would appeal to the bargain instinct of these people, and besides, most of them were thrifty and could make substantial down payments. If they knew nothing of farming and failed to make a living — well, foreclosure was always possible and then the farm could be sold over again.

From the standpoint of the real estate men, at least, the scheme was successful. More abandoned farms were placed in their hands and soon a steady stream of Jewish settlers was moving into the Berkshires. Most of the land was sold "sight unseen," and the Jews had no idea of the conditions they would encounter until they had moved their families up into the hills.

Jacob Rodd, who was a plumber in New York, found that he could wade across the "navigable river" on which he expected to ship his rich crops to market. Rodd bought three hundred acres of land for $1,000. But the house and barns he expected to find ready for occupancy were really ready to fall down. It took all of the savings he had not given to the real estate men to put the house in condition to shelter his family. The "fertile" fields were densely overgrown with brush and weeds and an immense amount of labor was required to clear them before a crop could be planted.

The most discouraging circumstance of all was the almost open hostility of the native Yankees. At every turn Jacob Rodd was cheated, ignored, insulted. Add to this an almost complete lack of farming knowledge and we have pictured his desperate situation. However discouraged Jacob Rodd may have been, having set his hand to the plow he did not look back. He set to work with a will, and be it said to the everlasting credit of these Jewish settlers, in nearly every instance of this kind they stuck it out, through lean and bitter years, and to-day they are reaping a reward in independence and prosperity.

Scenery Up to Specifications

One thing Jacob Rodd found quite up to specifications — the scenery. His farm tops a little hill from which he has a marvelous mountain view. Just back of the house is a little waterfall which for sheer beauty has few rivals anywhere. There are wild flowers the

like of which Jacob Rodd had never seen before. Ferns grow in the woods as tall as his head and when the mountain laurel is in bloom it transforms the hillsides into a veritable fairyland. Occasionally he glimpsed, as he went about his work, a scared deer; a rabbit hopped from his path, or a partridge with its little ones scurried into the bushes. All of these things afforded new surprises and delights, which have never grown old, for Jacob Rodd and his wife.

The first year Rodd managed to clear a few acres of ground and planted potatoes because — well, because he couldn't think of anything else to plant! In spite of inexperience he got a fairly good crop. But his disillusion was complete when he attempted to sell the potatoes. But let Jacob Rodd tell this part of the story for himself:

"I knew," he says, "what I had to pay for potatoes in the city and I had an idea what I ought to get for them. All the farmers sold their stuff then to the grocer with whom they traded, so I loaded fifteen bushels of my potatoes on a wagon and drove into Lee. The grocer offered me eighty-five cents a bushel for them. I thought that was too low, but I needed the money and so I unloaded the potatoes. Then I went in after my money.

"'Of course,' the grocer said, 'you know our usual business arrangement?'

"'I know,' I said, 'that you owe me for fifteen bushels of potatoes at eighty-five cents a bushel. That makes $12.75.'

"'All right,' he said, 'but you must take it out in trade. Everybody does that.'

"I explained to him that no matter what others did I would have to have the cash, for I needed it.

David Payenson learned agriculture in Russia

"'I cannot get along without money,' I told him, 'and the only income I have is from the things I raise. What will I do if one of my family gets sick and I have no money to send for doctor?'

"'Oh!' he said, 'farmers are not supposed to get sick.'

"When I saw that he would not give me the cash, I said not another word but went outside and loaded the potatoes back on the wagon. Then I went to all of the other grocers in town and they offered me the same price at the same terms. Then I drove on to Lenox and when I couldn't do any better there I went on to Pittsfield and finally in Pittsfield I found a man who gave me 95 cents a bushel for my potatoes and paid me cash.

"A few days after that I drove past the store where I had first offered the potatoes and the proprietor was standing in the door. He laughed when he saw me, for he thought I had not sold the potatoes. He wanted to have a joke at my expense.

"'What did you do with your potatoes?' he called out.

"'Why,' I replied, 'I built a bonfire and roasted them and ate every one, myself.'

"To this day I am occasionally reminded of the time I ate a whole wagon load of potatoes. I never traded at that store again and neither did my neighbors, but the man in Pittsfield who gave me cash built up a big business in the following years through the patronage we gave him. Most of us now have built up our own markets in the cities, where we get better prices than we could get near by. It is only thirty-five miles to Springfield, just a short auto trip, and I sell most of my stuff there through friends. I get top-notch prices for everything because the people who buy it know it is clean and fresh. I get ten cents a pound over market prices for my butter."

Poor Land and Good Business

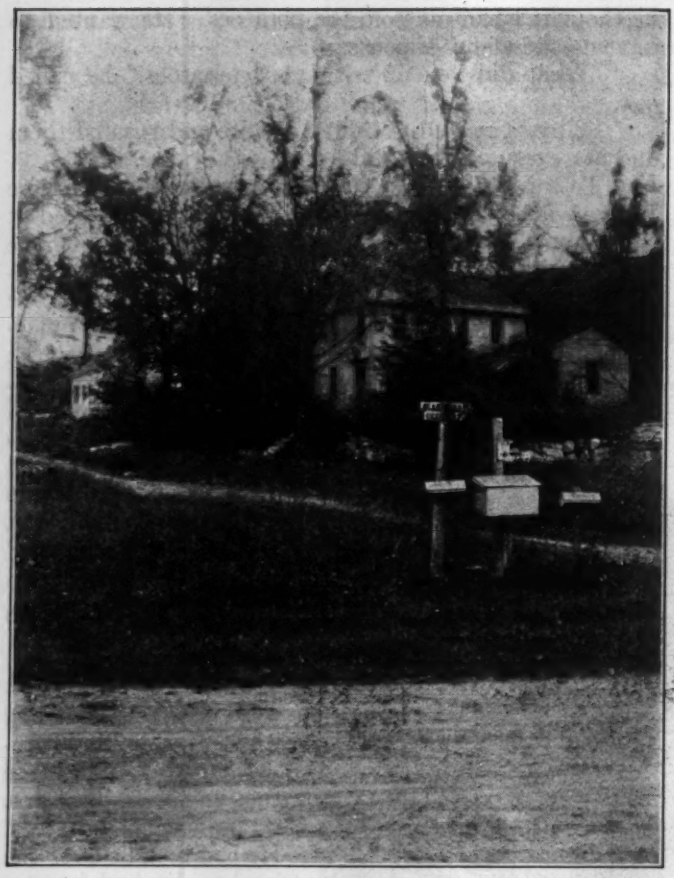
The first big step toward success was taken when Jacob Rodd refused to take out in trade the value of his first wagon load of potatoes. He had to take over the land as slipshod farmers had left it, but he did not have to take over their business methods.

However, even improvement in marketing methods could not stave off impending disaster. Rodd had spent all of his money on the farm and house and was in debt for his horse and a few necessary tools, while further payments on the farm and taxes were due.

Furthermore, the new settlers had found that they were unwelcome in the social life of the community and they kept more and more to themselves. They seldom ventured into the towns, intrusting the few necessary errands to the stage driver who brought their mail.

At the beginning of the second year the outlook was most forbidding. Some of the settlers were ready to give up and go back to the city. But in this juncture these people displayed another trait which marked them for success. Instead of each man fighting his own battle alone, they joined forces. They held a meeting to decide, first of all, whether to stay on the farms, or to go back to the city. There was one among them, David Payenson, who had attended an agricultural school in Russia. His counsel finally prevailed and it was decided to stay.

It was further decided that straight farming in that section could not be made to pay, but, also upon Payenson's advice, it was decided to try cows and chickens along with the farming. Those who were best off financially came to the assistance of those who needed help,



A part of the deserted village of North Blandford

they traded labor in rush seasons and as a result of this co-operation the second dangerous year was bridged over and at its end the members of the little Jewish community each had a start in poultry and cattle.

All this was more than a dozen years ago. I have just spent several days in and about the towns of Lee, Otis, East Otis, Sandisfield, Blandford, Tollod and New Boston where a hundred or more Jewish farmers now own thousands of acres of land. One can pick out one of these farms almost without exception for its well kept buildings and fences. Every barn has its silo and there are sheds for the farm machinery; it is not allowed to rust away in fence corners.

Most of the houses have been rebuilt and enlarged for another crop—summer boarders. These boarders come, most of them, from the crowded tenement quarters in New York and Boston and additions to the permanent colony are being constantly recruited from their ranks. Many of those who come are friends or relatives of those already there.

Samuel Shifrin, who is a brother-in-law of Jacob Rodd, came from New York nine years ago and took up an abandoned place near East Otis. He has spent over $30,000 for improvements, all out of the proceeds of the farm. Practically all of the members of the community are immigrants from either Russia or Germany and all have been workmen or small tradesmen in New York.

Even David Payenson, who was the only one among them who had training as a farmer, worked in New York two years as a carpenter because friends there advised him when he landed that he could make more money in the city. Isaac Rosner, who now owns a butchering establishment which furnishes meat for the whole countryside, used to work in a machine shop in the city. Samuel Kaplan of Barrington, who was one of the first settlers, used to run a little tailoring shop. M. Frankel, who has been on one of these farms for nearly sixteen years, once made skirts for a living in the back room of his East Side home.

Samuel Tropp—the Baker

Samuel Tropp used to run a little store in the city. Like the others, he tried farming and found he could hardly stagger along under the initial burden. But he discovered that there was no baker in the community, so he built a small bakery and for several years he has supplied most of the bread used in that section of the Berkshires.

But he has not given up farming and just now is experimenting with geese and turkeys as a possible source of revenue. He didn't know any more about raising geese than he did at first about farming. He bought a gander for every goose and couldn't understand the frightful tempers and high mortality among the male members of his flock. But he soon learned the cause, reduced his ganders in number until there is now one for every five geese, and peace reigns. Tropp has learned goose-raising as he learned farming and baking —by doing it. His geese are now profitable. Tropp was interviewed in dough to his elbows.

"I can't get any help in the bakery," he said, "and so I have to do most of the work myself. These fellows from the city want $75 and $80 a week wages and even at that I can't get them to stay here. I have a man to help me on the farm and a girl in the bakery, but in order to get through I have to work eighteen hours a day—sometimes more. If those people in the city only knew how much better off they would be out here at half the wages they are getting, I would have no trouble. But there is no use telling them. They don't want to leave the excitement and the people."

The most remarkable change which these Jews have wrought is in the attitude toward them of the native

Decaying buildings bear witness of past glories

Yankees. By their industry and fair dealing they have won the wholesome respect of the people who were bitterly hostile to them. I talked with native farmers and Yankee tradesmen all over the region and found nothing but admiration for the Jews.

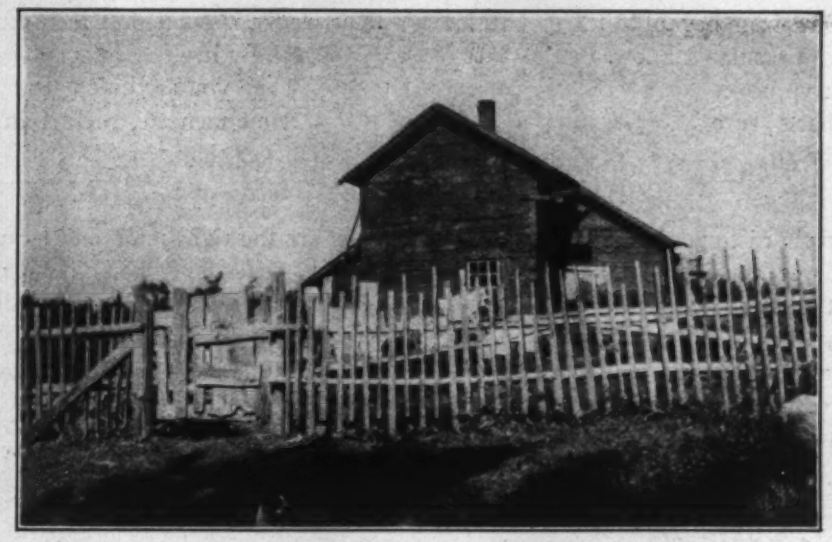
Mr. E. K. Lincoln, of movie fame, has an estate of 4,000 acres near the town of Blandford. The Lincoln home stands on one of the highest spots in the state and commands a grand view on all sides. I found the movie actor strolling, with his dogs.

"You know," said Mr. Lincoln, after I had explained my mission, "I am an American first and last and I always hate to hear anyone criticize American institutions, but I think these Jews, most of whom are foreign born, have taught us a lesson. I have been coming out here in the summer for ten years and I have never known a finer lot of people. They are businesslike, and they attend to their own affairs. They are thrifty and industrious and deserve their success.

"Why, only last week a man offered to sell out to me. His price was too high and I told him so.

"'Well,' he said, 'a Jew wants to buy the place at that price. I thought you wouldn't want a Jew moving in next door and so I am offering you this chance to buy.'

"I told the fellow plainly that I would rather have a Jew on the place than him. At least the Jew can be depended on to keep his place up, merely as a matter of good business. I told him to go ahead and sell to the Jew; that nothing would please me more. These Jews out here have come through the acid test and have proved themselves to be genuine 100 per cent men and women. If this is a fair sample, by all means, let's have more of them."



The East Side Jews found houses like this

Not All Measure Up

I do not want to give the impression that all the Jews of that community measure up to these high standards. That would be impossible in any group of human beings. I recall especially two cases where the farms gave the impression of the very antithesis of success. In both cases the farmers had been Old World peasant farmers. Although both had been in this country a number of years, neither had taken the trouble to learn to speak English.

They made this kind—Jacob Rodd's home

There is another forbidding feature of this experiment—for it is an experiment. The younger generation of this new community is displaying the very same traits of restlessness which had so large a share in wrecking the old. The sons and daughters of these Jewish farmers have caught the notion that opportunity for *them* is off over the horizon. Many of them, no doubt, will drift back to the crowded Jewish sections of the East Side, whence their parents came. The East Side——

Have You Ever Seen the East Side?

Imagine a narrow street lined on either side with ramshackle tenement buildings, which seem to lean out over the sidewalks, as though groping for mutual support. The windows are all open. The family bedding is hanging out of many of them and from others fat "mammas" lean to scream at their children in the street below. The street itself is a veritable Babel. Pushcarts line both curbs, and piled high on these is every conceivable kind of merchandise, from pots and pans to pickles and books. The stores also do most of their business on the sidewalk and merchandise is piled in front, leaving only a narrow lane for pedestrians.

Everybody is Selling Something

Almost every one seems to have something to sell and they paw over each other's wares while they chatter loudly in an outlandish tongue. Even children of eight and ten years are hawking shoestrings and trinkets. Old men and women too feeble to walk sit drowsing on the curbstones and steps, with a basket of garlic or a handful of neckties for sale.

Occasionally one glimpses the great beard and long black coat of a Jewish patriarch, and little knots of women sit on chairs on the already crowded sidewalk to knit and gossip.

Babies, too young to walk, crawl about underfoot and one must step over them. Children a little older dash among the hubbub of traders and shoppers, noisy and irrepressibly happy at their games. The air is full of strange odors and strange sounds.

* * *

Jacob Rodd used to live on a street like that. I wish you could see his ruddy-faced little boy *now*.

One of My Workmen—Danny Coghlan

By Edward E. Lysaght

DANIEL COGHLAN, down from the mountains,
Tough hardy Dan, from beyant in the mountains,
You're the best worksman I know.
Thin is your arm, sure,
Yerra, what harm, sure,
'Tis you have the go!

Keenly you work; 'tis hard to get keen men.
I love to be watching or working with keen men,
Men who learnt labor at home.
You have ten acres, man,
Keep it, be Jakers, man,
Let emigrants roam.

You have the knowledge, you have the strength, too:
Knowledge is great, but men must have strength too,
Each by itself is no good;
Then you are quick, Dan,
Some men are thick, Dan,
Thicker than wood.

You are the right man, one I can trust in,
I could never leave home if I'd no one to trust in
And know that my work will be done.
The divil a loss, boys,
While he is your boss, boys,
The divil a one.

You're independent, never obsequious,
A man of free birth is never obsequious,
He leaves it to schemer and slave.
If this poem should live, lad,
'Tis all I've to give, lad,
For all that you gave.

From "Irish Eclogues"

Beginning next month—

"The Woman Accused"

An Absorbing Detective Novel

By Roy Vickers

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MR. VICKERS tells a great detective story with first-class literary ability.

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It is an absorbing story of life, filled with the interplay of human relations in family and society.

In—

December McCLURE'S

In the dark and the ceaseless wind she was blown against him like a bird

Hordisa of the Fair Braids

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Author of "Gypsy's Weather," "Angels' Shoes," "The Closed Door"

Illustrated by R. K. Ryland

FATHER CLIARD had come over early from the mission, and was walking up and down on the end of the wharf. He had on sea-boots under his tucked-up cassock, and was telling his beads as he paced to and fro. The halibut boats were putting out, and the shock-headed, dark-faced crews bobbed those same heads reverentially to the tall old priest, and he blessed them one by one. The white men pulled at the peaks of their caps as he passed, but did not speak, for Father Cliard had evidently come on business. Most of them knew what business it was, for now and then the priest had been seen to glance over the wharf as if to make sure that the *Sea-Otter* was still at her anchorage.

The business, which had kept Father Cliard waiting two hours, was over in as many minutes. Mort Anson came down the wharf, walking with his inimitable free stride. The Father tucked his beads in his belt and went to meet him. Mort Anson stopped and began to grin. Father Cliard said, "So you have made up your mind to go?"

"I'd like to see the man or the thing that'd stop me!"

Mort's handsome head was back and his eyes were bright. "Have you come over to marry us, Father?" he mocked, shamelessly enough.

The priest said quietly, "What have you done about the girl?"

"What's that to you?"

"My son, you can't leave her like this."

Mort Anson stepped close to the old man. He was dangerous. The men watching from a distance knew it and their muscles tensed. He said: "Listen, Father. There's not a love nor a law, not a price nor a power, can keep me from quitting when I'm ready to quit, from freeing myself when I want to be free. Nothing in the world's strong enough to bind me."

"My son," said the priest, gently, "there's a time coming for you when God shall bind you with a single thread." And Mort Anson laughed, and dropped into the little *Sea-Otter* and started her engines, and drove her out of the harbor without looking back. Mort never looked back on anything he had done.

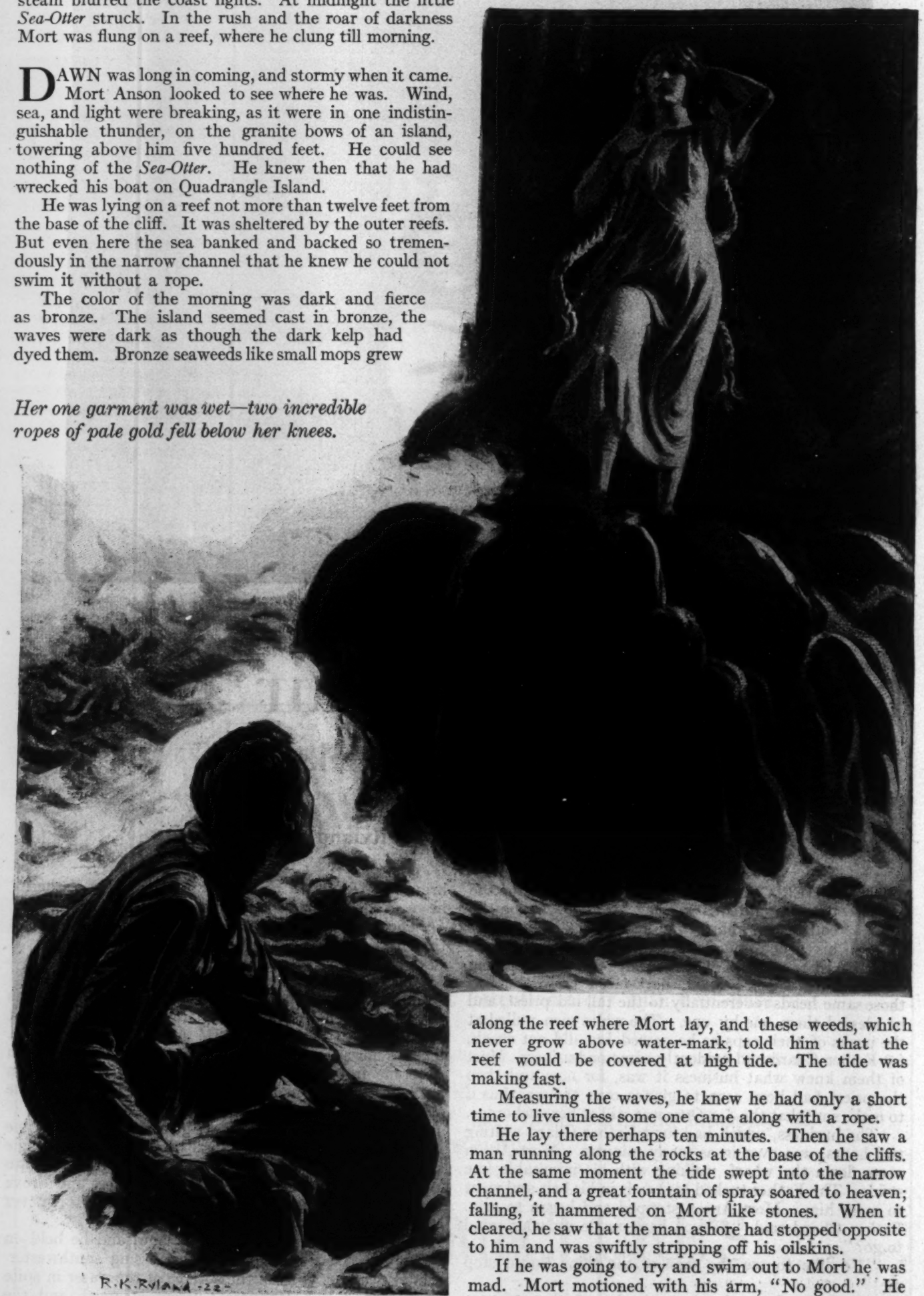
The fever for freedom was on him; and he held on down the coast in the teeth of a rising southwester. Clouds were making on the surface of the water in spite of the wind, the Japanese Current steamed, and the

steam blurred the coast lights. At midnight the little *Sea-Otter* struck. In the rush and the roar of darkness Mort was flung on a reef, where he clung till morning.

DAWN was long in coming, and stormy when it came. Mort Anson looked to see where he was. Wind, sea, and light were breaking, as it were in one indistinguishable thunder, on the granite bows of an island, towering above him five hundred feet. He could see nothing of the *Sea-Otter*. He knew then that he had wrecked his boat on Quadrangle Island.

He was lying on a reef not more than twelve feet from the base of the cliff. It was sheltered by the outer reefs. But even here the sea banked and backed so tremendously in the narrow channel that he knew he could not swim it without a rope.

The color of the morning was dark and fierce as bronze. The island seemed cast in bronze, the waves were dark as though the dark kelp had dyed them. Bronze seaweeds like small mops grew



Her one garment was wet—two incredible ropes of pale gold fell below her knees.

along the reef where Mort lay, and these weeds, which never grow above water-mark, told him that the reef would be covered at high tide. The tide was making fast.

Measuring the waves, he knew he had only a short time to live unless some one came along with a rope.

He lay there perhaps ten minutes. Then he saw a man running along the rocks at the base of the cliffs. At the same moment the tide swept into the narrow channel, and a great fountain of spray soared to heaven; falling, it hammered on Mort like stones. When it cleared, he saw that the man ashore had stopped opposite to him and was swiftly stripping off his oilskins.

If he was going to try and swim out to Mort he was mad. Mort motioned with his arm, "No good." He wished the lad — he seemed no more than a lad — had

thought to bring a rope. Another wave poured up the channel and a fan of white foam lifted thirty feet. The backwash poured over the reef and Mort felt his body drift.

When he looked, he saw that the fellow ashore was lying flat and swinging from one hand a rope of knotted garments. They stared at each other whitely across that raging ribbon of sea, waiting for the next wave. It was, perhaps, the half of a chance.

The wave roared in. The fan of spray towered and fell. Mort Anson was almost swept away on the backwash. The rising sun broke through a rent in the cloud and touched the island with a shaft of burning gold. Into his mind came some elusive memory; something to do with gold and Quadrangle Island. Then the lad ashore swung the rope of knotted clothing.

Three times he swung it and Mort tried to catch it. The fourth time the incoming wave swept the clumsy thing away, and it parted on a sharp edge of rock. Mort thought, "There's my last chance gone. The cub don't know how to splice."

The channel filled. A curtain of foam leapt, spread, seemed to hang minutes in the air. It rained down. Mort gasped, "My soul!"

ON the other side of the channel a woman stood above him. Her one garment was wet and clung like a skin, shaping the body of a white sea-goddess. As he stared, the blood gone back upon his heart, she shook off her sou'wester. And two incredible ropes of pale gold fell below her knees.

This was what Mort had remembered; the storied gold of Quadrangle Isle. She was Hordisa, daughter of Brend the light-keeper. From Clew Cumshewa to New Westminster had run the legend of her golden braids.

She had a knife on a lanyard round her neck. She took this in one strong hand and gathered the thick of her hair in the other. The spray rushed upward again and hid her from his sight. When it fell and he could clear his eyes to see, she was holding her several braids. They were a good four feet long and thicker than Anson's wrist. He watched her divide and re-divide the hair, plaiting it with flying fingers. Two more waves came. Mort was at the end of his strength.

But now she had a line fifteen feet long. Narrow as his finger, it was stronger than silk; a lifeline woven of her glory, her golden hair. She threw it, weighted with a stone. It fell true. He grasped it, twisted it about his body; and felt that he had twisted something about his living heart. He flung himself into the boiling sea. He knew he could not sink. On the summit of the next wave she drew him in, and drew him to safety.

He lay gasping at her feet, crushed with the chill and thunder of the sea. Presently he raised himself on his hands and looked up at her, meeting the gaze of her cold eyes. She had gathered her golden rope to her bosom, and one end hung toward him. He touched it, saying under his breath, "For me! You gave that for *me*. . ."

He saw a red flush leap from the edge of her shift to her forehead. Her eyes blazed. "Yes," she said, "I did it for *you!*" The end of the golden rope swung and lashed him across the face. It cut through the skin. He cleared the blood and brine from his eyes and watched her running from him, her golden rope in her arms. Later, Brend came down and helped Mort up the runway to the lighthouse.

MORT was ill a few days. When Brend was on duty Hordisa cared for him. It was in the days of long service on the lights; she and her father had been two years on Quadrangle, and in that time a boat had called thrice. Brend's assistant had died in the winter and was buried under a cairn on the summit of the island. This cairn, the house, the light, and the huge gasolene tanks were the only things on Quadrangle. There was not a tree nor a blade of grass; only the livid green mosses and the weeds of the sea.

Mort used to lie in bed and watch Hordisa's head, outlined against the window as she moved about the stove cooking his meals for him in the next room. Crowned with short locks above the long thick throat, it was like the head of an athlete boy. Robbed of her hair, the large girl was in some way robbed of her pride. She was no longer a sea-goddess. No longer would the men of the fishing-boats run as near Quadrangle as they dared on the chance of seeing her braids in the sun; the wondering Nootka following the whale's path would see it no more like a flag of gold, nor the Haida blown southward from his cloudy isles. The romance and power of the girl's life was gone with her hair. And all through the service of Mort Anson, he could feel her hate of him.

Awe, such as she had first taught him, was new to Mort; but hate he could meet. Before a week had passed, he and Hordisa were matched in a grim, inexplicable, fantastic war.

Mort Anson, in payment of that whip-stroke across the face which had killed his gratitude, was resolved to discover what the girl had done with her hair. Just that. He wanted once more to touch and hold the silken threads, the living rope that had drawn him to life. In some strange way he felt that if he were possessed of her hair, he would be possessed of complete mastery over her.

NEVER did he allow her to forget him or his desire. Against that shorn pride of hers, every day he turned one laughing question like a weapon: "What have you done with your hair, Hordisa, the hair you cut off for my sake?"

She would blaze at him, "I threw it in the sea."

Brend would smile slowly, chuckling to see Hordisa teased to temper. It was natural for young folk to tease and scrap; he saw no deeper into the strange battle going on about him. He liked Mort Anson. Mort soon learned to help him with the light. In return Brend showed Mort the best places to fish when the wind allowed you to drop a line, and the high ledges on the east of the island where the sea-parrots nested; he told Mort he'd find the girl all right next year, when her hair had grown again.

"Next year?"

"Once you gets on Quadrangle, ain't no saying when you gets off."

Mort thought, "I'll get off some way, when I'm ready." He simply could not realize himself as bound to the prison of that granite isle. A boat would come, or something. Meanwhile, there was a girl's broken pride. . . .

"Where's your hair, Hordisa, that you cut off for my sake?"

"Where you'll never find it."

A chuckle from old Brend, and, "Now, now, girl, he's only teasin'."

After he had been two or three weeks on the island Mort knew that Hordisa had a hiding-place. She escaped for hours at a time from him and from the steel edge of his teasing, when he knew that she was neither in the house nor at the light. Generally it was after she had served him and Brend with supper that she would vanish in this way.

One night he lay out among the rocks, waiting for her

return. He was angry with her for hiding from him. Yet it was not anger that kept him there, under the roaring hollows of the night which the great beam of the light pierced at regular intervals, advancing, glaring on him, wheeling, retreating.

At last it marched toward him and showed him Hordisa coming from the eastern cliffs, running with the beam: a moment in the heart of it.

He set himself in her way. The light swept on. In the dark and the ceaseless wind she was blown against him like a bird. His arms went round her. She did not struggle. They stood motionless, learning life afresh, until the beam of the light swept back to them; it revealed them a moment to each other, miraculously, then passed. Mort said, angrily, "Why are you hidin' from me this way, Hordisa?"

"Because I hate you, Mort Anson!"

"That's a lie, girl." His voice shook a little, there was no anger in it now. He felt stunned. The beam swung out to sea from its invisible pivot, illuminated one by one rocks, reefs, waves; wheeled and marched again inevitably down upon them. They looked into each other's dazzled eyes, and Mort leaned his head lower and kissed Hordisa on her cold lips. A moment they clung together in the white glare. Then he was in the dark once more and she was running from him. She ran into the house and he heard her slam the door.

The next day Mort went alone to the eastern cliffs. Lying on the edge, he leaned outward, searching with bright eager eyes the upper ledges where the birds lived. All the air was full of wings and voices, and the blue sky above him was darkened in rings like great smoke rings, which were the wheeling bodies of a myriad tern.

On the highest ledge of all, not many feet below the dizzy top of the cliff, Mort saw a knotted rope swinging from a staple. He lowered himself to this ledge. Holding the rope, he dropped to the one beneath it. He saw immediately the dark mouth of a cave.

He stooped his tall head and entered.

As though he had stepped into a shell, the roar and cry of the ocean voices about Quadrangle changed to a low humming. It was but a tiny rock room he entered, a closet of the living stone. Its walls rippled with a strange reflected light from the waves, and the tern flew past it, staring in with their translucent eyes. At one end of the cave was a stone like an altar, and on this stone Mort saw a gleam of gold.

Gold hair. Hordisa's golden hair.

It lay coiled on the rock. Around it was set a frame of delicate fan shells, cupped shells as white as frost, green and crimson weeds. All the sea gave that was beautiful or strange the girl had gathered here with what had been most strange and beautiful of herself.

Mort, as he had desired, touched once more the living cord that had saved him. He lifted the glittering mass and held it in his hands. It felt alive, mobile, it seemed to be trying to escape him. It was fragrant. He lifted it to his face, faintly surprised to see his own hands trembling.

A LOW sound made him turn. Hordisa stood in the mouth of the cave. She came forward, saying in a wild voice: "I knew! I knew you'd find it. . . ."

"It's mine, Hordisa. You gave it to me!"

She flung up her hands. "I wish to God I'd burned it! I wish I'd never seen you nor pulled you from the sea! I hate you, Mort Anson!"

"A lie, Hordisa," whispered Mort, unsteadily.

She looked at him, came forward another stumbling step.

"I — I love you, Mort Anson. . . ."

She slid into his arms, hiding her face in her own shorn hair. All day the sea-murmurs and the sea-gleams went to and fro in the cave. The wings of the sea swallows passed it all day long, circling Quadrangle.

The young gulls were fledged in brown, the sea-lion pups fished for themselves from the roaring rock-nurseries, the kelp-harvest covered the sea. Everything grew, changed, moved toward an inevitable fulfilment. Only the voices of wind and tide were the same all the year, thundering forever about Quadrangle.

Mort Anson was there yet. No boat had come. But he, whose life had been to come and go at his windy will, had almost forgotten to look for a boat. The elemental voices of the island had shut his ears to any other call. His past seemed to have dropped from him. He loved Hordisa as if she were the only woman he had ever seen. The cliff-cave, humming with its wandering echoes, seemed to hold something as enduring as the stars.

By now he was familiar with all the ways of the island and the light. Once when Brend fell ill he worked the light with Hordisa's help. Brend was fond of Mort. But sometimes his shrewd eyes would rest searchingly on him and on the girl. Once Mort said, "What would he do if he knew about us?"

She said serenely, "I would tell him if he asked. There's nothing for us to be ashamed of. Right and wrong can't be just the same on Quadrangle as on other places. We'll be married right the first time a boat comes to take us ashore."

Mort was silent. She smiled at him with a faith as strong as her resistance, as complete as her surrender.

Their love seemed faithful and innocent as that of Eden. Quadrangle was their garden between the rivers of the sea. They played in the cave like children. Mort brought there all the spoil and treasure of the tides. Hordisa's hair was growing, and he used to measure it along his brown fingers. But best he liked to rest his head on the coils she had cut off for him, to play with them, plait them, wind them round her wrists and throat; to prison her in the threads of her own hair.

The sea-spell held, and the murmur of the ocean voices and the ocean winds, circling, circling Quadrangle.

AN evening came that was as clear and still as a vast flower, a purple flower-cup turned down over the world. Stars shone in its calyx like dew, it dropped a honey of silence around the stormy isle. Mort Anson, sitting with Hordisa high in the mouth of their cave, realized that he had never known silence since he was cast on Quadrangle until that night. He had a feeling of release, of restlessness. He longed for the return of the voices that lulled all thought and drowsed remembrance with a deep-sea song.

Hordisa, leaning against him, said softly, "We only get two or three days in the year like this. A boat could land to-day."

He gave the accustomed answer of their lover's catechism. "What do I care about a boat?"

"You could leave the island then."

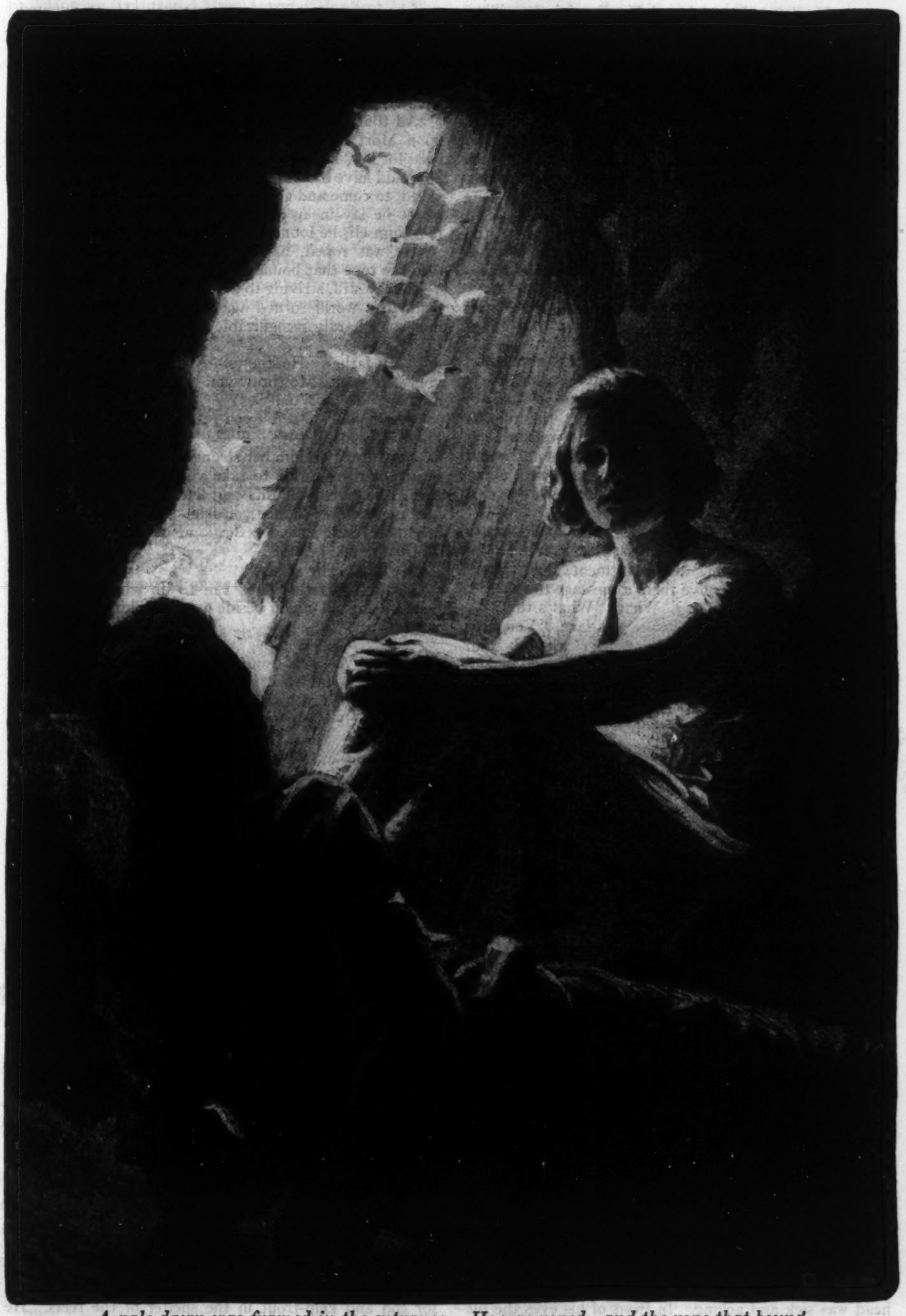
"I'll never leave *you*."

Their lips met. Presently she whispered, "Now I must go and get Father his supper. Don't you want none?"

He said, as if answering himself, "I don't want anything but you. Come back to me here, Hordisa, when you're through."

"I'll come." Her assent was set on his eyelids with a kiss. She left him, climbing the dizzy ledges agilely on the knotted rope. He lay down and slept in the sounding cave above the sea.

He woke suddenly, shocked from sleep by a foreign



A pale dawn was framed in the entrance. He was roped—and the rope that bound him was Hordisa's golden hair

sound. He listened, and heard Hordisa faintly calling him. He too left the cave, swung himself up the ledges and stood on the summit of the cliff. It was dark. The lighthouse was wheeling its beam like a sword. He saw Hordisa running toward him, as once before she had run, a moment in the core of the light. It left her, glared on Mort, receded, marched seaward. A vast flock of wildfowl had settled on Quadrangle in the night, and as Hordisa ran, the summit of the island seemed to melt, to break into shrieks and wings, a cloud of fright vanishing into the dark.

She ran straight to Mort. Conscious of emotion in her, he felt an answering thrill. All about them the night was extraordinarily still. He asked her, "What is it? What's happened?" and before she could reply, he had his answer.

He heard, down at the foot of the runway, the brief *phut-phut-phut* of a power-launch.

FOR a moment Mort Anson was rent by a stroke of clear realization as by a stroke of death. Everything rushed back upon him, everything he had always wanted, all that he had been cut off from, the hungers and satisfactions of a life such as his. The sea-spell was broken at a blow. In that moment, he forgot Hordisa as if she had never existed. The night reeled about him, he was buffeted by his leaping senses as if by great wings.

She must have been talking before he heard her or remembered her; he heard her say, as if from a far distance, ". . . . a big disappointment, but it can't be helped. You better give them a message to take."

He said thickly, "What? What? What's that?"

She said, uncertainly, touching his face, "You been asleep, Mort dear? You didn't hear what I said? There's a boat put in. The men are up at the light now. But there's no room aboard her for us two to go ashore and get married, like we planned. She's a little boat. And they picked up the crew of a Japanese launch that had sunk. They won't take more than one more, for fear of the sea getting up again."

Mort gripped her violently by the arms. She cried out, then was dumb. They stood in the dark, on the brink of the night, perfectly motionless, hearing from beneath them the little noises of the boat. At last Mort whispered, "You say— there's room aboard—for *one?*"

Hordisa did not reply. For a minute her weight came on him. He steadied her roughly. The beam of the light had made its full circle and was inevitably returning on them. She dreaded what it would reveal, but had not power to close her eyes. It came. Mort's face flashed suddenly from the dark, distinct as silver. It was like a creation, not a revelation. She saw him clearly for the first time.

"Mort! My dear! My husband!"

She gripped him now, clung to him. And instantly, feeling himself held, the man fought to be free. He fought her in that blackness following the beam, he struggled to break away from her, he cursed her. . . .

"You want to *leave* me, Mort?"

The anguished cry needed no assent. He thrust her from him, turned in the dark; turned the wrong way, fell from the edge of the cliff to the ledge, struck his head, and fell into a deeper night than the sea twilight about Quadrangle.

He roused to find himself lying in the cave. A pale still dawn was framed in the entrance, and Hordisa was sitting there, her hands clasped about her knees. A flight of white birds streamed seaward. Mort Anson's head was sick and aching. In front of his eyes the picture of the boat at the foot of the runway hung vivid, as if he had seen it only a minute ago. He stammered, "The boat, the boat ——"

"It's gone a long while."

She turned her head and looked at him gravely. Her face was colorless, her eyes somber. Years seemed to have been added to her in the night.

All that he had desired, all that he had lost, rushed upon Mort Anson. He hated Hordisa. If it had not been for her, for her clinging hands, her hindering body, he would have been aboard the launch now, free of all his world, to come and go, to sin and to forget. He writhed where he lay in an agony almost physical. Trying to raise himself, he found that he could not.

He was roped, hand and foot, bound, a prisoner. And the rope that bound him was Hordisa's golden hair.

He lay still, striving to adjust himself to a world gone mad, to a world turned against him. At last he said, in a voice hardly recognizable for his own, "Who's done this?"

"My father. He knows. At first he wanted to kill you. He wanted to throw you in the sea, bound as you are now. . . ."

"And you . . . you . . . did you want to kill me?"

She turned on him her strong cold eyes. "I gave my beauty and my pride to take you from the sea. Since then, I've given you all I had left. And you wanted to quit me the first chance you had. Would it have been any more than justice — the kind of justice that grows on Quadrangle Island?"

He lay staring at her.

"Now my father says I'm to do what I want. I been sitting all night beside you, thinking what I do want."

MORT ANSON thought of Brend standing over him when he was unconscious, binding him with the bright rope of hair. Something in the thought was dreadful. He began to fight madly for freedom, but the rope was too strong. It was stronger than silk. It cut to the bone, and when he ceased struggling there was blood on the golden hair about his wrists. When he could speak for rage and a kind of horror, he asked, thickly, "What is it you want of me?"

"Nothing in the world, Mort. Nothing for ever any more."

She took her knife and sawed through the bonds about his ankles. She was not at all afraid of him. He had expected at the least tears and reproaches, and could have met them all unmoved. It was she who was unmoved. She threw the gold cord on the rock, and he saw she no longer cherished the hair she had cut off for him. Her pride was all her own again. Calmly she freed his wrists in the same manner. His power over her was quite gone. And, seeing this, his anger died. An extraordinary sense of loss, helplessness, futility possessed him. He said, in a low voice, "What are you goin' to do now?"

"Come with me, Mort."

She led the way from the cave and up the ledges. He set his teeth and followed her with difficulty, for his head yet reeled and hammered from his fall. She led him to the rough steps at the side of the runway, and down them. He was so shaken he steered himself by the rusty cable used to haul supplies up the cliffs. It stained his hands so that they seemed to be stained with blood.

At the bottom of the runway he saw the old dug-out in which, on the rare days of calm, Brend went fishing for cod and kelp-trout in the shelter of the reefs. He questioned Hordisa with his eyes, and she said, "Get in."

"Hordisa," muttered Mort Anson, "Hordisa?" The vocables of her name seemed new to him, they meant something new, they had become a symbol for something so great and strange it was as yet indescribable to the man himself. She repeated her words, adding: "If you stop on the island, my father will kill you."

But it was not fear of Brend that made Mort Anson step into the dug-out.

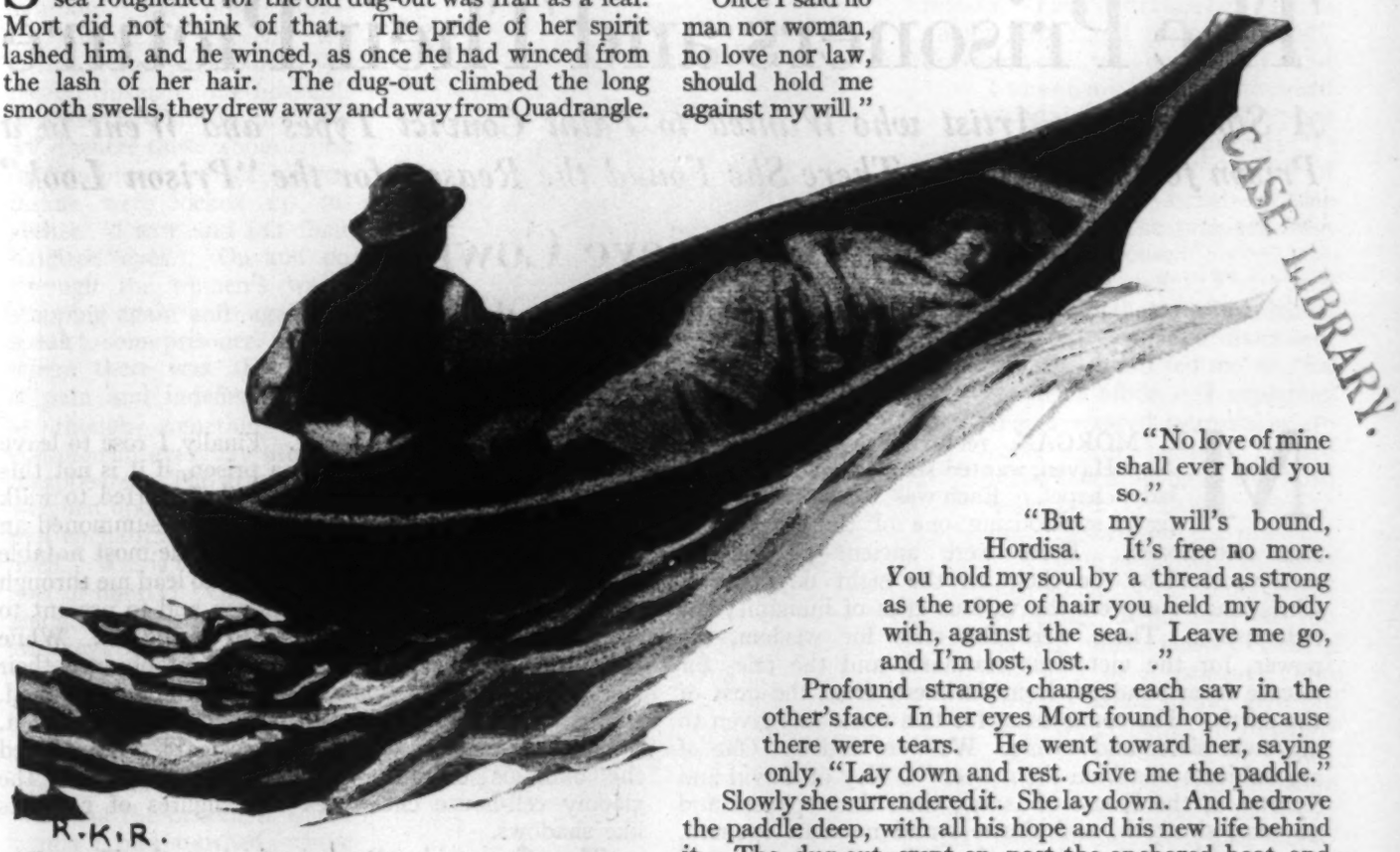
He said in a minute, "What are you goin' to do, Hordisa?" It did not seem to occur to him to question her right of decision.

She had taken the paddle and was steering cunningly between the rocks, the dark bones of the island. Her large eyes gazed steadily toward the horizon, she did not look at Mort. Presently she said, "I'm taking you after the boat. They were to stop three or four days around Pizarro for the fishing. If the calm holds, I can get you there. They have room — for one man. They'll take you away, where you want to go."

"And you?"

She did not seem to hear. He repeated his whispered question. She looked at him then, saying with the same dead quiet, "That's as God wills. Do you think I'd keep you by me if you didn't want to be kept? I'd sooner lose my life to set you free."

SHE might lose her life. They might both die if the sea roughened for the old dug-out was frail as a leaf. Mort did not think of that. The pride of her spirit lashed him, and he winced, as once he had winced from the lash of her hair. The dug-out climbed the long smooth swells, they drew away and away from Quadrangle.



All night Mort paddled powerfully; he drove his paddle deep, with all his hope and his new life behind it

For hours she paddled steadily. She seemed tireless. The tide helped her. Slowly, Quadrangle sank away into the sea. The unbroken swell was like silk about them. The hours passed, passed. Mort Anson sat silent, his chin in his hands. Never before in his life had he been passive. But never before had his life been as ashes in his mouth. She was taking him to freedom. And freedom was as empty as the sea.

The day was gone. It was again twilight, calm and mysterious. Hordisa laid the paddle across her knees. She pointed. For the first time in the long day she spoke, saying gravely, "There's the boat, I guess."

Mort saw the riding-lights of a boat anchored about two miles away under the low rocks of Pizarro.

He and Hordisa sat in the rocking dug-out, staring palely at each other, as once they had faced each other across a raging ribbon of sea, with the incoming tide rushing upon Quadrangle. Now the tide was at the slack. Barely had it begun to turn, but it trembled with a vibration of the power to be. Like it, in their hearts something ineffable trembled at the turn.

MORT ANSON looked again at the boat; she was there, with room for one man aboard her yet; she would take him surely to freedom and life, the rough pleasure and light regret of his kind. And it meant nothing to him. Some hand held to his lips a cup of his favorite wine and when he tasted it, it was only bitter water of the sea.

"Hordisa," said Mort Anson suddenly, "are you meanin' to cast me away?"

She was silent. Only she pointed again toward the boat.

"Hordisa, are you goin' to throw away that worthless thing you took from the sea? You saved my life. 'Twas a worthless thing. But it's cost you so much, it might come to have a kind of value for that alone.

"Once I said no man nor woman, no love nor law, should hold me against my will."

"No love of mine shall ever hold you so."

"But my will's bound, Hordisa. It's free no more. You hold my soul by a thread as strong as the rope of hair you held my body with, against the sea. Leave me go, and I'm lost, lost. . ."

Profound strange changes each saw in the other's face. In her eyes Mort found hope, because there were tears. He went toward her, saying only, "Lay down and rest. Give me the paddle."

Slowly she surrendered it. She lay down. And he drove the paddle deep, with all his hope and his new life behind it. The dug-out crept on, past the anchored boat and the rocks of Pizarro, over the untimely calm of the sea.

All night Mort paddled powerfully. All night Hordisa slept. If the sea had roughened they must have died, but the peace held. At dawn he saw a halibut boat, and ranged alongside to ask how far he was from shore. These men were the first new faces he had seen in months. They said he was fifteen miles from the coast. They wanted him to come on board, but he would not. He asked for a can of water and some biscuit. He would take no more help of them. What he had to do for Hordisa, he would do alone.

(*Continued on page 94*)

CASE LIBRARY

"The Charge to St. Peter," the fresco painted on the walls of Connecticut Prison by Miss Genevieve Cowles

The Prisoners and Their Picture

A Story of an Artist who Wanted to Paint Convict Types and Went to a Prison for Her Models; There She Found the Reason for the "Prison Look"

By Genevieve Cowles

Illustrated with drawings by the author

Part I

MR. MORGAN, rector of Christ Church, New Haven, wanted six altar panels for the lady chapel. Each was to represent one figure symbolizing one of the pre-Christmas antiphones. These were ancient prayers formerly recited by the choir on the eight days before Christmas to express the various cries of humanity for redemption. There were the cries for wisdom, for power, for the victorious standard, and the cries for release from bondage, from darkness, from the dust of the earth. The commission for this work was given to my twin sister and to me. We were artists. One of my subjects was from the prayer "O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel, thou that openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth, come and loose the prisoner from the prison-house, and him that sitteth in darkness from the shadow of death."

Before we undertook church decoration we had been illustrating for years, and we always tried to find in real life people who were like the characters in the stories we illustrated. Nature appeared to us much greater than our imagination. Therefore since I had agreed to paint a figure of a prisoner, and I did not know how a prisoner looked, I felt that I must visit a prison and make my drawing from life.

With a letter of introduction and an armful of summer flowers, I made my application to the warden of the nearest state prison. He listened politely, but he poured ridicule on my project. Finally I rose to leave saying, "My path lies through a prison, if it is not this prison it will be some other prison." I started to walk out. The warden changed his mind. He summoned an officer and gave him a list of names of the most notable convicts. Then he ordered the officer to lead me through the various departments of the prison and to present to me, one by one, the convicts named on his list. While I was giving them my flowers, I might observe their faces. The object of this visit was not to be mentioned. On returning a report was to be made to the warden.

The turnkey unlocked an iron gate. We passed the ominous entrance. Beyond this appeared the gloomy cell-house enclosures with figures of convicts like shadows.

The officer said, "Don't be frightened. They cannot hurt you."

I was not afraid of their hurting me. I was afraid to meet the look in their faces — the look that one never forgets. The atmosphere was oppressive. It seemed like purgatory. Now and then the officer stopped and introduced a prisoner, giving his title and surname politely.

In the prison library I saw a figure bending over a hand-press. He lifted his head. The expression of his face was as the anguish of darkness. Here was the record of prison life written in flesh! Then his face lighted up. It was like sunshine falling on dark waters.

The officer gave me permission to speak. One sentence of that first conversation remained in my memory as if branded there. I had referred to my cares and struggles in the world outside the walls, and as a touch of consolation to the prisoner, I added, "At least here you have no responsibilities."

With bitter emphasis came the quick reply: "I would give half my life to have the responsibilities over again."

But the officer did not permit me to linger. He led the way to the conservatory, and introduced the gardener.

This man resembled an elderly farmer, but something about him made me shudder.

The Sense of Indefinable Loss

I held out to him a branch of pure white deutzia blossoms. The convict took the white flowers, then he turned back and plucked and laid in my hand a large red petunia. The strange crimson of its petals he had himself produced by breeding. The corolla was moist to the touch, and deep and deadly and dark as a wet blood stain. Silently my interior consciousness framed the sentence, "Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." The thought was not uttered, but I had accepted the scarlet symbol. The officer presently made me proceed. We entered the storeroom. We passed through the hospital. We marched slowly past the ward where those whom crime or confinement had driven insane were locked up together. I saw and felt their haunted eyes. On and on through the women's ward, stopping again and again to speak to some prisoner. Everywhere there was the sense of pain and indefinable loss, as though something very common in everyday life had disappeared. The atmosphere weighed upon the soul like an evil enchantment, a brooding spell. Was it the sense of the loss of liberty? Out through the great steel door, past the turnkey and back to the warden's office — at last it was over.

No, it was not over. The warden made me sit down. Then he went through the names of the prisoners, whose hands I had touched, whose eyes I had looked into. He poured out the recital of their crimes. The prisoner in the library had committed murder for gain; the gardener had drowned his own wife by holding her head under water; one woman had murdered a man to sell his corpse; another woman was charged with poisoning her husband with a slow poison. This and much more besides. At the close of the ghastly recital, the warden asked whether I had found the man I was seeking — the criminal who could pray. I said I knew he was there in the prison — yes, he was there — but I could not explain — the horror was too overwhelming.

Preliminary sketch for the head of St. Thomas

When I came again the warden consented that I should draw a prisoner. For the second time the tour of the prison was made, although I knew already in my heart who was to be the man. He was there in the library. As I passed him by, I stopped, and with the permission of the officer I gave him some proofs of illustrations I had done, because on my first visit he had said he liked pictures. On leaving him I said, "I am coming back presently, and then there may be something that you can do for me."

When I returned he was waiting in tense expectation. Then I told him about my commission, and how I wanted a prisoner to stand for my painting of the antiphone, "O Key of David." I said, "I cannot do it alone. Will you help me? For you have lived it!"

He replied, "I will do anything for you."

I was sure that he understood the significance of his act of surrender.

The warden set a watch in the prison chapel. The prisoner stood for me there. It was said to be a custom in the prison to make a newly arrived convict stand for a given time with his face to the wall and his back to you like a child in disgrace. I had seen it. I told the prisoner to stand that way with his head hanging down, but with his eyes looking back as if some one had entered behind him. I told him to imagine that it was Our Lord, coming to bring him release. Then a strange light shone on his face, and I drew him. My drawing board was on a chair, and I was on my knees. The guard stood and watched, and I repeated the antiphone prayer: "O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel — Come and release the prisoner from the prison-house."

A bell sounded. The guard gave a sign that we must leave. The prisoner was dismissed, and the guard led me to the warden's office. I explained that I wanted permission to come again, because I had made this drawing of the head only, and I wished also to draw the hands of the prisoner.

I came again, and the prisoner stood for me under guard as before. I told him that my picture must convey clearly the idea of a prisoner, and chained hands would give the idea. Would he put on the handcuffs? Because—"if the painting in the church is true, someone who is going on the path that you have followed may see it and stop."

The "Prison Look" on his Face

Then he allowed himself to be manacled. The handcuffs were heavy steel bracelets that snapped together easily, but could not be loosed except by a special key that fitted in a padlock. The bracelets were united by a short steel chain. As the man stood before me with his head hanging down, his eyes glancing behind him, and his hands in chains, his expression changed. It was no longer the look of hope, it was the *prison look* on his face.

I began another drawing, because what I saw now,

was not a passing emotion, a gleam of hope; the prisoner standing before me was revealing himself without reserve; he was living over his past. When I drew his hands, it was as though I were receiving a confession without words. I was convinced of his guilt as clearly as when he told me about it years afterwards.

But the silent figure in chains expressed more than guilt. There were signs of endurance and of personality, which neither pain nor the pressure of terrible years had entirely broken. I was aware of courage — such courage as I had never known nor seen nor felt before.

I went to the prison twice to finish this drawing, and the warden allowed me to come because he was amazed and interested. He had not supposed that I could do the work at all. When told that this particular prisoner had consented to stand for me, the warden exclaimed, "He is the only man in the prison who would have done for you, and I didn't think he would do it." Official permission had been given for me to draw a convict in the state prison, only on condition that I should find a man who would stand for me of his own free will. I wanted a character, conscious of guilt, longing for a better life, and willing to let me portray the record of guilt in his flesh. The warden thought that the sense of shame which I was looking for would prevent the very character I sought from allowing his guilt to be publicly revealed. He failed to realize that this sense of shame might become an incentive to an act of self-sacrifice. Many years after when this prisoner had been set free, he gave me permission to publish these drawings of himself done when he was a life convict, although he knew that he might be recognized and that his life in the world might again be wrecked.

I was grateful to the prisoner for standing for me. I wanted to show my appreciation. A money payment was not permitted, but with some difficulty the warden was persuaded to allow the prisoner to receive the reward which I had prepared for him. On the day when I finished the drawing of the prisoner's hands — the hands that revealed his guilt,— I laid before him on a table a great album of fine photographs from the old Italian masters, and I told him to choose one for himself. How his nervous hands seemed to tingle with emotion as he turned swiftly from picture to picture! The commanding works of Michael Angelo, the pagan beauty of Donatello, failed to arrest him. I watched his trembling features as he wavered a moment between a Holy Family by Titian and the Madonna of the Magnificat. Then with swift decision he chose the masterpiece of Botticelli, that marvelous virgin crowned by angels, and writing her own hymn, while her ecstatic babe rests upon her knees. When the prisoner realized that this thing of beauty was his own — his very own possession — his joy was unbounded. It was like the pure joy of a little child. I stood in awe before this emotion, so great, so unexpected. It almost seemed as though the heavens had opened, and Botticelli himself were looking down. For in that same hour a new horizon had opened before me also; the warden of the prison had just offered to me the commission for the prison fresco. I will tell how that came about.

Miss Genevieve Cowles in the costume which she wore when painting the mural decoration in Connecticut prison

"All Convicts are Not Bad"

During these visits to the prison I was kindly entertained by the warden and his wife. The warden told me his life history. Starting as a young man in a western prison, he had filled successively nearly every position, except the place of a convict. He had studied the penal regulations and when he attained the office of warden he proceeded to carry out certain needed reforms. He believed that striped uniforms had a bad mental effect on the convicts, reducing their chance of improvement. He claimed the honor of introducing three grades of prisoners, with three grades of uniforms; the blue, the gray and the striped, with corresponding privileges and deprivations. The improvement in the quality and serving of prison food, the development of the prison library and the prison night school, he attributed largely to his own fostering care. But his efforts for further reforms seemed to be continually blocked by pecuniary considerations, imposed by narrow-minded legislators.

As for the prisoners he earnestly tried to understand their situation. In his early days he said he had even done convict labor, breaking stones, to convince himself of the effect of this discipline. A man was not necessarily bad in his eyes because he was in prison. He said, "I have seen as many bad men in a church." — "One must make distinctions between the accidental criminal and the habitual criminal." — "Sin is just plain selfishness." He seemed to love his charges like a Roman father, who has absolute power over his sons. When he walked with me through the prison I watched the prisoners. Some of them cringed before him. I felt that he would be very considerate toward the men whom he trusted and very severe toward those who had earned his distrust. But woe to the prisoner who dared to oppose his will. He described how he controlled the men in his power. He spoke quite frankly of the punishment cells and the subduing effect of a diet of bread and water. The chief gospel preached by the warden was work. Make a disobedient convict's life harder, and work him more and work him harder, to save him.

"It ought all to be inside *the walls!" cried the warden, when I referred to the beautiful lawn and the shade trees in front of the prison*

I listened as one bewildered. I could understand how creative work may help to save a soul. To expiate his sin Adam had been sent out of Eden to till the ground; but that was labor out of doors, with growing things. How could the prison grind, the monotonous convict labor, increased, intensified to the breaking point—how could that kind of work ever redeem a soul? The discipline that would break a man's spirit by force and then win him over by kindness was an awful mystery. I admired the warden, but I could not comprehend this prison machine.

I told the warden that I wanted to know the criminal type. It was not sufficient for me to draw one man only. The warden assumed his official manner and stated that my presence occasioned some inconvenience: "Every time you come I have to set a guard in the chapel."

I said "I have come to find the truth and I shall come till I find it." The warden replied "You can come as often as you like."

He permitted me to draw another convict, a violent Frenchman, under a comparatively short sentence, but more criminal in appearance, it seemed to me, than the life prisoner who first consented to stand for me. Several prisoners also allowed me to study their faces though I did not make any drawings of them. One of these was a convict who had inspired me with peculiar dread.

By a mistake in his name I had summoned him, and he stood before me — this old man, confessedly guilty of murder by slow poison. The victim had been his wife. The death of another woman's husband was also laid to his charge. There he stood, with his bald head, yellow skin, and withered, contracted features. There was something appalling in the erect rigidity of the tall, lean body that suggested a wicked will. I was almost afraid to look at him, but I could not betray cowardice by dismissing him without a look. So I did face him steadily. The impression that I received was a great surprise. I was convinced that in this body there had been a wicked will, deliberate in evil, but now this wicked will had yielded to a higher, nobler will, which was gradually assuming possession of the man's nature. I thanked the prisoner and let him go. In after years, when this man became my friend, this early impression was verified. It can be proved that spiritual truth may be revealed through the eyes without words. Perhaps one attribute of the artist is to see through the outward form the inward, spiritual reality; then it is for him to reveal that reality. This insight is quite different from the powers of ordinary, daily vision.

Oppressive Silence of the Prison

Possibly this difference accounted for the attitude of the warden when I spoke to him about the prison look. He refused to recognize any prison look. The prisoners might appear pallid and weary from work and confinement. The confinement wore on the officers and guards also. It was difficult for me to express either the horror of the prison silence or the awfulness of the prison look.

The prison rule of silence was plain enough. It

was written down in the book of "Rules Governing Prisoners" which the warden gave me. The convicts were ordered to observe strict silence in all departments of the prison and while marching through the yard. Apparently a convict had no legal right to hold any ordinary conversation. When he received visitors there was a watchful guard present to overhear every word. In prison free speech is prohibited and silence is oppressive and eloquent. But you had to be alone in this silence fully to comprehend its terrifying eloquence. That experience came to me later on; but from the beginning the *prison look* was as plain to me as the *insane look*. A doctor or clergyman who has worked with the insane knows that peculiar expression in the eyes, and which invests the figure, called the insane look. The prison look was an indescribable expression that haunted the faces of the prisoners and to some extent the faces of the officers and guards. So I inferred that it could not be entirely the effect of crime committed or of criminal intentions; it must be distinctly associated with the spirit of the prison. It was something almost too elusive to be put into words—a vacuous blank, a darkening shadow, a deadly mood. What did this look tell me? It told of the abeyance of divine intelligence; of the unwilling surrender of the human will to force; of dull acquiescence in the grind, grind of a mechanical system, the body still moving, the soul dead or dying. Or else the personality refused to be crushed. The eyes spoke revolt. The will would not break. It was petrifying in hideous despair.

Steel cells in the men's corridor

Varying in quality on different faces, the prison look always conveyed the dominant ideas of darkness and loss. When I search my experience to find some analogy to the prison look I recall the lepers of Palestine. You hardly grasped at first what made you shudder and draw back from a leper. Then with a shock you realized that something which you always expected to see in every human figure was missing; some familiar feature of the face, eyes, nose, or mouth, was being obliterated or distorted; some familiar member of the body — a foot or a finger — was missing, and hardly a stump left. The thing which I saw taking place physically in the lepers it seems to me was taking place spiritually in the souls stamped with the prison look. I do not mean that the prisoners were moral lepers; I mean that the prison look suggested mental and spiritual disintegration in progress.

Sometimes something even worse was taking place. The personality was not disintegrating; it was horribly concentrating. The will was contracting like steel being forged into an instrument of terrific power. The forces of revolt were held in abeyance against a day of vengeance.

On the face of an officer or guard the prison look conveyed the impression of a soul not being led by the inner spirit of God, of a mind deprived of intelligence, deprived of the power to realize the significance of his own actions, a blind instrument moved by external force, an unthinking cog in a machine. Sometimes it was not so bad, and the expression conveyed merely great exhaustion and lack of mental or moral initiative. Years before I had seen this prison look in the Hartford jail. My father had taken my twin sister, Maude, and me to visit a prisoner there, and we watched all the prisoners marching by in the lock step. The men had a ground-down, imbecile air, suggesting weakness more than wickedness. My sister, Maude, and I could not forget that haunting memory. We used to pray over and over, "God! Is there no way to bring back the light to those faces? God! Show the way."

Beauty Outside the Walls

The first conception of the prison fresco was an answer to that prayer. I had done a deliberate act of wrong. I awakened in the night and began to cry with the conviction of sin. Maude was with me. She knew that I was crying because I had done wrong. Her sympathy with my grief over my sin made her remember the prisoners whom we had seen in the Hartford jail. As she was trying to comfort me she cried out, "O, I know what it is, the message for the prisoners. It is what the Lord said to Peter, 'Feed my sheep.'"

Suddenly it appeared in my mind like a vision — the unutterable beauty of that scene of the resurrection when the Lord came back and spoke to penitent Peter. It was not a fixed picture; the clouds were breaking, the figures were moving. We felt that God had sent this thought, and by and by we would paint "The Charge to Saint Peter" in a prison. But the time seemed a long way off.

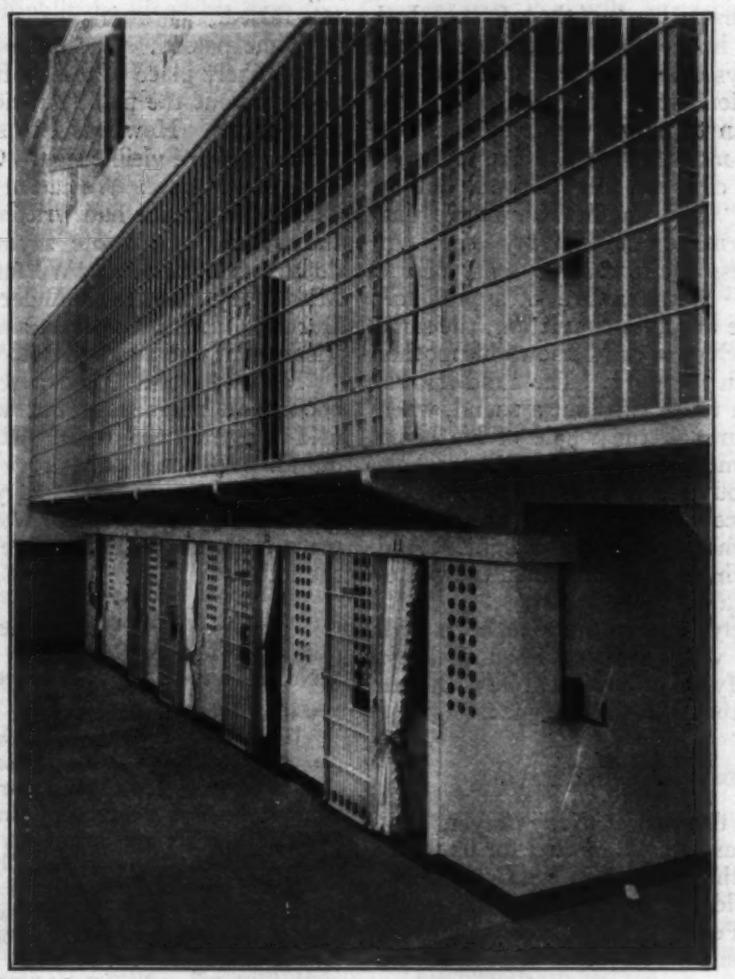
Once in the course of a conversation with the warden I mentioned this idea of a painting and this subject for a prison. Then I forgot about it, because that experience had happened so long ago. The warden seemed unaccountably anxious for me to discover the truth about prison life. He made me go into the cells, the shops, the kitchens, almost everywhere except into the punishment cells and into the execution chamber. He was

keenly alive to the sufferings of the prisoners. More than once as I sat in his house he referred to the prison as "That hell over there." He seemed to be fighting with all his strength to make that hell more like purgatory at least. His contact with convicts had opened his eyes to the sin of hypocrisy in the upper classes. Once when I referred to the beautiful lawn and the shade trees in front of the prison he cried, "It ought to be all *inside* the walls." The lawn and the trees pleased the visitors, but most of the prisoners were denied all out-door exercise.

The warden told me that there was one dominating idea in the minds of all the prisoners—the idea of escape. When a prisoner gave up the idea of escape he went mad. In all his experience he had only known one man who was an exception to this rule—that was the man who stood for my antiphone painting.

One day I began to reflect upon this unusual experience of prison life. Was there some other reason besides that small painting in Christ Church? Could I do anything to help the convicts? The idea seemed preposterous. It was utter foolishness to suppose that even my sister, Maude, and I together, two impecunious illustrators, two inexperienced women — how could we do anything worth while for the convicts in a state prison?

But the idea persisted. The idea became identified with the voice of conscience. The voice of conscience spoke twice and I refused to obey. The voice of conscience spoke the third time in anger, as if disobedience were at the peril of my own soul. Then I said to the warden, "If we, my sister and I, should do anything beautiful for the prison, would you accept it? Because before this we have asked hard things by faith and the faith has been answered."



The women's cells are painted white

A Painting of Courage and Hope

The warden replied that he wanted a great painting for the prison chapel. He said that he was unable to accept any small work of art for the prison, because a small gift would benefit only a few of the prisoners. Many of the prisoners would never see a stained glass window or a picture placed on the side wall of the prison chapel. Because when the convicts entered the chapel they were forced by law to look straight ahead. It was a penal offense for them to look around. At the farther end of the prison chapel there was a great blank wall. They faced that wall.

The warden said, "I want a great painting to be placed on that blank wall, to stand for courage and hope. When a man here loses courage and hope he goes mad." He wanted us to paint it.

The warden led me into the chapel and showed me the wall. It was not necessary for me to give an immediate answer to this strange "impractical" idea. I was to return in two or three days with my reply.

On the way home that afternoon I repeated to myself the words of the warden — "A great painting — to stand for courage and hope — when a man here loses courage and hope he goes mad." The painting must be an answer to a great need, the need of all the prisoners. It must be a subject which they all could understand. Men and women of many nationalities were gathered in that prison. Any subject from European or American history or literature must be excluded because it would not reach them all. I had faced the eyes of crime and madness. What imagery would suggest the redemption from sin and insanity? Then suddenly there came the thought of the resurrection. The thought of our risen Christ speaking to Peter: "Lovest thou me?—Feed my sheep." Here was the subject for the prison painting. I seemed to see it all happening as I had seen it first at night, long years before. Then the figures seemed to be moving, now they were standing still. One was kneeling before the Lord, that was Peter.

I told my twin sister all about it that evening before we went to bed. There were guests that night in our old house, so I slept in the attic.

The attic was a long, low vaulted room, lighted by one single, great old-fashioned window. My bed was placed close to that window. At sunrise one felt almost as if one were out of doors.

My first feeling at receiving the commission for the prison painting was of bewildering joy. But at night in the darkness, great fear assailed me. To paint the face of our Lord — I could never do that. As a child in Italy I had resolved never to paint the face of our Lord. Think of the great masters who had tried to paint his face and failed: Angelo, Angelico, Leonardo, Raphael — even in their stupendous works there was a haunting sense of failure. I was a fool to dream of such an idea: it was madness.

Then upon the darkness, there arose the faces of the prisoners. It would be base of me to go away and forget them. They would go on suffering without relief. Why had God been so good to me when he let them suffer? Why had my childhood been so radiantly happy? Why did I have those lovely years of girlhood in England, Italy and France? Our mother had taught

us the meaning of *noblesse oblige*. She had taught us that everything precious that God gives to you, and you receive, is like a debt of honor that you must pay back for his sake. Our father had set before his children the ideal of service. Here was a service which I was asked to do for the prisoners. I could at least try to do it.

Then a dreadful thought arose. To undertake a great mural painting, without previous training or experience, a work which would involve great expense — that would lead one into great temptations. There was the horror! — I might fall! Those men and women in the prison, they had seemed stronger than I, they had fallen. I might fall! I had come so close to sin and crime, I knew that in myself alone, I was weak enough to yield if the temptation were strong enough. My terror increased. I began to pray. I prayed that our Lord himself would show me what to do. The prisoners — the criminals seemed close to me. I could not be parted from their pain. The conflict of prayer and agony seemed to go on all night — even in my sleep. At last, through the darkness there was the sense of the dawn breaking — then — I was aware of a presence. I knew Him by the same absolute conviction, the same restful assurance, — by which a child knows his mother when she comes to him in the dark. The child knows, without seeing, without a touch, without a sound, when his mother is there. Through the whole of his being the child knows it is his mother. So through my whole being I knew Him without seeing Him. There was a terribleness in His presence more overwhelming than the all-piercing, all-comprehending invasion of light. And a whiteness and purity, whiter and purer than the whiteness and purity of the dawn.

I heard a voice clearly, but not as one hears with the outward ears. The voice said: "Thou shalt go down into the dark for My sake; but I will be with thee always, and at the end, thou shalt see My face."

Getting Funds for the Fresco

I told my sister about the answer to my prayer. We were convinced that it was the will of God for us to accept the commission for the painting in the Connecticut State Prison. We would do it together. I would paint the Lord and St. Peter. Maude would paint St. John, and the background. The other figures would be divided between us.

Maude's talent for art was greater than mine, her feeling for color and values was much more beautiful; but we were twins. We did everything together.

We realized that since the work was to be for a state prison, we should have the sanction of the state. When I saw the warden I asked him if he would obtain this required sanction. Warden Garvin replied that he had absolute power in the prison. He wanted that painting. However, he would see that I received all the sanction necessary from the Prison Directors. The prison is governed by a board of seven directors and the warden. There was another question: wall paintings are costly; this one would cost thousands of dollars; where were the funds to come from? We had no means of meeting the great expense ourselves.

Warden Garvin replied that the State Legislature would not make an appropriation for such a purpose; but he had a plan of his own. He wanted me to go out and tell people what had happened in the prison. He said: "I believe there is love enough in human hearts to give you the means to do the work." He expressly forbade me to obtain the means from two or three wealthy persons. He wanted the contributions to come from "all sorts and conditions of men," so that "The Prison Fresco Fund should be to the prisoners the proof of the recognition of their fellow men."

He expressly stated that "The Charge to St. Peter" was to be a very large painting, so clear in treatment that it would be distinctly seen by all the prisoners, even by those who had seats at the back of the chapel. It was called *The Prison Fresco*, not because of the medium in which it should be painted, but because as children in Italy, we so loved the early frescoes. The warden laid down another condition. The actual work on the painting was not to be started until two thousand dollars was raised.

Time passed. Our home was in a country village. Not a likely place to raise a fund. We wrote to several people about the plan; but nothing happened. Doubts assailed me. How was I to start that fund? I prayed for an outward visible sign. One day a letter came from Miss Ellen Chase. We had never even heard of her before. One of our friends had written to her about the plan for the fresco. She wrote saying: "Here is twenty-five dollars as a starter." We found a treasurer at once in Miss Mary Hall, the founder of the Good Will Club in Hartford. Mrs. Gardner, another previously unknown friend, sent one hundred dollars.

My sister and I had a reputation as illustrators of books and magazines, but we had no training in the field of mural decoration. This was to be our first large mural. We could only prove our ability by painting it. This we always explained fully. It was necessary to get our training in doing the work. Warden Garvin gave me a letter to read when we made an appeal. This is the letter.

Weathersfield, Conn., Dec. 26, 1902.

Miss Genevieve A. Cowles,
No. 384 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

My dear Miss Cowles:

In reply to your letter of recent date, referring to the proposed painting for the prison chapel and the attitude of the prison management in regard to same, I can, I am sure, without betraying any confidence, state that the Board of Directors are in full sympathy with the project, and you know full well that I, personally, am.

If the painting is secured I will prepare the chapel wall for its reception, and make the necessary changes in the chapel so that the "silent sermon of hope" may be seen by all to its best advantage.

Faithfully yours,
(signed) Albert Garvin,
Warden.

When a favorable opportunity arose one of us would tell about the commission for the prison fresco and read this letter. Contributions usually followed. Funds came literally from "all sorts and conditions of men." Some gave from their love of art, and some because they were poor and cared for those who suffer, and some gave in memory of their dead. Miss Robb, a blind girl, gave $35 for the prison painting because she felt sure it was "going to be perfectly beautiful." Most of the gifts were not large. It appeared that it might take years to raise the necessary funds.

Since I repeated many times the story of A. V., the life prisoner who stood for my antiphone painting, I thought of him often. So as not to reveal his identity we called him by the initials of his name. (The letters given here are not his true initials.) The warden had refused me permission to write to A. V. My home was at a distance. We worked hard for our living. It was only at rare intervals that I was able to visit the prison. But the time came when somehow I knew in my heart

that A. V. was in great distress. At last I went to the prison and asked after him.

The Metamorphosis of "A. V."

He was in disgrace. I begged permission to speak with him. I was taken to the place appointed for visitors. An officer led in A. V. I hardly recognized him in the stripes of the convict of the lowest grade: His body seemed all sicklied over with horror, like a decaying wall covered with yellow slime. He refused even to raise his eyes. I spoke to him. I held my hand out to him; I pleaded with him. Finally he lifted his eyes to mine. We were friends again. I went back to the warden's office. The warden made me listen to the history of an evil act,— a crime,— which he declared that A. V. had committed deliberately in the prison, outwitting his guards, and forfeiting all respect. The warden positively burned with indignation as he rehearsed this deed of evil. He expected me to be shocked. I was shocked, but I saw something which the warden seemed not to perceive. I saw how the prison gloom, the prison grind, the deadly monotony had throttled and goaded A. V. into this abyss. I insisted that it was not all the fault of the convict. It was largely the fault of the prison system. If no legitimate outlet whatever is allowed for a man's natural powers and passions, then one must expect the passions to burst through by some illegitimate outlet: "You must make some way for the grace of God to enter!" — I cried.

"It would need a surgical operation!" — the warden muttered. "You would have to bore a hole in the man's skull!" — But the warden yielded. He would subject the prisoner to no further degradation. He would even restore to him certain privileges. I should have permission to write to him.

I also wrote to a neighboring minister and asked him to visit A. V. The minister replied that A. V. was "not worth saving" — and I was "casting my pearls before swine." Then I appealed to a friend in Hull House. She was allowed to write to A. V. Her letters stimulated him.

This friend, Miss Starr, did not stop at letters. She suggested that beautiful pictures hung in prison cells would be helpful. Immediately she began a collection of photographs from the finest religious paintings. The warden consented to accept the photographs, but he refused to have them hung in the cells. He said the cells were verminous, and all their interior fixings and all the bedding had to be burned once in awhile. He consented to put the pictures in an album. A. V. made the binding for the album and helped in mounting the photographs and in placing the typewritten descriptions. A. V. spoiled one picture by accident. He put in its place his own Botticelli Madonna. When all was finished, Warden Garvin was so pleased that he wanted all the prisoners to enjoy his album. At night it was pushed over or under the grated front of a cell to the prisoner within. He was allowed to look at the pictures by his electric light, and to keep the book a week. Then it was sent to another prisoner, and so on, until all of the men had seen the album except the convicts in the insane ward. Finally it was sent to them too, and the book was returned unharmed.

I continued to visit A. V. Someone gave him a paint box. He began to paint strange landscapes on postcards in his few leisure hours. Still he was very unhappy. One day, as I faced him in prison, great waves of emotion seemed to break over him. Finally he uttered a cry: "What can I do with my life here? Is there anything that I *can* do? I will do anything if you will only help me!" A thought flashed upon me. I threw to him a hope — as one might throw a rope to a drowning man. I remembered how, as a child, I had seen beautiful missals done by monks in their cells. The cell of a monk was not utterly different from a prison cell. Why should not A. V. learn the art of illuminating? It was a fine art and besides illuminated texts were in the fashion. A. V. caught at the hope.

When I went to New York, soon after, I told the story to five women, who raised $25 between them. A rare small pictured copy of "Wyatt on Illuminating" was bought second hand. Sister Veronica of St. Mary's Convent at Peekskill furnished another volume of choice designs. Bright water colors, a pan of pure gold, paper, pencils, brushes were supplied. Express packages were forbidden at the prison, but Warden Garvin accepted this one, and placed it in the cell of the prisoner. When A. V. returned to his cell, he found there the rare books — the enchanting colors — ! His heart melted.

He started out to paint fine illuminations, one for each of the women who had befriended him. This took nearly a year because his only time for Art was on Sundays, when locked up, or at the noon hour of rest; or after his convict labor was done at night, by electric light, shut up in his cell. Before his arrest he had been a carriage painter. That early training was of use now. He did not make stupid copies. The designs given to him stimulated his creative faculties, to produce new arrangements. His talent was evident. The five women who received his gifts were touched. Orders were sent him. More work followed. In the course of years a real demand arose for his colored traceries. Then my visits to the prison were no longer so painful, because A. V. was finding a path to interior freedom through creative work. His appearance changed. His spirit seemed to follow his paintings far beyond the prison walls. He made contacts with many minds. The texts sent to him to decorate opened to him new worlds of thought.

Work Brings Prisoner Peace

Years afterward I asked him about that deed of disgrace. He said that all of his friends had left or disappeared and he was at the point of despair when he did it. He said, "I could not help it. I had got to do it." I have heard the same answer from the lips of the insane. The prison insane ward is never empty.

Our friendship with A. V. suggested many thoughts to my sister and to me. At that time, 1905, our work was in New York. We longed to be of use in the city prisons. We met Miss Martin who visited in The Tombs. She told us that no one could succeed in helping the prisoners spiritually without having passed through a great sorrow, "and I might add," she said, "unless one has digested a great sorrow." She felt that it was only by the power of the Holy Spirit that one could move profoundly the hearts of prisoners charged with crime. The human reason alone could not direct the way.

My twin sister never passed behind the bars of the State Prison. She never met any of the prisoners whom I knew, but she shared my feeling for them. She was a sweet and persistent beggar for them. Her nature was serene as a summer cloud. Her message in life was joy; joy that was radiant in pain and exultant in loss. When another artist would have wept over defeat, her cry was, "Rejoice!" "Rejoice, my window has been rejected!" "Rejoice, my design was not accepted!" To her the keen pain of defeat was the opportunity of spiritual victory. Our work then was in stained glass. She sustained many defeats, partly because her designs were of a rare and unusual beauty.

We had a commission for seven windows from the Seven parables of the Kingdom of Heaven. The second window of this series was being leaded. Maude and I were starting a window of the Resurrection. She had been ill a few nights before, but we thought it was nothing serious. We painted together one May morning, and talked about the hardships of the artist life.

Maude's Unfinished Work

"Genevieve," she said, "I want you to promise me that you will always do the best you can for the glory of God." I promised. She was painting an angel under the tree of life. She said, "Don't look, Genevieve. It's going to be quite celestial presently."

A few moments later she had stopped to rest, while I was setting the dinner table. Suddenly she came rushing toward me. The red blood was pouring in a torrent from her lips. I caught her in my arms as she fell. Together we fell to the ground. Her blood stained my dress as I held her—and —she was dead! — I think she died in my arms.

Then there was silence. All visible familiar things seemed to drop away and become strange. People looked at me strangely, as if they wondered why I did not die too, at once. They did not know who sustained me. People thought the commission for the prison fresco would be abandoned. They did not understand how I lived in hope of bringing hope to the prisoners. Word was sent to the warden. After the first great shock of sorrow was passed, when I could think clearly, I made a decision. The floods were rising. I closed all the flood-gates; I drew the bolts and bars against my soul.

This was of stern necessity. Maude had left much work behind. The Resurrection window, the windows of the Seven Parables, had to be finished. My work continued quite steadily. When opportunity arose I spoke for the prison fresco. I went again to the prison. The warden was glad that the painting was not given up. He let me visit A. V. Then he said that I could see any other prisoner whom I would name. I named the life convict — Mr. William Roystone, charged with murder by poison.

I had lifted my black veil, when he stood there before me, that tall, lean body with the face of parchment, masked with that awful record. To me that human parchment was a palimpsest traced by other characters clearly discerned under the flame of the spirit. There was a long pause. Then the prisoner said, "At least we can always pray!"

The "prison look" was an indescribable expression that haunted their faces—but I told the prisoner to imagine that it was Our Lord coming to bring him release, then a light shone on his face

When with him and with A. V., I was aware of a great change. The invisible wall that I had been conscious of before, separating me from all the convicts, had been swept away. I now stood on common ground with them in the Shadow of Death. The bars of the unbroken silence had closed around me. My own life sentence had begun. For some months after Maude's death, her spirit seemed near me. Then came a time of utter separation. My daily work in New York went on apparently the same from outside. But inwardly I was consumed with a fierce aching hunger for human sympathy.

I wrote to A. V. and to a woman life prisoner whom I had seen on my first visit to the prison and to Mr. Roystone. He had promised to answer and so I wrote to him. His answer is dated November 12, 1905. His true name should not be known, so I call him William Roystone. To my surprise, he told me that he had not expected to see me again after that first meeting in the prison chapel in 1902, but he had heard of the prison fresco. These are his words:

> "I also desired to see the painting, and that meant a desire in common between us . . . you know the best definition of prayer I ever heard is that it 'is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed,' so that if we think that way and are in earnest as well as in the right, much will be accomplished, and I believe that in the end you will succeed perhaps much sooner than you will expect to. . . . Sorrow is a word . . . that means much for me; have often seen how it unites people who have been at variance for years. It has bridged the gulf between rich and poor, and it has been the means of many friendships, that would not have been except for sorrow . . . yours is from nothing you have done—mine (or a part of it) is from a wrong which I wished might be righted and have so wished from the moment it was done — a part also is the result of doing wrong. . . . "

Then come words describing the suffering of being parted from his mother and his relations, ending with the sentence:

"That is part of my punishment."

On January 30, 1906, Mr. Roystone wrote to me again to tell his joy at the news of a considerable addition to the fresco fund.

> "All the time" (he writes) "it is what might have been expected. Somehow from my first interest it has seemed an assured fact, and only a question of a short time that you will succeed in painting that fresco. It is as an assured fact, as were the laws of the Medes and Persians . . . so

do not worry any more about it, or as to where the means (of different kinds) are to come from; for they will come all in good time."

The reply from A. V., December 9, 1906, begins:

"Dear Friend: . . . I want you to know that the little favor you asked of me is granted and with pleasure. I have always prayed that you may have success in your work and that you may have health and strength for its prosecution. I am very sorry indeed that you are meeting with so many difficulties and seem so much discouraged, but cheer up! and try to learn self-control and *stop short* when you become fatigued and tired out. . . . I have also been discouraged about my work of late. It has been so dark every Sunday for the last several weeks, with but one or two exceptions, that I have been utterly unable to do a stroke of work."

The Power of the Resurrection

The men who wrote these letters were guilty of murder. But they had compassion on my suffering. They were watching and praying. This proved to me the truth that I wanted to express in my painting: the truth of the power of the resurrection.

The answer from the woman life prisoner is dated January 7, 1906. Many years later she was released. I will call her Mrs. Jane Ludlow. My letter had come to her as a "glad surprise." Her thoughts had followed me ever since she had first heard of the prison fresco. She had enjoyed the album. She had felt sorry when I lost my twin sister. She wanted to console me. She wrote:

"I never had a sister so do not know by experience how deep and true the love must be, but think it would come next to that one feels for a mother; that is the nearest, the dearest, the sweetest of all; a twin sister is part of one's-self, so to speak" . . . (here follow many expressions of grief.) "You are parted from her for a time to meet again and to meet at home" . . . (other expressions of love, then) "I fear you will find letters as dull and monotonous as the life I have led for the past 27 years; only those who have had the same experience have the faintest conception of the courage, the patience, the strength of will required to endure it year after year, but the years have somehow dragged themselves like weary worms along, and I know not how I have lived them through, save that God has made me strong."

Later on, when I came to know Mrs. Ludlow in the prison, the impression of her fortitude was as the strength of a gigantic dam across a great river. I felt the force of the flood that had once swept her away, and was now overtopped by the years of victorious endurance. I believe that she was innocent of the crime charged against her. I never believed that she did it. I knew the man whose name was linked with hers. He was William Roystone. He is said to have confessed that for her sake he killed his wife. This woman whom I loved and still love, as my sister Jane, was convicted of poisoning her husband with arsenic, said to have been provided by her lover. That he was her lover she acknowledged, but constantly, steadfastly, she maintained her innocence of blood guiltiness. So great was her courage at the trial, so involved was the circumstantial evidence, that she might have been set free, had not her lover testified against her. They were both sentenced for life in the same prison, condemned to suffer together behind the surrounding walls, yet always sundered apart in different wards, and never to see each other face to face. During the services in the prison chapel, she may have looked down from the women's gallery and recognized the back of her betrayer, among the other convicts. But the rule of the prison obliged the women to leave before the men so that she might never see his face. I was then unable to tell her that I knew William Roystone, because always an official was near when I spoke with her in the women's ward. Nothing sadder have I ever seen than her frozen eyes, but they lighted the dark for me in my need.

Two forces helped Sister Jane to endure her life in prison — the visits and letters from friends and work that was beautiful. She had the power like A. V. to project her soul outside the bars with her work. She wrote about an order from one of my friends:

" . . . As I put in stitch by stitch, pleasant thoughts of you both go with them; in fancy I see the table with its silver, cut glass, rare china, and all sorts of dainties and delicacies, her family and guests around her, you among them, all having a delightful time." In another letter she refers again to these embroideries: "I hope they will not look mean nor out of place in their new home, being transplanted from a prison to a palace will be such a change."

There was a saying in the prison that Mrs. Ludlow invariably looked down when visitors came so that they should never see her face. But the following lines regarding travelers show how conscious she must have been of the visiting eyes that looked at her in prison:

"Faces that look as if a smile were almost unknown to them; the expression of their eyes and mouth both, cold and hard and cruel, you feel at a glance, that their heart is a stony one; their whole manner freezes you and you turn quickly away and a feeling of disgust which you cannot prevent, passes over you . . . again you will meet one with a face beaming with sunshine; the eyes full of brightness, the mouth made only for kind and loving words. Their whole manner draws you towards them, and you feel at once there is a person who has the love of God and all mankind in their heart."

Cramping the Convict Mind

Do the visitors who pass through our prisons realize how often they are judged by minds equal or superior to their own? Do they realize the cramping limitations of expression imposed upon the convict mind? It was noticeable how often apologies for delays in writing were repeated in the letters of the prisoners. This was largely due to the rules of correspondence. A prisoner in the first grade was allowed to write one letter a week and to receive one visit. A man in the second grade might write one letter a month and see one friend. An unfortunate in the third and lowest grade was denied all communication with the outside world except at the discretion of the warden. Under these conditions it was hard for a man to keep in close touch with friends and relatives. Once when I had not heard for a long while from Mr. Roystone, I received this moving explanation:

"Dear Friend,— that is if I have not forfeited the right to so address you. I recognize the fact that it is one of the unpardonable sins to neglect a friend especially in the correspondence line. I am almost ashamed to write after this late day but am sure of a pardon when I explain the reason which is, that after a number of years, I have found some grandchildren which I had lost track of. Some 16 years ago my daughter was here to see me with her little girl of just over three years and her baby boy in her arms, in about six weeks after I received a telegram from her husband that she was dead. For a while through a sister of her husband I kept posted about the little ones, and from that time till a few weeks ago I did not know what had become of them. Then I received a letter from the girl (who is now a little over 19 years old) which has led to several letters between us, and when you consider the rule of one letter a week, you can see easily how time goes by."

Perhaps their confinement deepened the prisoners' feeling of the strength of family ties. I noticed how often they asked after my younger sisters, especially the invalid one; she became "the little sister" to all my friends in prison.

When it became known that I was going on alone with the prison fresco the interest of people revived. The contributions increased more rapidly. I was asked to speak about the work in many places. This enabled me to visit the prison more often. Once in passing by I caught the steady smile of an old prisoner. It was John Warren, register No. 1, the gardener who had given me the red petunia in 1902. It was a penal offence for a convict to stare at visitors. I thought, maybe I am no longer a stranger, and I sent him a letter. He answered July 22, 1906:

"You are right, you are no longer a stranger at the prison, and I hope you may never be one here, it does one good to grasp the hand of one who is trying to help cheer up those who are down and give them a kind word. And not only that, but what you are trying to do for our chapel. I hope some day to see it done. I am sure that if I can do anything to help you I would do it. When we meet next time we will have a little talk on the subject."

At the next meeting John Warren told me that he made ornamental boxes out of wall-paper and he had his private charities. One dollar of his from the warden's safe was to go to the prison fresco fund. When the order was presented in the warden's office it was found that the old man's account had been overdrawn, but the officer in charge put in an advance order for John's boxes and gave me a dollar. A. V. also subscribed to the fresco fund.

Now when I arrived at the prison with my stained-glass cartoons, the warden would say, "They are pretty big but let them pass." It was an inspiration to me to show my designs to a round of prisoners in succession. Their quick interest in the subjects as well as in the art, made me wonder why art and beauty are not used more in prisons. The Beautiful Gate is the natural door to the upward path and the Temple of God. I have noticed this fact many times. There was A. V. and Antonio and Sister Jane. Her one solace in prison was the beauty of her fine embroidery and her lacemaking. At that time they used to hold a fair in the prison at least once a year. It is a pity it has been given up.

Original study for the figure of St. Thomas

St. Peter an Object of Interest

On account of the fresco, Saint Peter became an object of interest to some prisoners. Here is a letter from John Warren, Aug, 26, 1906:

" . . . you wanted me to give my thoughts on Peter. Peter was in my beleafs was a bold strong impulsive man full of his conceates as long as all things went well with him . . . when one of Pilate's or rather Caiphas high priests' servants asked art not thou one of his disciples he denied it and said I am not. But when Peter became converted and filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ he was a powerful man so are all persons who have received Christ in their hearts poor sinful souls become strong in his love to us and we must (love) him and try his work to do, but we often faint by the way, when I feel faint and discouraged I turn to Isaiah ch. 40, verse 29 and read the three last verses and feel better and hope you will read them also."

"These are the verses:

"He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall;

But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as the eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

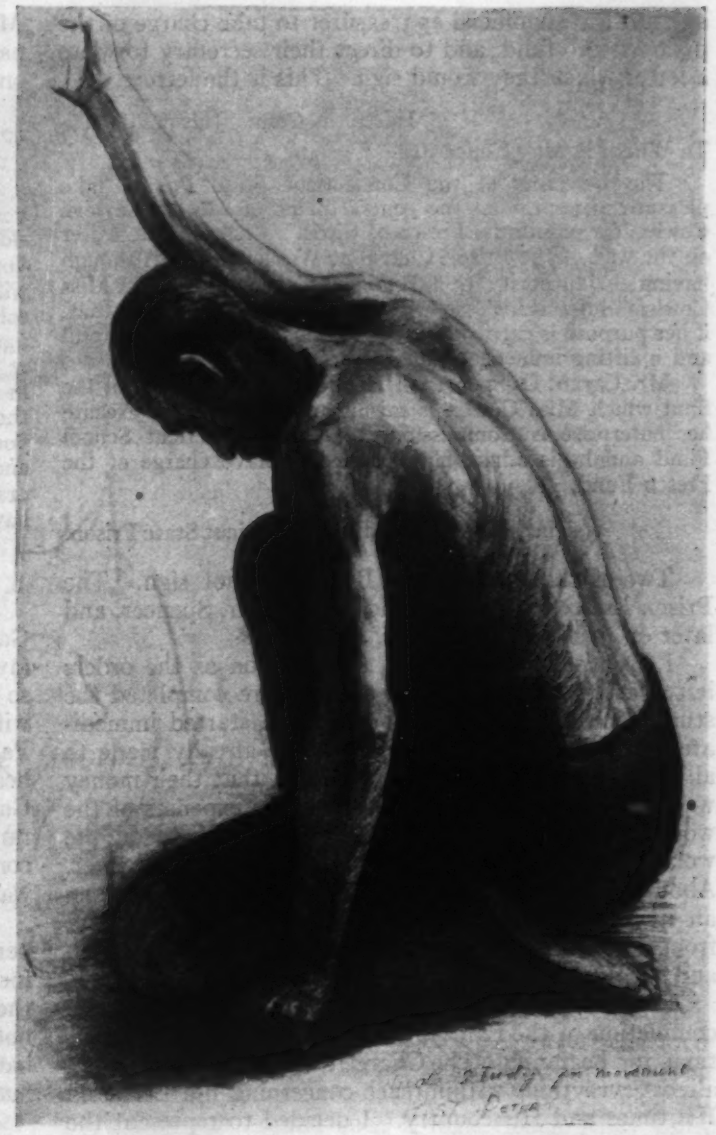
For John it was the long walk of the monotonous prison life.

On one of my visits to John Warren he confided to me that he was going to try for a pardon. He had great hopes. He had four brothers and seven nieces who believed in him. They would stand by him. The warden was not so hopeful, because there was one man on the Board of Pardons who invariably refused ever to pardon a life prisoner. A unanimous verdict was required for the Board to grant a pardon.

After the Pardon day had come and gone the warden wrote to me say-

ing that he feared "Old John" would go mad because his appeal for mercy had been refused. After a long wait, a letter came from John Warren. He did not refer to his own defeat; he was concerned over the illness of my younger sister. He said: "I hope she has had a turn for the better before this. I pray God she may be spared to you and to her many other friends."

A time came when the warden was in agony of mind because there was a young Italian, Antonio, sentenced to be hanged at midnight Christmas day. The law in Connecticut makes the warden the executioner. Mr. Garvin declared that this boy was incapable of committing the murder of which he was accused. He felt as if he "would be hanging a baby." The story of Antonio was so pitiful that I told all my friends. Even my Jewish model for Nathanael, and his Jewish friends, were praying "that the innocent blood might not be shed." Somebody even started a "chain letter" of prayers for him. But it seemed in vain. The day arrived. The warden was in great distress. It was too late for an official reprieve to arrive by the usual way. Suddenly there was a telephone call. It was the voice of the governor of the state telling the warden to stop the execution. The warden said that he was convinced then of the efficacy of prayer. He went to the death chamber and told Antonio to prepare for the chapel service instead of the gallows. That reprieve was extended till the boy had passed a whole year under the death sentence, and then he was given a life term. He asked at once if the warden would only give him some work to do. The condemned men are not allowed to work in the Connecticut State Prison. The warden told me many tales about the executions. He was allowed a sum of money—$50 I think it was—for each execution which he performed himself. He had not collected these dues. He said they must amount to quite a large sum by this time. He offered to draw the amount, maybe $600, and give it to the fresco fund, but I said I did not want blood money.



Preliminary sketch for kneeling figure of St. Peter

The Fresco Fund Increases

The prison fresco fund was increasing rapidly. The warden had given me another official letter to this effect:

Wethersfield, Conn., Jan. 11, 1907.

My dear Miss Cowles: The amount of funds which you have already collected, practically assures the proposed painting for our prison chapel. I am confident that when it is placed in position, the morale of the prisoners will be higher and the painting from its teaching permanent to the inmates of all classes and nationalities.

Respectfully yours,
(signed) Albert Garvin,
Warden.

On one of my crusading expeditions I met the widow of an eminent judge in New Haven. She was greatly alarmed at the situation. What if the warden should die; and the directors did not all want that painting, then to whom would all that money belong? In the tone of a Delphic Oracle, she declared that I must attend "the next meeting of the Prison Board of Directors in full conclave assembled." The idea was not appealing to me. I was working in New York. But the judge's widow announced that, though she disapproved entirely of this project of a painting, I *must* meet that Board. She would attend to all expenses and "manage the warden." So she did, much to his discomfort.

When I appeared at the appointed day, his greeting was, "Well, you've come at the worst possible time!" But he made the necessary arrangements. At about six o'clock in the afternoon, when I had concluded that they must be utterly exhausted with their prison labors, I was presented to "the Board of Directors in full conclave assembled."

There were seven men solemnly seated around a large green table. They listened with increasing attention to my recital of the tale of the prison fresco. The most impressive part of my story seemed to be the fact that here was the actual sum of $1,200 already received and deposited for that prison painting. To my astonishment, they did not question the ability of the artist to produce the painting. They questioned only her honesty in spending the money. When she got that money in her possession, how could you ever prove that she would spend it for the painting and not for some other purpose?

Considering the fact that these were prison directors deeply interested in all varieties of the misappropriation of property, the question was natural on their part, and a lively debate followed. The warden suddenly burst out indignantly: "It's all a work of faith; you've just got to have faith in her! All these people who have given her the money have trusted her!"

This was a convincing fact; here was over $1,200 as an evidence of good faith. The directors agreed to

appoint a state official as treasurer to take charge of the prison fresco fund, and to direct their secretary to write a letter which they would sign. This is the letter:

Hartford, Conn., July 2, 1907.

To Whom It May Concern:

The Directors of the Connecticut State Prison take pleasure in approving the general plans of Miss Genevieve Cowles, for painting a Fresco of Christ's Charge to St. Peter on the wall of the Prison Chapel at Wethersfield. Although having no authority to take official action in aiding Miss Cowles' undertaking, the Directors confidently believe, that, if her purpose is carried out, the Fresco will exercise a helpful and uplifting influence upon the prisoners.

Mr. Carnot O. Spencer of Hartford, the custodian of the fund which Miss Cowles is raising to enable her to execute her enterprise is Commissioner of the Connecticut School Fund and he is admirably qualified to have charge of the Fresco Fund.

Very truly yours,

(signed) Directors of the Connecticut State Prison.

Two of the men on the Board did not sign. The Prison Fresco Fund was transferred to Mr. Spencer, and later on to his successor, Mr. Pond.

I promised the directors that as soon as the orders left over by the death of my sister were completed the studies for the prison fresco would be started immediately. I repeated to them the pledge already made to all the contributors to the fresco fund, that their money was to be used only to meet the actual expenses of the work and my living expenses to enable me to do the work. There was to be no profit, no money left over. About once in a month or so I was to render to the warden an itemized account of receipts and expenditures, and from time to time he was to be informed of the situation and conditions of the work.

From this moment on every effort was bent to the completion of the Parable Windows and to the preparations for beginning "The Charge to Saint Peter." I read almost everything within reach concerning our Lord and His times and His country. I decided to represent the Saviour and His disciples as Jews. A kind friend made a gift for experimental purposes aside from the fresco fund. I scoured New York in quest of Hebrew types. My first discovery was that the average Gentile has no conception of the correct representation of a true Israelite of the Holy Land. In the first place, all adult Jews of the Orient wear beards. This was a veritable stumbling block. The apostles ought not be represented in Our Lord's time as very old men. But all except the old Jews who reach our shores are prone to shave their beards at once after our prevailing fashions. Moreover, there was a serious religious difficulty to overcome. It was impossible for me to persuade an orthodox Jew to stand for a Christian painting. Most of the Jews who had renounced their ancient faith, had lost the simple religious look I wanted to express. Most of them looked modern or commercialized. Finally from a remote street in Brownsville I extracted one fine bearded Jew who had been converted to the Christian faith, but who retained his Jewish sympathies and his Hebrew appearance. He consented to stand for my figure of Nathanael.

The distance was far and he lost half a day to pose two hours at sunset on a red roof under the city smoke. The sordid city surroundings contrasted unfavorably with the descriptions of lovely Galilee.

I longed to paint the true landscape. One day in prison, the Protestant chaplain met me with the words: "Miss Cowles, I hope that you are not going to represent the Lake of Galilee by an American lake." Father Magnell, the Catholic chaplain, gave his opinion that the painting would have far greater influence upon the prisoners if given the true historical setting.

A. V., the life prisoner, expressed the views of the convicts in a letter, October 11, 1908:

Now about your thought of visiting Palestine. Since you were here, I've been thinking it over and the more I consider it, the more I am convinced that it is all important that you should go. First because I know that your painting will be a great and lasting work of art, and should be absolutely correct in every particular, both in the landscape and figures, and this can only be attained by a visit to the spot. . . . Second, atmospheric and other landscape conditions in the vicinity of the Lake of Galilee are so different from those of any other part of the world . . . also it will give you a chance to study types and costumes at first hand . . . and add truth and value to your work. . . . I shall pray that it may be brought about. . . . So far as I have been able to ascertain that is the general opinion here.

The Start for Galilee

As for myself, I desired earnestly to paint the true Galilee. My friends outside the prison were not all in favor of this idea. In the hope of dissuading me from so rash a step, a friend sent me to Professor Paten, whose wife had met a tragic death near Damascus. Professor Paten told me to write to Mrs. Torrance, wife of the head of the Mission Hospital at Tiberias on the Lake of Galilee. Finally a letter arrived from Dr. and Mrs. Torrance, saying that they would take me into their hospital compound and do all in their power to help me, if I wanted to make my studies for the painting in Galilee.

I wrote to all the donors within reach, asking their permission to use their contribution in making studies for the "Charge to Saint Peter" in Palestine. Most of them gave their consent. When a favorable reply was not obtained, the amount in question was kept in the bank for use after my return. So many people helped in making up my outfit that I felt like a glorious crusader.

Only once did I come near breaking down. That was when I said good-by to A. V. in the prison. Then suddenly the thought of all the dangers awaiting me in that blessed Holy Land, ruled by the Turk, almost overwhelmed me. It was not A. V., it was the great fat officer on guard who comforted me.

"Wasn't it the love of God which started you at the beginning?" he said.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And don't you think the love of God will be with you all the way?"

"Yes."

"And don't you think the love of God will be with you till the very end?"

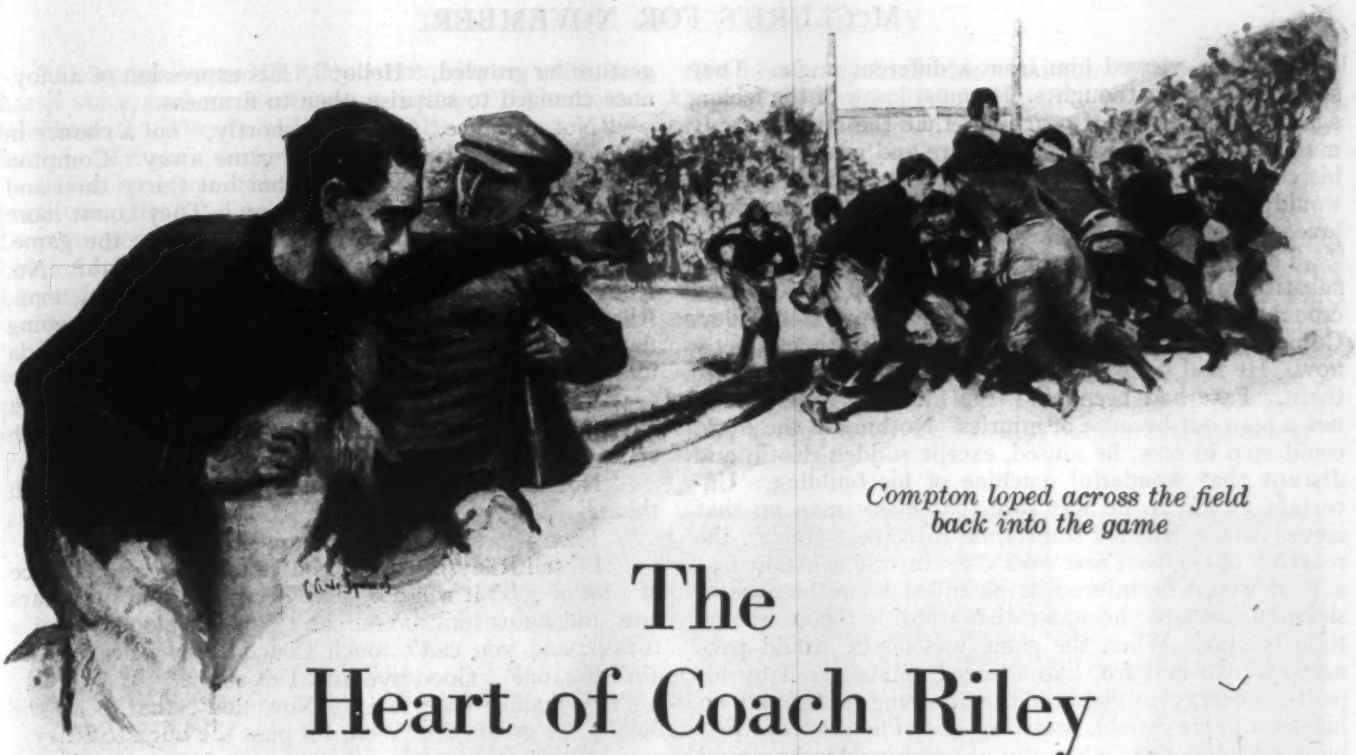
"Yes," I said, very much ashamed and touched.

The warden and his wife made me a present of $25 aside from the fresco fund. I told the warden about the Voice which I had obeyed in starting the work. He said he knew something like that must have happened.

I had no training in painting figures and landscapes in color outdoors. I had no idea *how* I would make those studies when I reached the Holy Land. I knew that I was sent. One must be obedient to the heavenly Vision.

At Christmas time, 1908, the Seven Parable Windows were dedicated in the Honor Room of Grace Church, New York. On January 9, 1909, I set sail alone on the *Caronia* for Alexandria and Palestine. A little over $1,807 had been given, not yet the full $2,000 named by the warden, but now there were strong friends pledged to the cause.

Miss Cowles' second article will appear in McCLURE'S *for December*



Compton loped across the field back into the game

The Heart of Coach Riley

A College Football Story

By Frank Richardson Pierce

Illustrated by Clyde Squires

"TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!"

A cheer leader mad with enthusiasm bawled the words hoarsely and a thousand rooters leaped to their feet as one man to tear their throats with the battle-cry of Western. Tens of thousands strained their eyes; felt their own beings react to the strange something that charges the air as the "Varsity" and the trailing substitutes file onto the field.

The visiting team paused in its warming up and measured the purple and gold warriors with appraising eyes. A buzz swept through the stands. "There's Compton — the big fellow ahead with the ball tucked under his arm! The man beside him is Riley — the coach."

John Edward Compton, his parents called him, but he emerged from high school as Jack Compton and with a football record that caused three big university coaches sleepless nights in hopeful anticipation. Compton registered at Western because the university was located in his home town. He proved to be the whole Freshman team and in his Sophomore year he made the Varsity with ease. What little success Western made that year was credited to Compton. They lost every game, and their traditional enemies, Western State, piled up a shameful score. It was the sort of off year experienced by every college when the whole first team graduates and leaves a lot of green timber for a coach to work into a machine; the sort that causes the public to forget past performances and start rumors about getting a new coach.

The next year Western improved, "got the breaks" and held State to a scoreless tie. Jack Compton and Myrtle Desmond, a bewildering Sophomore, celebrated by eloping, with Father Desmond two jumps behind and coming strong, but not quite strong enough. Whereupon he accepted defeat gracefully; forgave them; blessed them and furnished the apartment they took near the campus. Young Mrs. Jack Compton hurried through a domestic-science course and quitted college for the apartment. Jack proceeded as per schedule except that he vanished from his usual haunts and became a home man.

And it was around such a man Coach Riley built the plays that were to win for Western. A maker of foot-ball machines was Riley, but he was a maker of men first; though many of his players did not realize it until they brushed against the business world and felt themselves respond to his training in moments of adversity.

A perfect machine it was that Riley sent onto the field this great day — a smooth-running, well-oiled machine, and it revolved around Jack Compton. Riley had put his heart and soul into the work; had turned a deaf ear to the rumors that his methods were wrong and to the growing demand for a new coach with different methods. A strong man, he was prepared to stand or fall on results. Though the material had been of the poorest, he offered no excuses; alibis he declared were the whines of the loser.

The team saw in him a man who had trained them to perfection by merciless work; who lashed them to greater efforts with a tongue of scorn; who never missed a blunder; who was never quite satisfied; who withered them with the scorn of his glance when they tried to excuse themselves.

MUCH has been written of Riley and his methods —much that was not altogether true. As he walked along with Compton, biting off his words, the crowd saw only a long, lean person, twirling a cigar nervously with his lips. The women who were close enough looked upon his grim face and pitied his wife. They could see at a glance he was without the "finer feelings" and doubtless made nasty, mean comments to her.

The men viewed him from a different angle. They speculated on his thoughts. He must know of the feeling against his method of coaching; that the student body must certainly yield to the pressure and refuse to renew his contract. There was the long chance that Western would win and change all this in a moment — the world loves a winner.

The first team slipped quickly onto the field, the substitutes donned their purple and gold blankets and crouched on the sidelines. With a final word from Riley, Compton joined the others. Riley watched them quietly now. He had done all he could for them. It was up to them. Fate had been kind, the first team was intact, not a man out because of injuries. Nothing in the world could step in now, he mused, except sudden death, and disrupt that wonderful machine of his building. Uncertain as life is, he was sure that every man on that eleven would live for some time to come. He felt the reaction of the past few weeks' strain; the constant fear a man would be injured or be called home because of sickness, perhaps; he was rather tired, but now was no time to rest. When the game was on he would pace nervously to and fro, like a caged animal, as if by his pent-up energy to give additional strength and skill to his men. He would probably curse fiercely at their blunders; and then when the game was over he would go home and regardless of defeat or victory he would tell, with a trace of mist in his eyes, of his magnificent boys; tell the story to the only person in the world who really understood him — his wife.

THE referee, in spotless white, sauntered up. He had measured both teams with the eyes of experience. "Well, Riley, it's the acid test for you to-day. State outweighs you five pounds to the man, but if nothing happens to Compton you'll win. In brains, inspiration and leadership he makes up the loss in weight."

"Nothing is going to happen to Compton, or any of my boys," replied Riley. "We'll win!" He shot a glance, it was almost a glare, at the subs. "I've preached fight, fight, fight! for weeks. Every man goes into the game expecting to win. Yet after all win or lose to-day means relatively little now; a defeat is a blot on the records; a new coach; a win — glory, perhaps vindication of my methods of coaching. But the thing most important is something they can't take away from us, win or lose; and that goes for the men who play and the men who sit on the bench; the men who made the machine in the field possible. The big thing in college competition is that every man is better for it. He will go forth into the world to fight like blazes to win, but fight clean. I've damned them! I'd like to praise them, but I don't know how to form the words. Perhaps they guess how I feel! To-day . . .?" He jerked his thumb towards the field. "State has a great machine; ten letter men on it. The teams and the crowd will know there's been a foot-ball game when this day's over. Compton will win for us. Not a big score; one touchdown, perhaps two. State will be watching for him, will pile up on him, will build fences around him, but watch Compton — he's built for that sort of thing."

The hour for the kick-off had arrived. The referee hurried onto the field and Riley commenced his nervous pacing.

IN the Western locker room the telephone rang suddenly. The trainer, delayed in getting to the field, favored the instrument with a glare and told himself he would not answer it. The cheers of the students as State kicked off came to his ears, then with an angry gesture he growled, "Hello!" His expression of annoyance changed to surprise, then to firmness.

"Not a chance," he replied shortly, "not a chance in the world! It'd be tossing the game away. Compton is the whole thing! Not only that but thirty thousand people are here to see him in action. They count more than any individual's need. Wait till after the game, then we'll rush him over the first thing! Huh? No, Riley wouldn't hear to it. Now listen to reason, man, Riley's worked himself thin for this game. He's not going to ball up things for any one, that's flat. Yeah, I kinda understand how you feel about it, but . . ."

"Very well then; if you understand how I feel get word secretly to Compton, he'll know what to do, coach or no coach," the trainer heard.

"No," he answered shortly, "I won't do any such thing."

"Then what will you do, hang it?"

"I'll tell Riley just what you've told me; and a deuce of a lot of good it will do. I've been with him five years now and know him. You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip; and you can't touch Coach Riley's heart — he ain't got one. Good-bye and I'm sorry."

The trainer hung up. "Now don't that beat the devil?" he groaned. "Well, I'll pass the buck to Riley."

THE trainer came onto the field in time to see the great Compton thunder down the field, State men frantic in their efforts to down him, as tiered thousands screamed in their excitement. The trainer paused, then grunted in sympathy as Compton was brought down on State's thirty-yard line. A great sigh rose from the crowd as it settled back into the seats. Riley's face almost lost its habitual gloominess; almost held an expression of satisfaction. Through the medium of Compton he was proving to the world his methods were right. Personally he cared nothing for what the world thought, its opinion was superficial, but his wife . . . When he thought of her, seated in the stands and the happiness this was bringing her, his heart thrilled strangely. The trainer tugged at his arm, the doubt on his face written plainly.

"You've bad news!" rasped Riley, the smile vanishing. "Don't tell me I've got to jerk one of my boys out, now! Well, out with it!"

"You don't *have* to tell him 'till after the game," replied the trainer, "you'd be a fool if you did." His voice trailed off lest the substitutes hear, and Coach Riley listened, his face inscrutable.

"Did he say immediately?" demanded Riley.

"That was his word!"

Riley stepped to the subs and his hand fell heavily on the shoulder of Sanderson a substitute. "Get out there," he said harshly, "and fight like the devil! Get!" Amazed, the sub tossed off his blanket. No need to tell him whose place he was to take. He had been groomed for Compton's. To a man the crouching subs were dumfounded. Compton was playing the game of his life; bewildering the vaunted State machine with his generalship; a touchdown was imminent. And now he was pulled out and with him would go much of the confidence — all of the inspiration of his leadership.

Hushed, the thousands watched the substitute hurry across the field and report to the referee. What cog in that great machine had failed? What player . . . ? A low murmur swept across the stands as Compton trotted off the field; tears of anger, disappointment and self-loathing filled his eyes, ran in tiny streams down his besmeared cheeks. He had failed to measure up already. A sub rushed out and wrapped a blanket about his shoulders. He caught up the corner and covered his face that people might not see his shame.

"Compton," growled Riley attempting to speak in a harsh voice, and for some reason failing. "The doctor telephoned! There's only one place for you now — home! My car's parked by the gym — grab it!"

"God love you, Riley, for this!" replied Compton in gratitude. His hand swept the stands. "Damn 'em, and they say you're heartless!" Mechanically he pulled the blanket closer about his shoulders and ran for the players' entrance. From a megaphone came the droning words: "Sanderson replaces Compton at right half!"

The wrathful murmur of a thousand voices demanded why, and ten thousand awaited the reply. The megaphone men merely shrugged their shoulders and angry eyes were directed upon the tall man who paced nervously along the sidelines and chewed at a cigar.

didn't say anything this morning. I've read all the papers, you know, Jack boy, and of how much you mean to Mr. Riley and the others, and I am sorry, but I'm so . . . so lonely, I guess."

"Now, now!" he soothed her, "you come ahead of everything — always will. This is the biggest thing in our lives and we must see it through together. The game is nothing! Besides, a better man was ready to take my place." He looked bigger and stronger than ever with his guarded shoulders — a rock about which life's worst storms might lash ineffectually; something she could always cling to because of its steadfastness. A shade of concern flitted across his face; he pinched her cheek, then kissed her. "I'll be right outside every moment," he assured her.

The crowd was on its feet now, yelling in frantic ecstasy

COMPTON drove recklessly between the lane of parked cars on the campus; then up University Boulevard at top speed only to stop abruptly before an apartment house. Ignoring the elevator he leaped upstairs two steps at a time and quietly entered his own apartment.

The doctor stood looking out of the window, a nurse was hurrying about. "Took the bit in your teeth, coach or no coach, eh?" remarked the medico.

"I didn't have to," replied Compton. "Riley sent me just as soon as he heard. I'll never forget it. May I go in?" He looked at the bedroom door eagerly.

"Certainly!"

Compton softly entered the room and kneeled by the bed. "Little girl," he whispered, "I didn't know, or I wouldn't have gone over. They just told me and I came at once."

She looked up with lustrous eyes into the begrimed face. All the dirt in the world could not conceal the depth of tenderness and love in the strong face so close. As if for strength she sought his hand. "Oh, I had hoped there would be time to play the game through, and I

"You'd better remove your shoes," she suggested, the housewife dominating even now, "the cleats will ruin the floors and rugs."

"My gosh!" he groaned, amused, "you're the limit; always worrying about the house. I'll take 'em off now."

He stooped and commenced unlacing. "The crowd has stopped cheering, Jack," she remarked dejectedly. It was easy for her to gauge the fortunes of Western by the cheers, or lack of them. The silence she knew could mean but one thing. Western was no longer marching up the field and she guessed the reason. Then came the faint chant, "Hold 'em Western! Hold 'em Western!" More silence, during which he removed his shoes, then a great cheer. He looked down at her and grinned cheerfully. "Guess we held 'em!" Then with a parting pat he stepped outside, as the nurse entered.

"YOU'RE missing the game, Doc!"

"Not missing much with you out of it!" replied the physician. Compton stood beside him and silently they gazed over the housetops, across a green stretch of campus and looked upon the great concrete stadium, black

with people. In the field tiny figures lined up in formations, met, broke, scattered, some moving, others falling, only to re-form and do it all over again. Compton saw that Western was fighting with its back to its goal posts. The wonderful defense Riley had perfected but hoped never to use was now serving them well. In quick succession the men piled high on third and fourth downs; then the silence was broken by cheering. "State failed to make yardage," said Compton, his tone tense. "Sanderson will punt!" As he spoke a figure stepped back and a moment later the two teams raced down the field. "And Sanderson can punt! Look at that! Nail him you dub, nail him!" As if obedient to his command a Western player dropped the State man in his tracks the instant he caught the ball. "We've got a breathing spell and maybe we can hold 'em."

THE nurse entered and motioned the doctor. It struck Compton somewhat resentfully, the pair seemed unnecessarily matter-of-fact about so great an event. The door closed quietly, and he waited. Now, as he stared through the window, the house-tops, lake and stadium were mere blurs; his body was in the room, but his mind and heart were with her in this hour. The cheers, less frequent now, came to his ears but made small impression; the darting formations on the field and what they meant were lost on him.

His ears were attuned for the faintest sound from the adjoining room. The clock on the mantel ticked unnecessarily loud and its usual low, sweet chime was a veritable boom. Each minute lagged without end. This wonderful thing of course came into most men's lives once or more times, but the thought did not lessen the magnitude of his own experience. He clenched his hands, twisting the strong fingers until the bones cracked from repressed anguish. "Hang it!" he muttered, "why can't I bear a part of this burden?" Countless millions of men down through the ages in many tongues have spoken so.

The stirring music of the Western band came suddenly to his ears — a march of thanksgiving accompanying the great chorus of student voices:

"Heaven help the foes of Western,
They're trembling at the feet of mighty
Western . . ."

The first half was over, a scoreless tie, and on the cleat-torn field the students were marching. Presently they would form a huge "W" and thunder their yells. Down in the gym the team would be changing suits and Riley would stalk among them — a symbol of anger rampant, vitriolic tongue lashing them without mercy. It was uncanny, his way of noting and remembering every blunder even when action was fastest. Yet shame, lash and scoff though he might, he never encroached on a man's self respect or manhood.

The period between halves was always long for Compton who was eager to be back in the fray, but never had minutes dragged as now. He quit staring at the field and turned to objects about the room.

AN eternity—then a cry! It was low, yet it drowned out the thundering "Western! Western! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Western!" And it thrilled him with a strange, cold, creepy, happy thrill of far greater intensity than any college yell in his memory.

The nurse emerged beaming, and as the great Compton looked down upon his son for the first time he trembled, then sobbed because he was so deliriously happy. "She . . ." he faltered, "she's all right?"

"Just lovely!"

The time no longer lagged. On the field they were playing the third quarter. Compton silently watched the nurse bathe the youngster who protested healthily and Compton grinned. From the gridiron the unexpected hush was broken by a delirious State chant. "State's scored!" he muttered, "and they've gone wild! Poor old Riley."

The doctor entered, beaming! Everybody seemed to beam, now. "A coming foot-ball player, Dad!" he predicted. "Sturdy, hard-boiled, just like his old dad!" The doctor was moved to thump Compton vigorously upon the back — an act that moved Compton almost to tears. It was incredible that a man could be so happy. He was in a mood to take on the whole State team single-handed. He stepped quietly into the bedroom.

"Why, Jack boy, you've been crying!" Myrtle whispered.

"Why shouldn't I, little sweetheart? I'm so blamed happy. Myrtle, you look wonderful! I've never seen a woman so beautiful — sort of like the Madonna. And the boy is a strong little chap. Then . . . and . . ." He kissed her with lips that trembled. For a long time they were silent, content to hold hands with the utter peace their engagement days never knew. Then the cry that had been breaking against their ears like surf against a granite coast and as ineffectually, became audible.

"Hold 'em, Western! Hold 'em, Western!"

IT was the great voice of the students imploring a fighting team to stave off defeat; a mighty prayer to stay State's grim advance on the Western goal.

"They need you, Jack," she said suddenly, "I know they need you; have known it from the first. Is there time yet for you to get into the game? Won't your return to the fight bring out a few more ounces of strength, inspire them, rally your team mates, turn defeat to victory? Oh Jack, I'm sure it will!"

"No! No!" he cried vehemently, "I belong here! Even Riley said so. What's a foot-ball game compared to this — nothing!" He supposed she ought to be sleeping now; wished the students would shut up their incessant racket; still their frantic cries — cries that had never before failed to move him deeply.

"My dear boy, it is all over now. And oh can't you sense from their yells how Western must be fighting? How they must need the backbone of the wonderful machine Riley built?"

The doctor entered, smiled at Myrtle and motioned to Compton to follow. The latter braced himself for bad news, such was his state of mind — a learned discourse on complications and things.

"Listen to a wise old bird who married young, Compton. You'd better hop back into that game. You took her right out of college, just a year ago. All the romance of college life; all the traditions college people love; all the fierce loyalty runs just as strong in her veins as the day she first registered. Wifehood, motherhood even, hasn't quenched that fierce loyalty. She's not going to rest until that game is over; she's going to follow every move by merely listening to the yells from the field. She knows what you can do, she's read the papers — we all have. You're like all new dads, a bit in the clouds, a bit worried. Everything is all right, it's perfectly safe for you to go. You think you don't want to, but you do; in fact if you didn't believe your place was here, you'd be rarin' to go. She wants it, now get! I'll stick around until you return if it'll ease your mind any."

"I wish you would!"

He hurried to her side. "Doc tells me to hop into the mêlée!" he cried. "Says you wish it!"

"I do, Jack!"

"Then I'm off!" he cried joyously. He brushed her cheek with his lips and was gone.

Never did a man go into a game better prepared to *Do*. The coach's car careened wildly down the boulevard. Ahead, the road seemed blocked with taxis and for-hire cars manœuvering to pick up fares when the crowd left the game. It seemed hopeless, but Compton did not slacken. A motorcycle officer came from somewhere.

"Pull into the curb!" he shouted.

"Not by a damned sight!" retorted Compton.

The broad shoulders bulging beneath the purple and gold jersey, the strong chin, handsome face, all seemed familiar to the officer. Then he remembered. That face had looked at him from the sporting page. "Compton of Western!" he cried. "Watcha loafin' 'long for! Step on her and I'll clear the way." He opened up and let off, his siren going, his arm authoritatively waving traffic aside. For a few yards traffic cleared, then came the jam. "Don't worry!" and the motorcycle man brought his machine to a stop. "Hop on behind me!"

Compton was on the luggage carrier, and the motorcycle was leaping across the campus. "Take her easy!" yelled Compton, "I'm a man of family." The officer merely grinned — he knew his business. A minute, even ten seconds might mean the difference between a touchdown and failure to score.

THE grimy purple and gold warriors were fighting stubbornly on their twenty-five yard line as Compton ran from the tunnel and onto the field. Grim old Riley paused abruptly, the cigar dropped from his mouth; then over his face came an old-home-week smile.

"Onto the field, son! Onto the field! Score's three to nothing State. Ten minutes left and you can turn the trick! Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Boy!" cried Compton happily and loped across the field, desperately trying to attract the referee's attention before the next play. The crowd recognized Compton and the roar of its voice caused the official to seek the cause.

Good old Sanderson had put up the fight of his life, and held the wonderful State team from making a touchdown, but try as he would he could not cross their goal. Battered and bruised he looked up at Compton and grinned. "Thank Heaven, Jack," he exclaimed feelingly. "I did my best!"

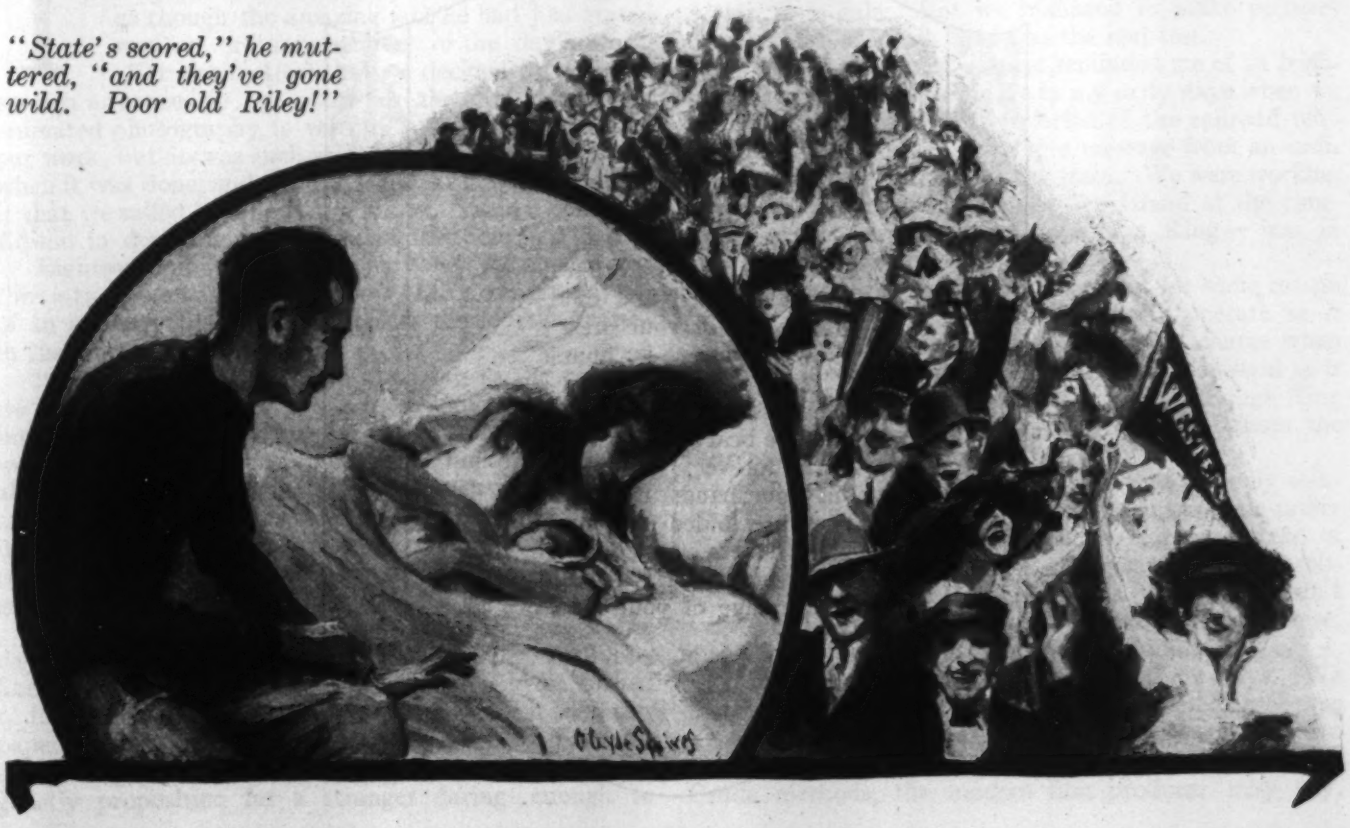
"I know it, Sandy, you always do!"

As Sanderson left the field the students stood up and cheered him to the echo. He had failed in his life's ambition to make a touchdown for Western but he had made football history just the same.

Out on the field the quarterback's signals came clear and distinct; a flash of the ball, a whirling of bodies that thudded as man met man, and from the mêlée emerged Compton.

"'At's the stuff, Jack," cried the quarter. "If you can't find a hole make one! Hit that line you loafers," this to the team, "and hit 'er low!" New strength came into their tired bruised bodies, as they felt the inspiration of Compton's leadership; lagging legs responded to the will of stronger hearts. They no longer fought defensively — they advanced. On the third down they made their yardage and the cheers were still ringing as they plunged into action again. A criss-cross of grim figures behind the Western line that bewildered State; their line turned back and around came Compton shaking off man after man as he plunged down the broken field. The crowd was on its feet now, yelling wildly in frantic ecstasy over the prospect of a touchdown. The State quarter alone blocked the path. Grimly desperate he hurled his one hundred and fifty pounds against Compton's two hundred — a perfect tackle. The State rooters broke forth with a fervent cheer as the two crashed to earth. For three tense seconds neither moved. Then Compton leaped to his feet, pulling the game little quarter up with him. "Good work, Dixon!" he cried.

"Thanks Compton," returned the quarter pleas-



"State's scored," he muttered, "and they've gone wild. Poor old Riley!"

antly, "you almost made it. We're trying to fence you in!"

In the quiet apartment the young mother closed her eyes happily and visioned the field. In the shelter of her arm she felt the Heaven-sent movement of Jack Junior as he squirmed his arms and legs; then came the mighty voice of the rooters:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! — Rah! Rah! Rah! Compton!"

"They're cheering our Daddy, little man!" she whispered.

In the press box the hard working scribes were finding plenty to do in describing Western's march up the field under Compton's leadership. On their twenty yard line State stiffened and held against two heart-breaking touchdowns and from the tangle of men emerged a player who pitched forward and squirmed about. The doctor and his black bag ran across the field.

"Sanderson," barked the coach, "hop into it again!"

As Sanderson trotted onto the field a groan went up from the crowd. It was over! Compton was out!

"Is Compton out for good?" queried a megaphone man of Riley.

"Use your eyes, you dub!" growled the coach. The megaphone men swung around to the crowd. "Sanderson replaces Churchill!"

"Sanderson replaces Churchill!" repeated the multitude. "Sandy and Compton are both in it! Let's go! Three minutes left!"

"Good old Sandy!" cried Compton. "You fought 'em to a standstill and you're in on the finish, too. You took the brunt and I'm getting the glory—hang it!"

Compton reached forth and enveloped the Western quarterback's head with his big hands; while his lips poured dirt, moisture and words into the quarter's ear. The quarter shook his head doubtfully. "Go ahead, try it! It's Riley's old bunk play with a reverse English."

The quarter nodded. "Signals!" he cried. "Four—Twenty-two — Sixteen! Hike!"

A terrific force hit the State line on the instant. A hole opened in State's line and through that hole, running low, plunged Compton. State's "fence" was working overtime and Compton and the component parts of the fence crashed to earth almost as one.

"Sanderson! Sanderson!" howled the rooters. Sanderson swept around the other end as if all the imps of Hades were after him. Two State men recovered from their surprise in time to tackle. It was Sanderson's big chance. All he could see was the white goal line. His eyes popped out; he seemed to exhale steam and flame with each breath. The State men never had a chance with this human tail spin who seemed to revolve the instant they tackled. Sanderson sprawled from the impact, but being made of rubber for the moment, bounced to his feet and was off two jumps ahead of the field. He was three when he fell across the line.

In the moment that followed men wept, women slapped strange men on the back; then sanity returned; the great moment was over.

INTO the quiet apartment came the final cheers, to die away, only to return louder than before — a great wave crested with the names, "Sanderson, Compton."

Then a moment's silence, then "Rah! Rah! Rah! Jack Compton, Junior!"

To her it seemed the loudest cheer of the game. Perhaps it was.

"They're cheering both you and Daddy, little man," she whispered, "and you are asleep and didn't hear them. Oh well, your time is coming." She closed her eyes, lingered a moment in that borderland between dreams and reality, lulled to sleep by the golden notes of the chimes playing Alma Mater — pæan of victory.

The Wild Heart

By

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

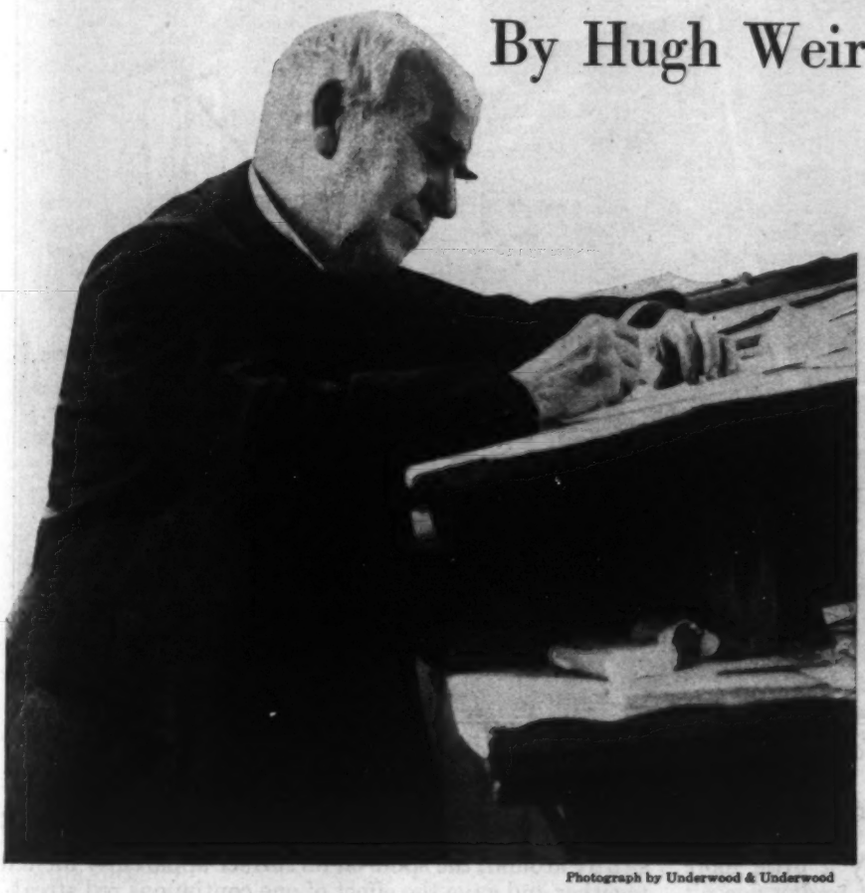
YOUR heart is so wild,
But your hands are like flowers.
They are folded and mild—
On the red of your dress
They are patient for hours.

The pulse in your wrist
And the beat in your breast
Hurry forever;
But your hands are at rest:
They are folded and mild—
They have never confessed
That your heart is so wild
In the cage of your breast.

The Story of the Motion Picture

Edison, Its Great Inventor, Tells How the Idea Came to Him and How He Worked It Out

By Hugh Weir



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"I doubt if any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture. And those possibilities are only beginning to be touched."

THOMAS A. EDISON

THE father of the motion picture chuckled quite as though the amazing fact he had just stated was an ordinary incident of the day's work.

"It was in 1890 that we decided we were far enough advanced in our plans for the development of animated photography to warrant a special building for our work, but it was such an ungainly looking structure when it was done, and the boys had so much sport with it that we called it 'The Black Maria,' " said Thomas A. Edison in describing the first cinema studio in America.

Eighteen hundred and ninety — which makes just thirty-two years as registering the entire commercial life of an industry that to-day ranks as the fourth greatest in the world!

"Our studio was almost as amazing as the pictures we made in it," laughed Mr. Edison reminiscently in the interview given for the purposes of this chronicle. "We were looking for service, not art. The building itself was about twenty-five by thirty feet in dimensions, I should say, and we gave a grotesque effect to the roof by slanting it up in a hunch in the center and arranging shutters that could be opened or closed with a pulley to obtain the greatest benefit from the light.

"Then, in order to make certain of as long a working day as possible, we swung the whole building on pivots, like an old-fashioned river bridge, so it could be turned to follow the course of the sun. We covered it with tarpaper outside, and painted it a dead black inside to bring our actors into the sharpest relief. It was a ghastly proposition for a stranger daring enough to brave its mysteries— especially when it began to turn like a ship in a gale. But we managed to make pictures there. And, after all, that was the real test.

"'The Black Maria' always reminded me of an Irishman who used to work for me in my early days when we were trying out a certain variation of the railroad telegraph system; that is, sending a message from an ordinary wire to and from a moving train. We were working with our apparatus down on Staten Island at the time, and my Irish friend — his name was King — was in charge of the crew on the line.

"He was a good electrician, too, but for some reason he had difficulty in making the system operate as it should. Strange to say, it worked like a charm when the train was running in one direction, but as soon as it started on its return trip troubles began. Although King would swear and tear his hair he couldn't fathom the source of the disturbance.

"Finally, in disgust, he wrote me that the only solution he could think of was for me to run an axle under Staten Island so the island could be turned instead of the train! This was a good deal the same kind of problem we had with our old 'Black Maria.' But we couldn't very well control the sun. So we had to compromise, and fix up a contrivance to turn the studio.

"We didn't use artificial lights in those days. We had to depend altogether on nature. Therefore, it was a case of literally having to follow up the sun so as to extract all the benefit we could from every fugitive ray. Crude methods, the modern film producer may say,

Edison's "Black Maria," the first moving-picture studio in the world

but they gave us results, and fairly continuous results, too."

And these facts, remember, are only a little more than thirty years old in an industry that to-day doesn't hesitate to spend half a million dollars in the making of a single elaborate motion picture! But this is not the story of the film industry. It is the story of the invention which made that industry possible, and the development of which gives employment to more men than were enrolled in both armies of the Civil War.

How the Idea Came to Edison

"What first suggested the idea of the motion-picture camera, Mr. Edison?"

The reply was as prompt as it was surprising:

"The phonograph. I had been working for several years on my experiments for recording and reproducing sound, and the thought occurred to me that it should be possible to devise an apparatus to do for the eye what the phonograph was designed to do for the ear.

"That was the broad purpose, but how to accomplish that purpose was a problem which seemed more impossible the longer I studied it. It was in 1887 that I began my investigations, and photography, compared to what it is to-day, was in a decidedly crude state of development. Pictures were made by 'wet' plates, operated by involved mechanism. The modern dry films were unheard of.

"I had only one fact to guide me at all. This was the principle of optics, technically called 'the persistence of vision,' which proves that the sensation of light lingers in the brain for anywhere from one-tenth to one-twentieth part of a second after the light itself has disappeared from the sight of the eye.

"Ptolemy, the ancient Greek mathematician, first demonstrated this truth by means of a wooden wheel, painted with spots of red paint. As the wheel was whirled swiftly around, the spots on its surface apparently melted together and gave the effect of one continuous red streak, although when the wheel had stopped it was seen the spots had not changed their positions at all.

"This fact served as the basic principle for various mechanical toys, creating the illusion of pictures that moved before the eyes of the beholder. A very simple contrivance of this kind was a spinning cardboard, revolving on a string. On one side was the picture of a man, and on the other side the picture of a galloping horse. As the card was spun, the man apparently leaped into the saddle of the horse, whereas what actually happened was that the revolutions of the card brought the second picture into view before the eye had lost the mental image of the first. I presume the inventor of the novelty made a good sum. He deserved to.

"This same idea was later elaborated into a contrivance called the 'Zoetrope' that was very popular when I was a young man. Around the inside lower rim of a cylinder affair, opened at the top, a series of related pictures was pasted, generally of a humorous character. As the cylinder was rapidly rotated, the wondering eye, glued to the opening in the top, was regaled with a succession of scenes presumed to have all of the appearance of life. The fact that most of the pictures were woodcuts and that the action didn't always match at the right moment created at times a weird effect, but for years the Zoetrope was one of the most popular fads of the day.

"The photographic art itself was beginning to languish, but even with its imperfections it remained for the camera to add the needed touch of finish and reality to the revolving pictures. The circumstances of how this came about were rather curious. Indeed, I don't

"Daddy" Paley, America's oldest cameraman, making an early film

think that many persons to-day, even connected with the film industry, are familiar with the facts of how photography contrived to introduce the semblance of motion in its product.

"An Englishman of the name of Muybridge, who was an enthusiast on two subjects — cameras and race-horses — was visiting at his California farm Senator Leland Stanford, who was also something of a 'crank' on the subject of blooded trotters. During the visit the merits of a certain horse, owned by the Senator, came under discussion, Stanford contending for one fact, and his guest arguing for another. To settle the dispute Muybridge conceived an ingenious plan.

Getting "Action" from "Stills"

"Along one side of the private race-course on the farm he placed a row of twenty-four cameras. Attached to the shutter of each, he fastened a long thread, which in turn was carried across the track, and then, to make sure of obtaining sharp exposures, he erected a white screen opposite to serve as a reflector. When all was in readiness the race-horse was turned loose down the track.

"As it dashed past the rows of cameras the various threads were snapped, and a series of photographs, establishing each successive point in the 'action' of the horse, were automatically registered. When they were developed they revealed for the first time a complete photographic record of the minutest details of a horse in actual motion, and Muybridge had the satisfaction of using them to win his argument.

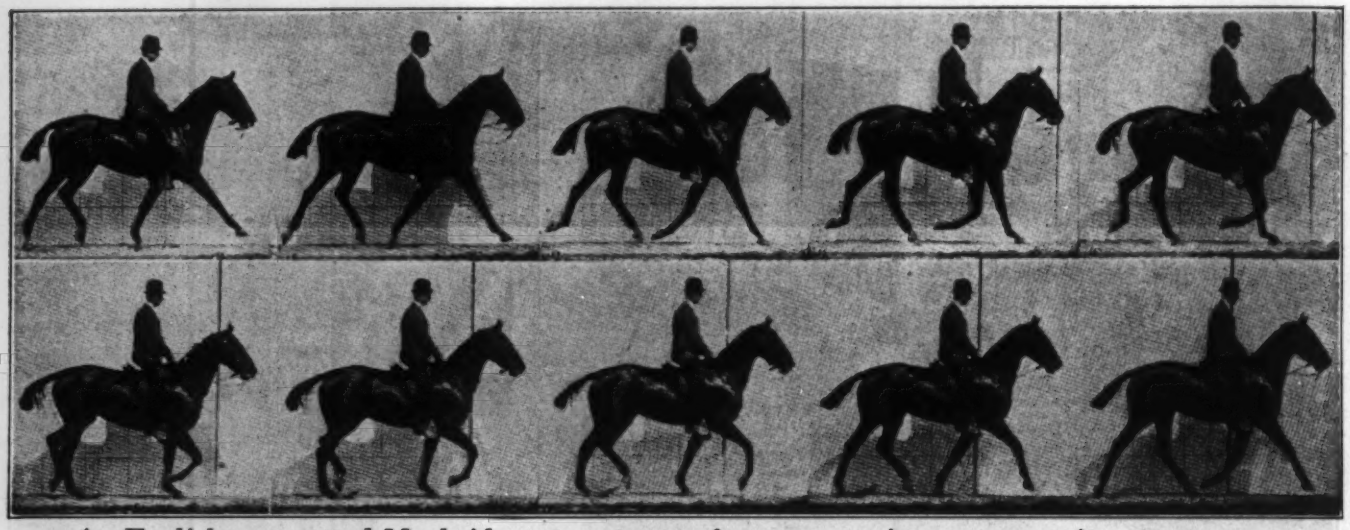
"He would have laid the pictures away in his private collection, but some one suggested trying the effect on a Zoetrope apparatus. The result was so startling that it created something of a public sensation. But, except as a novelty, there was little practicable benefit gained. To have made an actual motion picture, lasting even for the space of a single minute, at the rate of twelve exposures per second, the minimum for steady illusion, would have required, under the plan of Muybridge, seven hundred and twenty different cameras."

"What then were your main problems in the construction of the first motion-picture camera?"

"Before everything else the question of making a unit machine — that is, one where all of the exposures needed could be made with the same apparatus and through the same lens. And this at once brought up the second difficulty. Obviously, it was quite impossible to construct any single camera capable of the proper speed and mechanism required for the purpose, and use glass plates for the exposures. I saw at once these would have to be discarded entirely, and any experiments would have to start from a brand new point of departure.

"We tried various kinds of mechanisms and various kinds of materials and chemicals for our negatives. The experiments of a laboratory consist mostly in finding that something won't work. The worst of it is you never know beforehand, and sometimes it takes months, even years, before you discover you have been on the wrong line all the time. First we tried making a cylindrical shell, something like an ordinary phonograph cylinder, and sensitizing the surface in the hope of obtaining microscopic photographs which could be enlarged.

"These impressions would have been no larger than the point of a pin, if successful, and, of course, our plan involved a tremendous magnifying process to produce results. But we couldn't find a substance for coating the cylinder that was sensitive enough for our need. The old dry albumen that had been used by photographers we found would not do at all. Then we tried a gelatine



An Englishman named Muybridge set up twenty-four cameras in a row opposite a race-course and obtained a series of sharp stills that had the effect of a moving picture

bromide of silver emulsion, and for a little while it looked like it might work.

"The first minute impressions were all right, and seemed clear enough for our purpose, but as soon as we undertook enlargements we saw we were stumped at the start. The bromide of silver was so coarse that all of the details of the negative were blotted out even in an eighth-of-an-inch size. We had to begin again, and this time we tried a different kind of mechanism with the idea of making larger pictures.

George Eastman Is Summoned

"And again we found that we were wrong. Celluloid by this time was on the market— and we conceived the idea of a drum, over which a sheet of prepared celluloid was drawn, with the edges squeezed into narrow slots in the rim, like the old tin-foil phonograph. We had to take our pictures spirally, and they were so limited in size as a result that only the center of each could be brought into focus.

"It was along about this point that George Eastman came into our experiments. I heard that he was working on a new kind of dry film, and asked him to come down and talk it over. The result was that his representative went back home to see what he could do in making a narrow strip of sensitized film that would operate on a roll. Without George Eastman I don't know what the result would have been in the history of the motion picture. The months that followed were a series of discouragements for all of us. While he was busy with the problem of chemicals we were busy with the problem of mechanics.

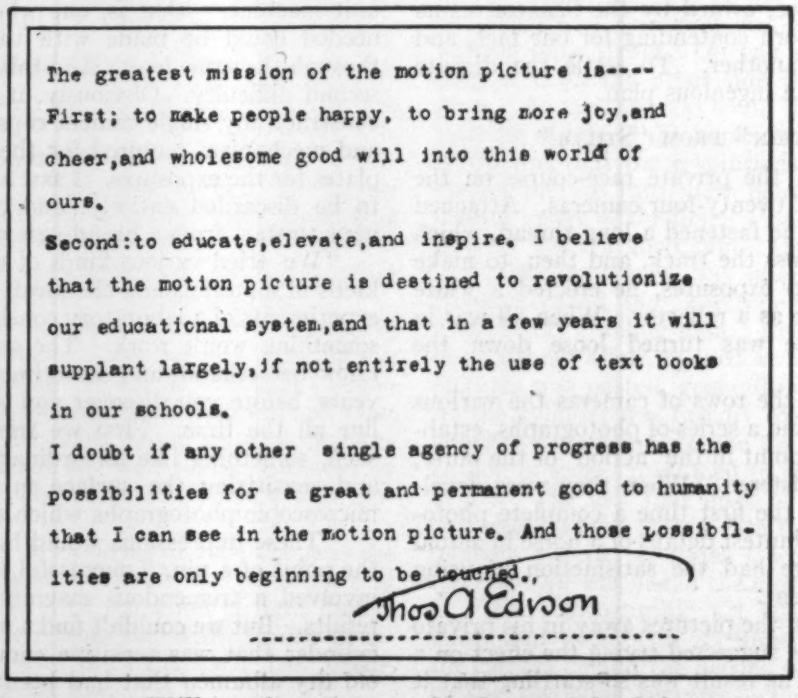
"It is almost impossible for the layman to appreciate the extreme niceties of adjustment we had to overcome. Try to realize that we were dealing always with minute fractions of seconds. For instance, allowing forty-six exposures per second, as we did at first, we had to face the fact that the film had to be stopped and started again after each exposure. Now, allowing a minimum of 1/100 part of a second for every impression that was registered, you can see that practically half of our time was already gone, and in the remainder of the time we had to move the film forward the necessary distance for the next exposures.

"And all this had to be done with the exactness of a watch movement. If there was the slightest variation in the movement of the film, or if it slipped at any time by so much as a hair's breadth, this fact was certain to show up in the enlargements. Finally we completed a mechanism that allowed the film to be moved in the uniform ratio of one-tenth part of the time needed for a satisfactory exposure, and permitted from twenty to forty such exposures per second.

"It looked as though we were finished, and we tried the first roll of film jubilantly. Success was in our hands. But we had counted too soon.

"The strips had been made in a one-half inch width that we thought was ample, but it was not enough. We had to make a larger size, allowing a one-inch surface for the emulsion, with a one-half inch margin for the perforations needed for the locking device that we used for starting and stopping the film.

"This meant, of course, adjusting our mechanical apparatus also to carry the new-sized roll; but we did it at last,


The greatest mission of the motion picture is----
First; to make people happy, to bring more joy, and cheer, and wholesome good will into this world of ours.
Second: to educate, elevate, and inspire. I believe that the motion picture is destined to revolutionize our educational system, and that in a few years it will supplant largely, if not entirely the use of text books in our schools.
I doubt if any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture. And those possibilities are only beginning to be touched.,
Thos A Edison

Will moving pictures displace text-books?

and in the summer of 1889 the first of the new cameras was ready to show what it could do."

"When was the first patent applied for?"

"Not until two years later. I was very much occupied with other matters, and while we all congratulated ourselves on what we had accomplished, and knew we had an interesting and novel apparatus, we generally regarded it more or less as a curiosity with no very large practicable possibilities. It probably seems strange to the world now, but such was the fact, even after we had exhibited our first pictures.

"These were shown originally in an apparatus that we christened 'The Kinetescope,' consisting of a cabinet equipped with an electrical motor and battery, and carrying a fifty-foot band of film, passed through the field of a magnifying glass. They attracted quite a lot of attention at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, but we didn't think much of it until we found that two Englishmen, who had been interested in the exhibit, finding that I had carelessly neglected to patent the apparatus abroad, had started an independent manufacture on a considerable scale.

"Of course, it was too late then to protect myself, and I concentrated my efforts in devising a mechanism that would project the pictures on a screen before an audience. This consisted largely in reversing the action of the apparatus for taking the original pictures.

"The main trouble we found here was the question of 'flicker' and eye strain. It was necessary primarily to find and establish a uniform speed both for photographing and projecting the pictures. If we kept the number of exposures down too low it made the action jerky and hard to follow on the screen. Nearly all of our first pictures allowed from thirty to forty exposures per second, although the number has since been reduced down to from fifteen to twenty."

"What do you consider the greatest mission of the motion picture to-day?"

"First, to make people happy — to bring more joy and cheer and wholesome good will into this world of ours. And God knows we need it.

"Second — to educate, elevate, and inspire. I believe that the motion picture is destined to revolutionize our educational system, and that in a few years it will supplant largely, if not entirely, the use of text-books in our schools. Books are clumsy methods of instruction at best, and often even the words of explanation in them have to be explained.

"I should say that on the average we get only about two per cent efficiency out of school books as they are written to-day. The education of the future, as I see it, will be conducted through the medium of the motion picture, a visualized education, where it should be possible to obtain a one-hundred-per-cent efficiency.

The motion picture has tremendous possibilities for the training and development of the memory. There is no medium for memory-building as productive as the human eye.

"That is another basic reason for the motion picture in the school. It will make a more alert and more capable generation of citizens and parents. You can't make a trained animal unless you start with a puppy. It is next to impossible to teach an old dog new tricks.

"I do not believe that any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture. And those possibilities are only beginning to be touched."

The Chimney

How a Negro Bricklayer Perfected His Dream of Beauty

By Phillips Russell

FOR more years than any one could remember, Luff Asberry had been the best bricklayer in town. But the knowledge that he was so regarded did not content him. He brooded in secret when some building job in the active little burg was awarded to a white contractor from 'way off simply because of the belief that it was beyond a shuffling negro's capacity.

But Luff never said anything. Colored people were not supposed to carry grievances of that kind to white folks, and Luff had been too "well raised" to grumble, no matter how often he was overlooked.

One day Luff was working with his gang, finishing the walls of a factory boiler-room, when the small and bustling owner, Mr. Billy Smith, came out to show some friends over the new plant.

"The trouble is," Luff heard Mr. Billy say, "that we are going to be held back for lack of a chimney. I've written to White Bros., asking them to come down here and discuss a contract; but they keep putting me off. It's going to be no small job. We mean to have the biggest and highest chimney in this section, if not in the State. And we ought to have started on it long ago."

Luff heard every word, but he made no sign, except that he suddenly struck a brick in two with a single blow, and stood turning the half in his hand over and over.

"The biggest and highest . . . in this section . . . if not in the State ——"

As Luff planted the brickbat in its place and tapped it softly into the mortar with the butt of his trowel, he glanced along the line of bobbing workmen.

He knew them all, by long association. Some of them had learned to lay brick under his own guidance. Each had certain defects as well as certain merits, but together they formed a complete whole—a fast, sure, and powerful gang.

There was old Tosh Ellerbe. Getting a little slow now, but he could lay brick on a hair-line.

There was Sandy Ledge. Went too often and stayed too long at the water-bucket, but he never had to be told what to do.

There was young Alec Orton. Had to be watched a little, but how he could lay brick! The others had their competencies. They were all picked men and he could carry them in the hollow of his hand.

THE next morning Luff went to Mr. Billy's office, improvised in a corner of the unfinished main building. At the boss's "Come in," Luff took off his mortar-stained hat and advanced to the desk.

Mr. Billy looked up.

"Well, Luff, what's the trouble?"

"Mistuh Billy, I kin build dat air chimbley."

"What chimney?" said Mr. Billy, taking off his glasses.

"De factory chimbly."

Mr. Billy looked at him indulgently.

"But that's got to be a high chimney," he said.

"I kin build it high," answered Luff.

"But I want a chimney that will stay there and that won't blow over."

"She'll stay dar when I's thew wid 'er," asserted Luff.

"A man's got to have education and training to build a thing as big as that."

"Nemmine," said Luff; "I kin lay brick and build chimbleys. I has built a heap in my time. I knows about chimbleys."

Mr. Billy reflected.

Seeing that he had the boss listening, Luff continued:

"You's got de money and I's got de men. You git de brick, and me and my men'll lay 'em. You tell me how high you want it and we'll putt it dar. 'Twon't fall over, neider."

The negro's confidence impressed the white man. It had never occurred to him that Luff could build the chimney. But why not? The need was urgent. The chimney must be ready when the boilers were put in. It was a risk; but the negro's work, if it would do, would mean a tremendous saving.

"When could you start, Luff?"

"Lemme see. To-day's We'nsday. I kin start fust thing Friday mawnin'."

"And you will go right on with it?"

"You'll see. Befo' you know it you'll be sayin', 'Dat'll do! Dat'll do!' "

"All right — go ahead. Come to me and get an order for whatever you want."

"Thanky, Mr. Billy."

LUFF went out to where the gang was working.

"Men," he said, "we is got a job—a reg'lar job."

The gang paused. "Whut kind er job?" they asked.

"We is gwine ter build de bigges' and highes' chimbley in dishere State!"

"De factory chimbley?" they asked, incredulous.

"'At's whut," replied Luff.

The men beamed admiringly at their leader. When they bent to their brick again, it was with a rhythmic, exultant song.

On the following day Luff studied the ground, made some measurements, pondered. He sought the boiler engineer, and they consulted to an accompaniment of numerous vertical gestures.

He then drew a rough sketch with his carpenter's stub pencil. He made several sketches until he got one that satisfied him. With this he consulted the boiler engineer again.

The next morning the chimney was born. Its base rose slowly, but after the shaft was reached it climbed rapidly toward the sun.

Mr. Billy came out to inspect it once in a while, but went back to his desk without offering comment.

Soon, from the top of their tower, the bricklayers could see above the surrounding tree-tops. Spiraling round and round, the black men sang and sweated in the lazily shimmering heat waves, laying brick steadily, onward and upward.

While they worked they urged their helpers on with derogatory incitements:

"Mortar, boy! And lemme have it sudden. My boa'd is thusty."

"Mo' brick, here! Whut's a matter wid you, boy? Ain't you had no brekkus?"

"Come awn wid dat water-bucket, yeller feller. My froat is lak a cawn-shuck."

THE chimney had already reared its head above the hill-rimmed horizon before the townspeople knew what the scaffolded protuberance was. Then they began to point it out proudly to visitors from other towns and dreamed of the day when they should have a genuine office-building skyscraper in the center of the town.

Luff himself was always on the topmost plank of the scaffold and with satisfaction saw the grass and daisies drop farther and farther away. His men had never seen him so contented. He rarely abused even the water-boy, who was everybody's target.

When the curved lip at the top was reached, Luff hovered around his gang like a nurse, and saw to it that every brick was planted very slowly and carefully. He would not permit any haste here.

At last came the time when the final brick was to be dropped into its rectangular gap. Work below was ordered stopped, and all hands were summoned aloft to witness the concluding ceremony.

Selecting a flawless brick, Luff trimmed it down until it fitted, then raised it high and struck it with his ringing trowel.

"Men," he said, "I wants you to s'lute dishere las' brick. Take off yo' hats whiles I drops her into de mortar."

They obeyed grinningly, and cheered as Luff shaved the mortar off flush and drove the point of his trowel into a timber support as a sign of the end.

In his pride, Luff was not content to stop with this, but sprang upon the narrow circular track of smooth brick and did a joyful dance-step while his men patted time. But, though Luff forgot that he was no longer young, his body did not. In attempting to do a cross-step, his foot turned. For an instant he wavered on the edge of the chimney's vast mouth; but the strong breeze helped him, and he slid down the outside, his body catching in the crosses of the scaffolding thirty feet below.

Swiftly his men tumbled down to save him.

"You ain't hurt much, is you, Luff? You ain't hurt much, is you?"

But Luff could not answer. His lips moved slowly; his eyes closed and fluttered. When great hands grasped his limbs, he groaned.

"He's done broke sump'n'," said old Tosh. "I was 'fraid so. But he's boun' to men' quick."

"Sho," said the men, encouraged. "He'll men' quick."

They carried him down gently, with hardly a sound except the soft scrape of their heelless shoes on the planking and their heavy, laden breathing. They got a doctor quickly.

"Yes," he said, after a strained pause; "he's hurt. Fracture in one leg and maybe both. Contusions severe. Lucky his home is not far off — but be easy with him."

IT proved to be true that both Luff's legs were broken, and for a time he seemed to lose his hold on life; but when some one told him that he must hurry up and get well so as to see the scaffolding removed from the chimney, he began to improve. Soon he was able to sit up in an old invalid-chair sent to him by Mr. Billy.

On the day when the last of the woodwork was torn down, Luff's children wheeled him out to the corner of

his little yard, from where he could plainly see the chimney.

Grouped silently in the rear, his family and neighbors looked on while Luff gazed at the work of his hands.

There stood the chimney, its head poked far above the surrounding trees and houses. It made the rest of the factory look squat and flat. From its spreading base it rose grandly and hung in the air like a spire, dark blue on one side and silver on the other where the sunlight struck it. The lower half was looming, dominant; yet in the distance, with the lacy clouds drifting over its head, the upper shaft appeared slender and graceful.

Luff's heart, pulsing with excitement at first, slowed as he felt a kind of awe creep over him. He felt religious; had he been of sound body, he would have shouted.

He turned to his companions an exultant face.

"People," he said, "I *built* dat chimbley!"

"You sho did," came the answering joyous chorus.

But a few days later pain came upon Luff again, and the doctor was called.

"Internal injuries," he said to Luff's wife. "I suspected it. You must look after him very carefully."

It was a long time before Luff was able to leave his bed again; but finally the "misery" in his limbs eased slowly away and he was again strong enough to be wheeled to the corner of his yard, where he had his choice of sun and shade. As his eyes dwelt upon his chimney from day to day, he came to realize that somehow his work was immeasurably greater than himself. At times he imagined that he could understand how God must have felt when the first living thing from his hand began to crawl slowly across the face of the earth.

He could never resist the feeling that the chimney, now that it was in use, had taken on a separate life of its own; and this feeling became deeper when on late afternoons the chimney, with its line of wavy black smoke streaming from the top, took on the appearance of an enormous finger writing a portentous message across the vast map of the sky.

When members of his gang, passing by, occasionally stopped to see him, he would try to make them share in his enthusiasm.

"Niggers," he would say, "look at whut we done!"

They would agree that it had been a good job, but further than that their gratification did not go. They thought of it as a big piece of bricklaying for which they had been well paid and in doing which they had enjoyed themselves; but already they were thinking about other jobs by means of which they could feed the ever-hungry mouths at home.

And the townspeople, after their first wonder at the chimney's height was over, soon forgot it. It became a fixture in the landscape, which they saw every day but which they no longer regarded.

HE did not endure his sickness without chafing. On the long, hot afternoons he would sit facing the chimney and soliloquize, addressing the heavens complainingly:

"Whut did you do dat to me fer, Lawd? Whut does you keep me in a baid of misery fer, Lawd, when wuss sinners is runnin' round and cuttin' up? Dough I done my duty reg'lar, Lawd, did I have a 'ceitful heart?" Long pause — then: "I tuck my stand upon a 'ceedin' high tower, and de Lawd he struck me down."

He liked the impressive sound of this sentence, and he repeated it to the preacher one day when the latter called upon an errand of comfort. The pastor bowed his head in assent, exclaiming: "But blessed be de name of de Lawd!"

Luff, after a pause, agreed and said: "De Lawd he struck me down, but not befo' I finished de chimbley!"

"Hit's de trute!" exclaimed the pastor. "Dat, my po' brother, shows de proper sperit in de face of 'fliction. Remember where it is said: 'He played on de harp of a thousan' strings; sperits of just men made puffick.' "

Thus inspired, the preacher, a broad and shiny black man with a tremendous chest and a resonant voice, pulled out a pocket Testament and called a short prayer-meeting on the spot. Luff's children came out and reverently occupied seats all around on tufts of crab-grass.

The preacher read a text and then knelt in prayer. He prayed eloquently that Luff's life might be spared for many years of usefulness, and called attention to the fact that the stricken man had been a good and faithful servant in the vineyard of the Lord, making two talents grow where only one had grown before, rising early to fill his lamp with oil, giving a tithe of his substance to the church, and going in and out before his people as a shining example to them.

Luff followed the course of this prayer, as was his custom at religious services, with ejaculations of humility and praise. As the preacher's voice rose and fell in long, quavering rhythms, Luff began to chant; and the pastor, understanding Luff's need to utter his heart, ceased to speak until finally Luff was leading the prayer and the preacher was punctuating it with exclamations:

"Lawd, thou hast taken my health and strength away, but I thank thee dat thou didst first 'low this pore nigger to complete de task dat thou gavest him." ("Amen!") "I knows I riz high in my pride, Lawd, but now I axes thee to he'p me to keep f'um complainin', now dat thou has laid me low." ("Hear him talkin', Lawd!") "I knows, Lawd, dat one day you is gwine ter call me to cross de Big River." ("Lawd, be merciful!") "But I is ready to go. I thanks thee, Lawd, dat de las' job thou gavest me to do was de bigges' and best, and dat by thy power I was able to build dat which will stan' as a monument befo' de face of my chillun and my chillun's chillun." ("Amen, brother!")

LUFF lived on for many years, but he never worked again. He was satisfied to sit peacefully in the yard and watch the days dawn, wax, and disappear into the silences.

One day, long after the former muddy road leading past Luff's house had become a cemented motor boulevard, Mr. Billy, now a local magnate, stopped his car in front of Luff's yard and came over to speak to him.

"Well, Luff," he said, "you know we're going to put up a big electric plant soon. We've had a fancy city architect come down to look over the site and give us a bang-up building. I took him down to see the old factory yesterday, and right away he looked up at the chimney. 'Who built that?' he says.

"'My nigger bricklayer,' I told him.

" 'What!' he says. 'A nigger built that?'

"You should have heard him run on, Luff. He would have turned your head. Why, he fairly raved about the proportions and about the little swell you gave it at the top. He said the chimney was designed by an artist."

"'Artist nothing!' I says. 'Why, it was only old Luff Asberry, that lives over yonder on that hill.'"

And Luff joined heartily in Mr. Billy's laugh.

"But say, Luff, that fellow got me thinking. I must say your chimney has worked fine all these years, but I never paid much attention to the proportions before. Tell me, how did you manage to plan that chimney like you did, and make it come out so right?"

"I never planned it, Mr. Billy," said Luff. "I felt it." Which was the only explanation he ever made.

The Algerian Murderers

A Story of the American Secret Service in France During the War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of the Secret Service stories now appearing in McCLURE'S

"The Fire Bugs," "The Murder of Private Hand," "The Women in Room 27," "The False Alibi," "The Wine Swindlers," and "The Cocaine Smugglers" have already been published. The following stories will complete the series: "The Underground Railroad," "The Woman Spy of Biarritz" and The Train Robbers"

I HAD just returned to Bordeaux from Paris where I had been attending the trial of the men we had arrested in the "Wine Swindle," and was telling the commanding general of Base Section No. 2 that I was hoping we could all take it easier, and that some of my overworked men could enjoy the leave to which they were entitled.

"I am sorry, Major," replied the general, "but you cannot allow any of your men to go on leave at present. For the past two weeks Bordeaux has been the scene of a series of murders and hold-ups, the victims in each case being French civilians. The French claim that the crimes were committed by two American negroes. It may be so—they may be right — but I doubt it. However, it is up to you to ascertain the truth and capture the criminals. The French seem powerless to apprehend them, and the most remarkable incident in the whole situation is that in every case the passport of the victim was stolen."

"But, General," I replied, "that surely is a matter for the French to handle. It's a civil and not a military case."

"Possibly," said the General, "but General Halloran—the French commandant of the district — has been making quite a stir over this. He claims that we are the proper ones to handle the case since the criminals are evidently American negroes."

There must be a mistake somewhere, for all the military police had been very active. Moreover, orders were issued that all our troops must be off the streets after nine o'clock at night, and the military police had been arresting all whom they found out after that hour. But I returned to my office and broke the news to the men who were planning a trip to Nice.

Captain Baker, who was acting chief of the department when I was away, was summoned, and from him I got the past two weeks' reports sent us by the French chief of police. A study of these reports showed that the general was right—the victim in every case was a French civilian. The reports also stated:

"Without doubt the crime was committed by two American negroes. The French authorities request prompt action upon the part of the Americans to prevent these desperadoes from committing further crimes."

We were well aware that the French were prone to insist that crimes were committed by the Americans. Experience had shown they were. Even when we had proved to our own satisfaction that the criminal was French, they found it hard to admit to us that a Frenchman could so far forget himself as to commit a crime; and, while to us these murderers seemed probably French, still the case was unique and it was up to us to prove it.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

An Algerian Soldier

Asking Captain Baker what steps had been taken to capture the criminals, he said he had men out in civilian clothes every night — "But the force is so small and the city so large that we cannot cover it all and consequently have been unable to accomplish anything. There is a possibility that these criminals are Americans. A survey at Bassens shows that there are over twenty American negroes posted there as deserters. Without doubt a majority of these deserters are staying in this city. But it is almost impossible to find them, however, owing to the fact that we have Algerians, French Colonials, English, and American negroes who have lived here, as well as the deserters from Bassens, and all these are scattered throughout the city."

THE FRENCH BECOME ALARMED

That the situation was agitating the French authorities was evident when General Halloran, learning that I was back, sent me this imperative message:

"I insist that you put an immediate stop to these

depredations! Our citizens are being killed and their property stolen."

Then came the Mayor: "If you do not stop it," said His Honor, "I shall take this up with the Government at Paris and have Bordeaux declared 'off limits' for all Americans!"

It sure enough was a peaceful life we lived in our department! We felt that trench life would be Heaven compared to it, for at least there we could fight back.

The last straw — a heavy one — came from my friend the French chief of police. If any one knew of the troubles that assailed our department this man did. He had worked with us on so many cases that we considered him a friend. Both surprised and disheartened we were when he came to me declaring that the Americans were running wild.

"It is a certainty in this case," he cried, "that the criminals are Americans and not French! I have personally interviewed every victim that has been robbed and they all declare that the robbers are American negroes. Everyone is angry about it and unless you want the mayor to carry out his threat and have the city 'off limits,' you must stop these crimes! My entire force is at your disposal."

The French people were always remarking the white teeth of all Americans

Photograph by Paul Thompson

I thanked the chief for his offer of assistance and told him that as soon as we had carefully investigated the situation we would call upon him for any help needed.

Our first move was to have all the persons who had been robbed brought to our office and interrogated. Their stories were all similar: the victim was stopped in a dark spot by two negroes dressed in American uniforms who, bayonets in their hands, ordered, "Hands up!" Those who offered resistance were killed. The robbers searched their victims, took all their valuables, and, in every case, the passport. If the victim's clothes were of any interest to them, they took them also. After robbing a man, they hit him over the head with the butt of the bayonet and, while he was still unconscious, made their escape. They were never seen until the victim was suddenly confronted by them. Further questioning brought out the fact that these two negroes spoke excellent French and that they were exceedingly black. We were particular to inquire about the teeth of these crooks. Almost invariably they stated:

"The teeth were *not white* like the teeth of the Americans."

No one could give us a good description of the criminals:

"Black, kinky hair, black eyes, discolored teeth, dressed in an American uniform, speaking French fluently, of medium height—*and Americans.*"

Not much of a description for ferreting out the criminals. It would fit any one of thousands of American negroes and any one of thousands of other colored soldiers of the Allies.

Even in the face of the victims' positive assertions that the criminals were American negroes, we were not prepared to admit that they were. There were too many angles that did not correspond to the facts as we knew them. In the first place the criminals spoke excellent French. Those of our colored troops who spoke French spoke a Louisiana dialect that was further characterized by its negro accent. In the second place, the description of the bayonets did not tally with the bayonet issued to the American troops. There was a big difference between the American and the French bayonet. Our bayonet was more like a broadsword — short, thick and heavy, while the French bayonet was patterned after the rapier — long, slender, three-cornered, and keen. The description of the weapon used, however, did tally with that of the French weapon. (Of course due allowance had to be made for the excitement and fright of the victim, for even an ordinary kitchen knife in the hands of a robber on a dark night would loom up like a broadsword.) Then there was the question of teeth. As suggested before, we laid particular emphasis on this feature. Practically every American negro has very white teeth; white teeth were the exception rather than the rule among the other types of colored men we encountered in France. And, by the way, the French

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Some of France's Colonial troops in training

people were always remarking the white teeth of all Americans! That gave us a clue to work on.

Trap Is Laid for Murderers

Our deductions were one thing; the next thing was to prove them and capture the criminals. Plans were laid by which we hoped to catch these two negroes red-handed. Our first move was to strengthen the military police of the city. Shortly before these murders took place there had come an order from the front calling for every available man. At that time we had about six hundred military police to cover a city of over six hundred thousand people, to say nothing of ten or fifteen thousand American soldiers in the city on leave every Saturday and Sunday. This force was entirely inadequate. We needed more rather than less. Orders are orders, however, and instead of adding to our force we had to send four hundred of our best men to the front. So it was necessary to call upon some of the regiments in the training area to help us out. These men were hurriedly given instructions and then placed on patrols around the city.

After placing the extra men on duty, we next decided to clean up all the stragglers who might be loafing in the city. Accordingly the commanding general issued orders that for forty-eight hours no troops were to be given passes to come into the city. Bordeaux for forty-eight hours was to be "off limits" to all, including even the generals of the divisions. These orders also applied to the force working at base headquarters. Every one must be supplied with a special form of pass and must go directly from his work to his quarters. Then the military police started in to arrest any one found in the town who did not have the proper pass giving him the right to be there. Guards were placed on all the roads leading into Bordeaux with instructions to refuse entrance to any one unless on urgent official business.

At the end of the two-day period we had found several officers and more men who were in the city without permission, and included in the number gathered in were several negro deserters from the Bassens camp. We then arranged for the victims to come in and try and pick out the robbers from among the prisoners. We were congratulating ourselves that even if we had not succeeded in capturing the actual murderers at least we had frightened them. Then the telephone rang! It was the French chief of police on the line.

"We have just discovered another civilian murdered!" exclaimed the chief. "His body is under the Bordeaux end of the Bassens bridge. We will not disturb it until after your arrival. You must come at once."

Taking the medical officer attached to the headquarters with me, we went directly to the scene of the crime. We found the French police there with the body waiting for us. I asked the medical officer if he could examine the body there and tell me how he was killed, but he suggested that instead we take it to a hospital. So the body was placed in the automobile and taken to the French hospital. Here our doctor performed an autopsy.

"I find," he reported, "that the death thrust was delivered by a sharp three-cornered knife. The wound could not have been made with an American bayonet. Examination of the clothes shows that they have been rifled and the passport has been taken." (The passport again!)

We had neither captured the murderers nor frightened them away! No doubt even while we were cleaning up the city they had been laughing at our feeble efforts, and so, just in a spirit of braggadocio, they went out and murdered another Frenchman.

Hunt Shifts to "Spanish Town"

Detectives who had been covering Spanish Town — the dive and slum district of Bordeaux — reported that there were negroes of all types in that part of the city. Ever since we had been in Bordeaux, Spanish Town had been placed "off limits," and military police had been stationed at every street that led into the district. I knew that no American in uniform could pass through this cordon. It was impossible, however, to overlook the undisputed statements of my men, so we decided to call in the French and pay Spanish Town an official visit.

As a result of our conferences with the French it was planned to raid the place as quickly as possible. When it is realized that this district covered some thirty square city blocks, you will understand something of the magnitude of the task we had set ourselves to accomplish. If the raid was to be a success every avenue of escape throughout the entire district must be sealed tight. It would be a failure if *any one* within our lines should get by.

First we had to ascertain just how many men would be required. To do this we donned civilian clothes to study the situation at close range. As a result of our visit we decided that it would require at least a regiment of American troops, a battalion of French military police, and a score of American and French detectives, together with our entire organization of military police — quite a formidable army in itself. The descent upon Spanish Town would have to be sure and swift. Marching troops could not move as fast as news of the raid would travel, and in order that no one should get away before we could surround the district we called on the motor transport corps for help. Sufficient trucks to transport the entire "army" were gathered at Gendicourt. Here, after giving every officer instructions as to just what was expected of him, we embarked the troops and the order to march was given.

The raid was to be made at nine o'clock at night; and as the clock in the old Cathedral began striking the hour there was a rumble and a roar as our trucks dashed into the district. Within five minutes every street leading from it was covered by three American soldiers with fixed bayonets, two French military policemen and a *gendarme*. The inhabitants were panic-stricken. The noise of the motors dashing through the streets and the shouts of the American and French officers issuing orders to their men was enough to make the denizens wonder whether the Germans were not now raiding Bordeaux. Flee where they would, they were met at every street corner by the guards who sent them back into the district. No one was immune. All had to remain until we had investigated them.

Before the raid was started we held a rehearsal with the officers who were to lead the patrols. The district was divided off into sections and each raiding party knew exactly what streets they were to cover. As soon as we had closed off the streets and had the district under guard these raiding parties sallied forth. An American officer in charge, a French detective, accompanied by his dog, five military police and two French police were, we firmly believed, a sufficient force to put the fear of the law into the heart of any criminal, no matter how desperate he might be. The French Chief and myself established our headquarters in the center of the district, and like two gigantic spiders in as gigantic a web we awaited results.

The orders were to bring to us all who were colored, regardless of nationality, and well did the men obey those orders. Any one who looked as if he might be classified as colored, no matter how light-colored, was brought in. Some were found hiding in closets, some under stairs, or in barrels and boxes, or hanging out of the windows on ropes, while others were in secret recesses in the walls, or even up chimneys — we got them all. They couldn't hide from those wonderful police dogs. These dogs entered into the hunt as if it were all a game, and no hiding place was too out-of-the-way for the dogs to nose the hidden out.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Colored "Doughboys" behind the lines

"Distinguished" Prisoner Taken

By ten o'clock the prisoners began to arrive and what a motley crowd they were! Some in rags and tatters, others in excellent clothes. Algerian, French, English, and Americans — some, deserters from some one of the Allied armies — some civilians, it made no difference: all were wheat for our mill that night. We had already received about sixty in all and we were busily examining them, when the door opened and, looking up, I saw a very tall and dignified colored man enter accompanied by one of our officers.

He was glowingly dressed in the extreme of fashion— frock coat, yellow brocaded waistcoat, silk shirt, black silk Ascot tie with a diamond in it the size of a large pea, striped trousers, tall silk hat, white gloves, white spats, patent shoes and a gold headed ebony cane — rare and striking combination. It didn't require much intelligence to discover that this dignified colored gentleman was somewhat ruffled and mad clear through. Saluting, the officer reported:

"Major, he sure didn't want to come but I reckon my old forty-five is some persuader! He is here! I told him that you said bring in *all* colored men and I just naturally obey orders, so I brought him in."

Interrupting the officer this spectacular man broke in:

"I wish to protest against this high-handed outrage!" he angrily shouted. "I claim the rights of protection from France! I am immune from arrest! I was on my way to Paris to present my credentials to the French Government; I am the accredited representative of the Liberian Government! I am the Liberian Minister to France!"

Though the room was as hot as a sultry July night could make it I suddenly grew cold and beads of cold perspiration stood out all over me. What had this overzealous officer done? What complications would follow? What would the outcome be? All these questions flashed through my brain as I sat there face to face with this minister. In my dilemma I turned for assistance to my French colleague; all I received was a broad grin. It was up to me to try and calm this enraged man. With profuse apologies he was offered a seat while I endeavored to explain both the mistake and the purpose of the raid. Stubbornly he refused to either listen to reason or accept the apology and still threatened to demand satisfaction from all the world. I was in a quandary. I knew that if he carried out his threats I was in for a hot time. There I sat and worried, wondering what tack to try next, when my friend the French chief, believing that the joke on me

had gone far enough, suddenly turned to the officer who had brought this man in and demanded:

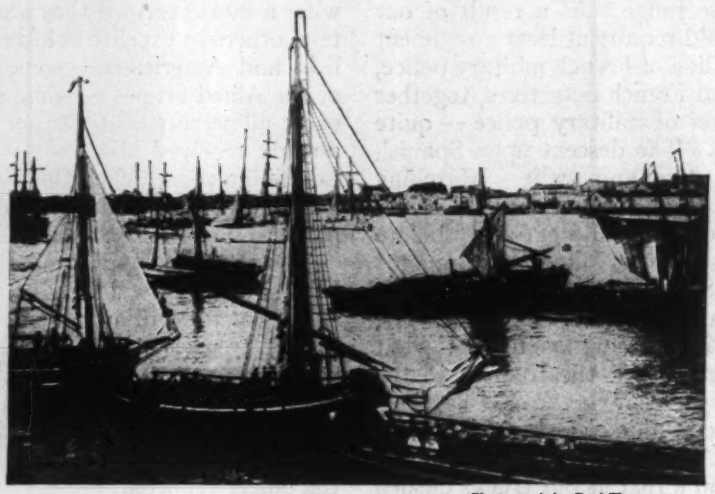
"Captain, where did you find this man?"

When the captain had explained and given the number of the house the chief turned to the indignant self-styled minister.

"My friend," said the chief in that quiet voice he always used when angry, "if I report to my Government in Paris the circumstances of this case, mentioning just where you were found, I do not believe that they will permit you to even present your passports or credentials."

This phase of the matter quickly calmed the diplomat down and before long we persuaded him to forget all about it and watch the workings of the raid. Later we sent him back to his hotel in the automobile. When he had gone I asked the chief if he really would have reported the circumstances to his Government in Paris he replied:

"No, my friend, it was only what you Americans call a bluff. The elegant gentleman was *not the Liberian minister at all.*"



Photograph by Paul Thompson

Bordeaux—Major Russell's headquarters

In a short time one of our patrols brought in several officers from a Brazilian battleship then in the river. They had tried to enter the district and were arrested. I had visions of international complications; but these gentlemen treated it as a good joke. They had been attracted by the excitement and wanted to watch what was going on. After a brief interview they were furnished with a pass and left.

Eighty Are Taken in Raid

By two A.M. the raid was over. Summing up the results, we found that our descent upon this locality was highly gratifying to us as well as to the French; our capture netted us a total of twenty Americans wanted for various offenses, mostly being absent without leave. The French secured over sixty, among them three who were wanted for murder. Mutual congratulations upon the success of the raid passed between us and we both felt that of course amongst the eighty prisoners we had the ones who had caused the reign of terror in the city.

Exhausted by the arduous work, I returned to my room and went to bed. I had just fallen asleep when there came a knock at the door and, to my dismay, there stood a French policeman who informed me that another Frenchman had been found murdered in the same old way. Though the entire city was more or less stirred up on account of our raid in Spanish Town, these murderers, in contempt of all authority, had deliberately killed still another Frenchman! While our efforts in Spanish Town had not been in vain, nevertheless, we had not caught them.

There was one way and only one way that gave us any show to capture these murderers and that was to bait the trap with live bait. We wanted those crooks dead or alive. We decided to set a trap for them and that I myself should be the bait. Realizing that we were dealing with men who held human life very cheaply and that we could not afford to take any chances, five soldiers were selected from a near-by camp to furnish much-needed protection. These men were expert shots with a rifle and they would undoubtedly shoot if the exigencies of the situation demanded.

Dressed in civilian clothes and accompanied by the soldiers, I went to the river-front that same night. The plan was that I should stand under a street light while the soldiers would hide themselves in a doorway near by. If the murderers held me up, I was to pretend to be intoxicated, and as they robbed me the five soldiers were to shoot. If possible, they were only to cripple the criminals; but if the case was desperate enough, they were to shoot and shoot to kill, while I must manage to get out of the line of fire.

Everything in readiness, the soldiers crept into the doorway while I, the live bait, sat down on the curb under the light. For three nights we patiently waited from four to six hours each night, but each night passed with no nibble at the bait. The fourth night's vigil was drawing to a close and I was about to give up in disgust when out from the darkness from somewhere — none knew where — two Algerian soldiers suddenly appeared.

The command, "Hands up!" in French at once convinced me that at last I was face to face with the criminals who had created such terror in the city. With my hands reaching toward the sky these two Algerians started in to search me. The bait had finally brought the quarry to the trap — *but why didn't those five soldiers close it before the bait was finished?* Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw that I was not in the line of fire, so why, why didn't they shoot?

Those two thugs went about their work in a business-like manner. Quickly they searched me. They took all my valuables and also the fake passport, which they seized with guttural sounds of satisfaction. Then — to add to my humiliation they stripped me and I had to submit! Inwardly raging, but still simulating drunkenness, I slowly undressed. In order to remove my boots I seated myself on the curb. Now, I thought, my soldiers will surely shoot, for I am away out of the line of fire. Every minute I expected to hear the rifles crack and see the robbers fall. But no such luck. As slowly as I dared, I removed my boots; but all was silent in the doorway where the soldiers were hiding.

Nude and Empty-Handed

How thankful I was that it was near midnight, for I was stripped down to — no, I don't believe I will tell precisely how far I was denuded! I did not appear any the more dignified in that I was still simulating an advanced stage of drunkenness. The Algerians believed that I was so drunk I was harmless, so, dispensing with the customary blow over the head, they slipped away in the darkness as quietly as they came, and, before I realized it, I was alone.

Mad clear through, so mad that I did not stop to consider the ludicrous appearance I must have presented, I strode across that street, not even noticing that the

cobblestones were cutting my feet. Throwing open the door, the sight that met my gaze only added fuel to the flames. Every last blessed one of those soldiers was sound asleep! Curled up on the floor they were utterly oblivious that a war was on, to say nothing of the fact that they were supposed to be there for my protection! As soon as my rage cooled so I could talk I demanded to know what they meant by s eeping on post.

The only excuse that they could offer was that for the past three nights they had remained awake, but on this night as eleven o'clock came and no one showed up they thought that they might as well get a little sleep. Leaving one of the men on guard the others had curled up for a snooze. The guard had soon joined his companions in slumber and no one of them was aware that anything out of the ordinary had happened until I strode into their midst. Not even considering that I might still need them, I sent them all to the guardhouse and started out to make my way to my hotel, again out of luck, as the men were so small I couldn't use any of their uniforms.

Hugging the walls, dodging through the back alleys, afraid of being arrested by some wandering *gendarme* who would consider me crazy and so lock me up, I finally reached a taxi stand. Surely I had suffered enough for one night! But no, before I could induce that taxi driver to move an inch I had to go all through that miserable affair again and explain how I came to be in such a predicament! Finally convincing this man that I was neither drunk nor crazy, he agreed to take me to my hotel. When I arrived at the hotel I called the night porter and had him bring my uniform. The taxi at one o'clock in the morning made a safe and fairly comfortable dressing room for me. When I had finished dressing I ordered him to drive me to my office.

There I summoned all my men and we started on a thorough search for the two who had stripped me. If it was humanly possible I intended, before the morning sun came up, to wipe out the indignities those two Algerians had heaped upon me. Only too well I realized that, while I was blameless in this affair, nevertheless unless I succeeded in capturing these two crooks before morning I would never hear the last of it from my friends at base headquarters. Circulating around the vicinity where my hold-up took place, we finally encountered a *gendarme* who told us of chasing an Algerian into the wine market. Here was the one promising clue. We hurried to that spot.

Half of the big park in Bordeaux was given over to the wine merchants for a storage and market place for their goods. Three city blocks square it was and contained thousands of casks of wine. At night it was habitually frequented by the criminals and unfortunates of the city. Here they could, with the assistance of a straw, continue drinking wine until they fell over on the ground in a drunken stupor and lie there until they slept it off. It was a dark and dangerous place, for some of the men who frequented this place were not ordinary tramps, but vicious criminals; we did not blame the *gendarme* when he told us he had refused to chase the Algerian beyond the entrance.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

An Algerian trio—"On Guard"

The Capture of the Murderers

However, our patrol was strong enough to prevent an attack, so we did not hesitate to enter the market and begin our search. Many a poor devil, awakened out of a drunken sleep at our flash thrown on his face, and finding we did not want him, cursed us heartily as he rolled over for another snooze. We had searched through half of the market when we suddenly caught sight of a shadow gliding away. A shot in the air, coupled with an order to "Halt!" stopped that shadow in its tracks. Our flashlights revealed a most villainous-looking Algerian. We had found one of the men we wanted.

A search of the man's clothes brought to light my watch, while on his feet we found my boots — no question now but our search was so far successful. Close questioning with the necessary persuasion finally drew from this Algerian the admission that he had held me up that night. Further questioning and more persuasion brought forth the fact that his companion in the crime was a member of the French Algerian regiment quartered at the barracks and that his number was 143.

Urged on by my desire to wipe out the insult and clean up this gang before I slept, we went on to the French barracks. Arousing the commandant, we told him whom we wanted. Just before the sun broke through the eastern sky we arrested the other murderer. Underneath his mattress we found my money and the balance of my clothes. At last I was avenged and we had the murderers. As I returned to my room for a much needed sleep I felt that although the night had been well spent it had been an exhausting and hectic one for me.

We now had the criminals; the next step was to secure a confession, for while we might prove that they were the ones that had committed the robberies we could not prove that they had a hand in the murders. In the American army a confession, unless made directly before a court martial, is not allowable as evidence unless fully corroborated. Before a French court, however, it is considered good evidence. Inasmuch as we intended to prosecute before the French court we had to have the confession.

At our police headquarters there was a cemented cell underground, which was about ten feet deep and about ten feet square. The French called it the "cave of oblivion," a most appropriate name. We never learned just what they used it for, but it made an ideal place in which to confine these two slippery prisoners.

In dealing with the criminal element of the various nationalities, the

end must justify the means. With these two Algerians the usual methods of securing a confession would have been of no avail. Mohammedans by religion, they were fatalists—"What is to be will be"—and from this you could not turn them. Consequently we were forced to play upon their superstitious fears: telling them that we buried all our dead in that hole, we put them in and left them there for a while.

LATER on they were brought before us for questioning. Nothing that we could say made any impression on them, however, so we now planned a little spectacular entertainment for them. One of the men quietly slipped into the hole and by a liberal use of phosphorus made several streaks and pictures on the walls. Dropping the Algerians back into the hole, we slammed down the cover.

With the rattling of chains on the cover and the glow of the phosphorus in the darkness the effect was just what we had hoped to accomplish. Shrieking with superstitious fear they promised that if we would quiet the spirits they would tell us all.

Summoning the French chief of police, once more they were questioned. They confessed to several crimes which they had committed, then hesitated to go on. But a threat to put them back into the hole was sufficient to loosen their tongues again, and before they had finished, these two Algerians had told us of a series of robberies and murders that made our blood run cold.

Their trial soon followed and they were publicly guillotined.

There was one detail in connection with their robberies that we had overlooked, however. We had neglected to ask them what they had done with the passports which they had taken from the victims. If we had followed out this line to the end, it would have saved us many days' hard work and sleepless nights on a later investigation that we had to make.

But we had proved conclusively that the Americans had been unjustly accused by the French authorities.

AUTUMNAL

By Winifred Gray Stewart

A GRAY mist veils the upper edge of things,
The distant hills are only half as high
As usual — and dark against the sky
I see the flight of many little wings.

November winds are whispering of snow;
The dead leaves tinkle on the window-pane
Like shadows of a long forgotten rain.
I stir the fire and watch the embers glow.

Hordisa of the Fair Braids

(*Continued from page 61*)

He paddled on. Hordisa woke, and he gave her food and water. She asked him nothing, and soon slept again. He ate and drank himself, and paddled on, against the tide. On and on; and there was no anger in the sea.

It was late afternoon when he woke the girl. The dug-out was beached beside a wharf. She sat up, gazing almost affrighted at this, at men, at houses and forested hills. She whispered, "Where are we?"

"I guess we've struck Mission Bay."

He stepped out of the dug-out; staggering, he turned and lifted her out, and helped her toward the houses. But in a moment she stopped. They stood again, passionately questioning each other. Presently she said, "Mort — you're free again."

He slightly shook his head.

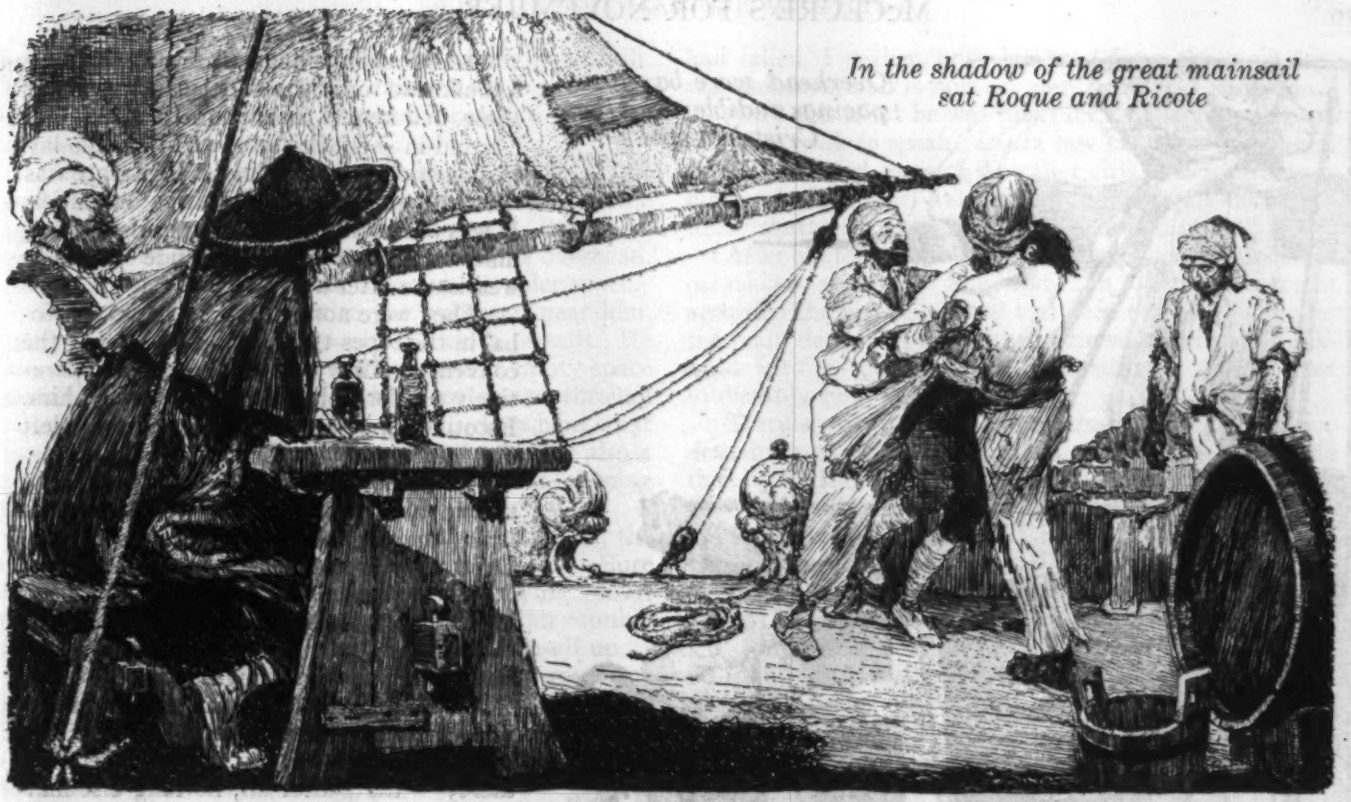
"Mort — it's not yet too late. . ."

"Hordisa, you've given me everything. Take the only gift I've got that's worthy for you to touch. My freedom. . ."

Later, they stood together in the little mission chapel, and the missionary looked at them kindly and with wonder; for they were beautiful, the gaunt bright-eyed creatures, as immortals come suddenly from the sea. He read words which Mort repeated, each word a thread binding him forever; which Hordisa's calm proud voice took up.

". . . To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. . . and thereto I give thee my troth. . ."

"Have you the ring?" asked the missionary gently. But Mort Anson had no ring. He had nothing but a wisp of bright gold hair caught on the button of his coat. He took it carefully, and wound it into a ring, and set it smiling on the finger of the bride.



In the shadow of the great mainsail sat Roque and Ricote

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Bert Salg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ESCOTILLO DE ZAURIGI, the handsome, polished but unscrupulous son of a fine old Spanish family, is hired by a powerful noble of Seville to abduct the daughter of a personal enemy, Don Diego de la Llana, who, in temporary disgrace at Court, is living on his estate near Guipuscadilla. Escotillo agrees and for safety takes the name of his cousin, Cristobal, a high-spirited, adventurous but punctiliously honorable youth, who for some gay adventure has been confined in the prison of Santa Ildefonso.

Escotillo, finding Laura de la Llana, a very young girl, utterly guileless and with no knowledge whatever of life, has little difficulty in winning her love and inducing her to run away and meet him at a wayside inn, the Moor's Head.

Meantime Cristobal has managed to escape from prison. Making a dash across country for the border, he has a sanguinary encounter with brigands, killing or disabling all but the leader, a fiendishly wicked cripple, Roque de Tormes, who offers him the post of his second in command. Cristobal indignantly refuses. Arriving at the Moor's Head he meets Laura and soon learns that his cousin, using his name, is engaged in some sort of dishonorable adventure. The girl's obvious innocence appeals to him, however, and he forces Escotillo to marry her. But the ceremony is scarcely over when they are attacked by brigands and captured. Escotillo is now as anxious to discard Cristobal's name as he had hitherto been to claim it, it being obvious that the brigands have instructions from some one higher up to carry off the girl and a "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi." Being unable to decide which is the real Cristobal, they carry off both, and Laura, disgusted and disillusioned by the cowardice and crookedness of the supposed Cristobal, turns to the real one for protection. The three prisoners are taken to the brigands' camp on the coast, where presently the chief brigand comes to see them. To Cristobal's dismay he proves to be Roque de Tormes.

Learning from an old doctor, Sangrado, who has been kidnapped from the convent of Santa Emelia for the purpose of curing, under threat of death, the crippled brigand leader, that it is planned to sell them all in the Algerian slave market, Cristobal plans to escape. He begins by making friends with Fray Gomez, Roque de Tormes' brother and lieutenant, and persuading the doctor to fall in with Gomez's plans to poison Roque. The doctor compounds the poison draught, Gomez offers it to Roque, but as he is about to drink it, Cristobal steps forward and dramatically stops him. The tables are turned. Gomez is forced to drink the poison, and dies. Cristobal, by assuming a superb villainy, wins his way into Roque's confidence and the shoes of Gomez.

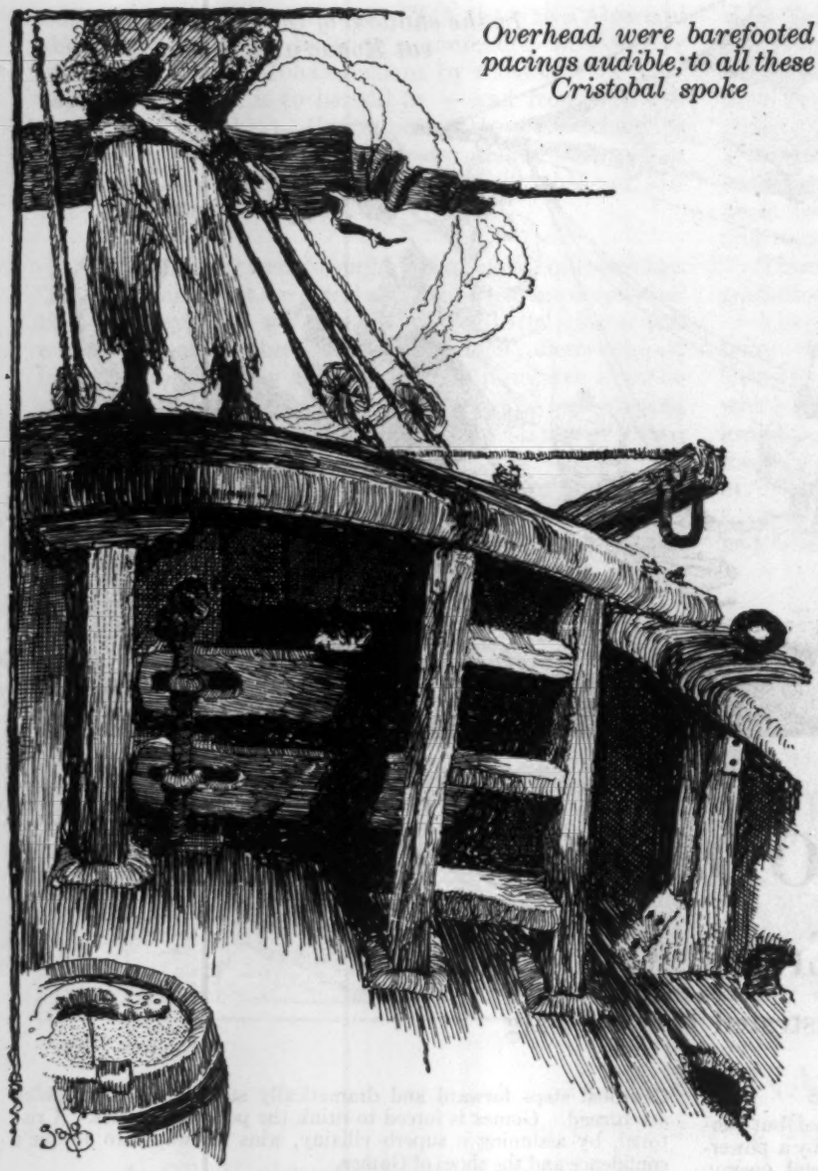
Cristobal then evolves the brilliant proposal that, instead of taking only Laura to the slave market, they raid the convent of Santa Emelia and take also the fifteen or twenty young girls of the first families who are there being educated. The plan is for all the prisoners to escape to the convent apparently pursued by the brigands. They will of course be admitted and the gates shut on the pursuers. Then secretly Cristobal is to open the gates during the night. The last part of the plan, of course, he has no intention of carrying out. Roque is warned of this by Juanita, and playing on Cristobal's sympathy she joins the fugitives and herself opens the gates to the brigands. All in the convent are captured. Roque taunts Cristobal, but the latter refuses to be cast down, telling Roque that to find a way of getting out of the mess is only a matter of a few moments' quiet thinking.

CHAPTER 28

The Moorish Galley

THE room was noiseless, every cry stilled, every movement checked. Suddenly through the open doorway came a faint burst of distant screaming, more than one male voice raised excitedly.

Over the face of Cristobal a frown passed. He looked sharply towards the door. The noise stopped abruptly. Once more Cristobal gave himself to thought. Again there came a sharp little cry from a distance. Cristobal looked again at the door. So subjected by now were all there to the sense of gravity he had imposed upon them that everybody else looked at the door also. That there should be, at such a moment, the slightest disturbance of the reflections of the gentleman seated in the chair in the middle of the room seemed a positive indecency.



Overhead were barefooted pacings audible; to all these Cristobal spoke

Cristobal flashed a glance of reproof at Ricote.

"Ricote," he said, so sharply that the Moor shut his open mouth with a click, and stood up from his leaning posture, "send and ask those young ladies, whoever they may be, to have a little consideration for other people."

Cristobal returned to his thinking with a magnificent gesture.

No man ever thought more superbly. But again a cry rang through the convent. He rose, he shrugged his shoulders. He desisted from his thinking. A sigh went round the room. He addressed himself to Roque.

"How long shall we be sailing to Algiers?"

Roque looked at Ricote. "With a fair wind we shall be there within three days or so," said the Moor.

"Then let us get aboard," said Cristobal firmly. "If I may have a little privacy there, Roque —"

"You shall have privacy," said Ricote, laughing loudly. "Under deck there will be all the privacy you want."

"Very well, then, let that suffice," said Cristobal coolly. "Let us make a move."

If Don Cristobal had a faculty for displaying cheerfulness in adversity, the next three days gave him full scope for its exercise.

The Moorish barque was an old galley, built for both oars and sails. Ricote had altered and improved her rig and finally dispensed with the oars. The long oar-deck had been swept clear of its benches.

Additional masting had meant building a bulkhead or two, and against one of these, in a kennel that was little more than a boxed-in shelf, Cristobal and Escotillo lay in almost complete darkness. The place was destitute of the most primitive amenities. It was too shallow for sitting upright even, unless in a crouching attitude painfully wearisome after a while.

They were not content to leave Cristobal in the ropes they had put on him at the convent. They removed these comparatively comfortable bonds and chained him. Escotillo, spiritless and beaten, they left altogether unfettered.

Food they got none, nor drink. Thirst, gloom, foul atmosphere, the cramping of limbs meant, so far, great discomfort. Later they would mean torture.

They were not companionless. Creeping things which rustled as they moved went about and about them warily, curiously, particularly at night.

To all these troubles was added another and a greater. Cristobal and Escotillo were both extremely sick. It brought them this mercy — that, after all, nothing else mattered . . nothing else mattered much . .

Thus they spent two days, in darkness, constriction, foulness, starvation, thirst — and seasickness.

But not in silence.

Outside their prison feet passed from time to time. Overhead on the main deck were barefooted pacings audible. To all these Cristobal spoke.

To the elements also did Don Cristobal address himself.

From time to time bolts were drawn; the door swung on its hinges; bearded, dusky faces appeared, in which white teeth gleamed in enjoyment as the captives were inspected. Every countenance thus appearing Cristobal admonished, fully and frankly.

The exasperating thing was that he doubted if he made himself clear. His fluent and incisive Spanish was wasted on his hearers. They answered him, but always in their own Arabic, and with grins.

"They grin," reflected Cristobal. "It is evident, therefore, that they do not understand what I am saying to them."

Some of his extempore personalities were no less than the outbursts of a master. Useless. The vulgarest kick in the jaw, he admitted candidly, would have carried more weight.

FEAR came upon him — a dread lest these primitive counters in the commerce of compliments should be all he could offer.

"I shall do it," he whispered to himself in a moment of combined exasperation and sickness . . . "And I do not want to. . . After all, I am a gentleman of Spain . . . But these clods!

"That fellow with the squint — his face was made to spit in — what else? The next time he looks in and laughs at me . . ."

And sure enough, the very next time . . .

He got in return no more than he might have expected, but it was more than enough.

They had him out. There were four of them. The space was cramped, the upper deck less than a man's

height from the floor, the deck beams coming lower still. The five men fought stooping, exasperated as every one in turn brought his head in painful contact with the unyielding beams above them.

Cristobal used feet and hands like a demon. The pent-up rage within him boiled over. He displayed the agility of a squirrel, the fury of a wild-cat. But once, twice, he brought his head against the beams overhead. He felt it imperative to break into some ampler space.

He was aware of a door in the bulkhead near him, partly open. He darted through it, they in pursuit. He was no better off. Here was merely another empty space extending from the bulkhead he had just passed through to another some few paces aft. But a door here, that showed a similar division of the oar-deck, showed also a gleam of light through what was evidently an opening in the main deck.

He ran on, passed through the second bulkhead, the bare feet of the enraged seamen hot on his track. Sure enough, he saw brilliant sunshine streaming down through an open hatch. There was no ladder, but running to it and easily grasping the sill he swung himself up.

A hand grasped his ankle. He kicked, and got home on something soft, but he was jerked down, and this time they held him, got him on his back.

For all their rage, and helpless as they now had him, they did no more than savage men will do with hands and feet on the spur of the moment. They could still remember, also, that they were but seamen, and this a prisoner of possible value . . . They cursed and they struck, but the knife each man carried as a matter of course lay undrawn in sash.

Sense had gone out of him. They went away, leaving him where he lay.

Coming to life was unpleasant, sitting up was painful, to his sickness was added an ache of ribs. But he liked this face that stooped over him, and this sensation of support was consoling . . . He got a grip on himself and after blinking his eyes feebly a time or two he was able to smile up, perhaps a trifle ruefully, at Laura de la Llana.

She had his head on her knee, an arm around his shoulders. She was pushing his hair back from his face. She was not alone. Other faces, feminine, concerned, leaned over him. These too brought him satisfaction.

"*Señor — señor —*" said Laura's voice, anxiously.

HE was in a corner, close against a bulkhead. The open hatch in the main deck was some paces away. In the bulkhead the deep gloom of a doorway showed, and in the opening he saw crowding the faces of several girls, expressing terror and distress. He smiled, still feebly, at them.

"Ladies," said Don Cristobal, "I am charmed to see you."

"What have you done?" Laura asked him.

"A mistake of mine," said Cristobal, more than a little faintly. "I thought I caught sight of a doormat. It turned out to be the face of one of these gentlemen. He was annoyed. I cannot find it in my heart to blame him."

She laughed a little hysterically.

"Is it your voice we have heard?"

"Voice?" inquired Cristobal.

"Someone has been speaking almost incessantly. As we sat here we have listened. It was too far off, we were too ill, to catch much of what was said, but such words as we could make out made us shudder."

Cristobal had the sense not to blush.

"Ah-ha, you heard him, too?" he returned. "A low-minded paynim, putting to a disgraceful use the knowledge he had acquired of a Christian tongue. He had fallen, I gather, onto his head from the main-top, was delirious, and is now no more. Let us forget him."

After this effort he was silent for a little, honestly too sick and weak to speak. Laura saw him turn white, and at once engaged some of the other girls to help her draw him under the open hatch. Here for a while he lay, a badly shattered man for all his occasional grin.

After a while she talked to him, while he gave her an occasional syllable. She told him of the treatment accorded the women. They had been confined aft under the main deck, and in darkness, crowded behind a bulkhead into a narrow space, unventilated and almost intolerably hot.

Terrified by the motions of the ship, sick and too despairing to eat the food offered them, visited now and then by dark-faced men before whose eyes they trembled, they had sunk almost into a state of torpor. They were not fastened in, but preferred to remain where they were rather than venture out.

SOMETHING of Cristobal's address from his hutch to the seamen, absent or present, had reached them. Laura at least had surmised from its tones, its persistence and perhaps an occasional word, that the orator was Cristobal and had found comfort in the thought. She gave him no intimation as to whether his disclaimer had convinced her.

The noise of the fight had compelled them to open the door of their prison and take a look out. Cristobal's handsome struggle against odds had been witnessed in part, his downfall had brought him sympathy, and Laura's courage had saved him, as he guessed, from the worst of what was intended for him.

He found himself addressing her in subdued tones. She was almost whispering. Unobtrusively, the other girls withdrew.

In her words, her voice, her face, he found strength.

She looked at him in piteous inquiry. "*Señor*, tell me, what will they do to us?"

How could he answer?

With her question, too, there came to him the thought that had so persistently haunted him. The simplicity of her inquiry was one with the simplicity of her bearing and speech at all times. Her almost childlike mingling of reserve and confidence came at him together with one recurring memory.

At the "Moor's Head," before he had done more than look at the outside of this business which had swept him and his plans away, he had questioned Escotillo as to his relations with this girl. The answer he had then got had accorded with his cousin's reputation. The girl was already his victim. Cristobal had accepted the statement, and his further interference had been in single heart an effort to rescue her from what he well knew would be before long a position of utter ruin.

And yet ——

He looked keenly at the face he could make out in the gloom. Such lips, such eyes — bah! He had seen beauty before. It implied nothing one way or the other. But now and then she smiled, perhaps because even in this extremity it was not in Don Cristobal to do more than sober his speech the merest trifle. And when she smiled — "That is the second," he told himself, "to read a woman," and watched her with the eyes of a hawk.

The smile was virginal, that of a girl without knowledge. A thought stirred within him, a thought that for some time had endeavored to shape itself. "Escotillo you know for a liar. Has he lied here?" He considered Laura in silence, watching her face, troubled at her beauty. How should a man arrive at cool judgment, with such a face bent over him?

"Oh," she said suddenly, and fumbling at the bosom of her dress drew out a rustling packet. "Yours," she said, and gave them to him.

He stared an inquiry. "At the convent, when they bound you, these came from your tunic. They trod on them, but I waited my chance and picked them up, hoping ——"

He was able to sit up now. He was puzzled for a moment, then he remembered. Sangrado had given them to him, had bidden him to hide them. What were they?

By now his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. He slid along the planking to where through a knot-hole a beam of sunlight came through the hatch like a spear. He pored over the papers. Laura knelt near him and watched him as he read.

She was frightened. His lips had dropped apart, his eyes were staring into the gloom before him, as if he had seen a ghost.

She began a question. He turned on her with what seemed anger, so sharp, so commanding was his voiceless bidding to her, conveyed in gesture, to be silent. He went through the papers again, hurriedly, his eyes flying along the lines. Again he stared, this time at her.

He took her hand. "Do you know what you have done?" he asked her.

She was trembling because she felt his hand trembling on hers. She could not question or answer him. "You have saved us," he said. "Saved us — do you understand?"

She found her voice.

"Shall we escape?"

He had both her hands in his. He raised them to his lips one after the other. In the gloom she could make out his face clearly. It was the laughing face she knew. It was inspiring, heartening, to look at. She felt a tingle of fresh life run through her.

He took her hands away from his lips, still holding them in his. He was kneeling, so was she. His face was quite close to hers.

"Never doubt it," she heard him say.

CHAPTER 29

Roque Plans Sport

FOR three days the Moorish sailing galley had done her sufficient best against a breeze at times a little more than brisk.

Little sign of life she showed. The helmsman lay sleepily across the tiller. Forward a sprawling figure showed here and there in the shadows. Aft, where the hanging mainsail made a space of shade on the planking, Ricote lounged comfortably, his breast bared to what chance breath of wandering air might momentarily bless a perspiring human.

He caught the sense of movement amidships, the sound of wood on wood. Towards him limped the figure of Roque.

Slow moving, a much wilted figure of a man, Roque propped himself along the level deck, reached the haven where the Moor lay, and sat down on a coil of rope.

Under his deep tan, his complexion revealed plainly enough that his two days' acquaintance with the ways of the ocean had been a wearing time. A tint of grey mingled with the brown, his eye-sockets were hollow and darkened, his features showed pinched and worn. The Moor greeted him with a half-derisive chuckle.

"Ah, ha! . . . What, not dead after all, hey?"

Said Roque fervently, "Let this be my last venture on the sea. I had heard of it, but never did I think the tales they told me could fall so far short of the truth. May all the holy angels stand between me and another such storm."

Ricote laughed, and, as is the way of seamen talking with a landsman, began to belittle the troubles of the past two days.

"Storm? Nothing more than a fairish breeze I hoped would have carried us safe to Algiers."

"Fair breeze!" said Roque. "No more fair breezes for me, Algiers or no Algiers."

RICOTE lifted himself on his elbow. "Sit and drink, man." Roque, disposing his crutches by his side, followed with his eye the Moor's inviting wave of the hand. He saw more than one flask, a beaker or two. The shade was inviting. A wisp of wind sent a cool breath across his face. His hand dropped on the nearest flask.

His pointed beard tilted to the skies, then settled on his breast again. Life was a pleasant thing, after all.

"How far are we from Algiers?" he asked.

"Fifty leagues or so."

"And when shall we be there?"

"Tell me where the wind will come from and I'll tell you when we'll make Algiers. A bit more north in it, and a breeze such as we had last night. . . ."

"Well," said Roque simply and with conviction, "let us pray for a wind that will get us there in, say, a month. My stomach can stand no more."

Ricote laughed. "Drink again, and heart up, man. Think of Morocco and what awaits us there."

"Once in Algiers, and I turn Turk," said Roque; "and never will I set foot on a ship again. I will be a good Mohammedan and marry fifty wives." He took off his second beaker. "Ricote, are all our damsels alive?"

"Not a bale of the cargo's missing," the Moor answered.

"And what of our two Escotillos, or our two Cristobals?"

"The two Dons — whatever they are — are very sick, the fourteen *señoritas* are very sick, and your five men ——"

"Ah!" Roque sat attentive. "I had forgotten them. So — five —we slipped all but five?"

Ricote grinned.

"They lie forward. Crawl along presently and look at them. 'Twill make you better. By the look of them they wish you had given them the slip, too."

Roque, whose first limpness was stiffening under the pleasant influences of the morning, laughed in something of his accustomed diabolical fashion.

"We may give them the slip yet. Are they worth carrying to Algiers to sell?"

"Men are cheap in the market," replied Ricote, coolly. "This raiding away up along the eastern Spanish coasts brings in as many as we can take in — and more. There's no great price for a man with us."

"But the girls — they'll fetch a price?"

"Aye," said Ricote earnestly, "a rare haul." He nodded across to Roque. "We'll be rich men, both of us. A prize like this — Allah!" He threw up grateful hands. "There must be no hurry, Roque, with the marketing."

"No?"

"No. No open sale — no auction. We can wait for our price. I know an old woman who goes the rounds. She'll find us buyers. Old men. An old man will always pay more than a young man. He's keener."

"But are they all safe?" asked Roque. "These girls when they get terrified—who knows what tricks they'll be up to? Could any of them give us the slip?"

Ricote grunted in knowing contempt. "Trust me. I keep all the beauties under guard."

Roque nodded complacently, and helped himself to more drink.

"Ricote," he said, "I feel better. You know more about wine than becomes a good Mohammedan. This is a fine day. Let's have some sport. Where's that glib-tongued traitor of mine?"

"Escotillo?"

"Who knows what his name is? The young man with the ready schemes! Let's have him up and amuse ourselves with him."

Ricote raised his voice in a shout.

"Selim!"

A grunt came from forward. A tall, gaunt, white-bearded man in filthy garments ducked under the main-sail boom and stood silent. Ricote spoke to him in Moorish. In the same language he replied. Ricote laughed as the man moved away.

"What did he say?" queried Roque.

"I told him to bring up the man in chains."

"Yes?"

"And he remarked, 'The son of Sheitan who eternally speaks?'"

"*Dios!*" said Roque, "is his jaw still wagging?"

"He never leaves off," said Ricote.

"We'll give him something to talk about," said Roque savagely. "And afterwards we'll settle with my own men. If there's no price for them at Algiers, why not save rations?"

He grinned as he put the query. Ricote shrugged his shoulders uneasily as he took in the brigand's meaning.

"I could bring them back next voyage and put them ashore," he suggested. "Why not give them their chance?"

Roque blasphemed hideously. He was recovering from seasickness, and the instinctive cruelty of his nature was reasserting itself.

"Why not? But why? They had a chance — a chance to stay behind, but like fools they hung on to me. Now let them be sorry for themselves. Here comes our bird."

He leaned forward to look under the boom. Ricote sat up and turned his head. The sound of footsteps on the deck and a flow of Spanish eloquence preceded the arrival of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi.

CHAPTER 30

Cristobal Plays the Jester

CRISTOBAL advanced along the deck under circumstances he enjoyed to the uttermost. His colloquy with Laura de la Llana the previous afternoon had been rudely broken into. Half a dozen Moors had come upon them; Cristobal had been seized, dragged forward to his kennel, thrust in, and the bolt slid home on him.

Escotillo received him with a groan. Cristobal received the groan with silent contempt. He was still sick, he was possessed of a raging thirst, he was one vast ache from head to foot, but more than that would be wanted to damp his spirits. He parted from his gaolers for the evening with an exulting volley of abuse.

All night, while the vessel in which he was caged leaped and creaked to the wind's buffeting, he sat or lay awake, considering and reconsidering what he had read in Sengrado's papers. He blessed his stars for the happy thought that had induced him to slip them, unperceived, to Laura's keeping once more, before he had been borne away to his beetle-infested cage.

Whether their discovery — even their destruction, should it come about—was an all-important matter was doubtful. Enough that he knew their contents.

Far too excited to sleep, he sat and gloated.

ON the spur of the moment he had promised Laura rescue. What he had learnt should imply no less. But how was he to wield the weapon placed in his hand? So easy, so perilously easy, to fail even now. It wanted a clear head, a stout heart, a cool brain, a plausible tongue, judgment, tact, the choice of the fateful word, the selection of the nice moment. Had he these at command? Yes, Don Cristobal told himself with Don Cristobal's usual ready confidence. He wished, though, that they would let him have something to drink. . . To drink. The heat, the stench about him rose at him like some demon of the pit.

Grace was vouchsafed him. He fell asleep. On his sufferings and his mental wrestlings oblivion descended.

He woke, strangely placid. The vessel was scarcely moving. Then his thirst swept on him again. He knew himself to be more than a little light-headed.

Footsteps outside the hutch. He addressed them. Once started he kept on. He talked, to himself, to Escotillo, the absent Roque, the absent Ricote, the passing footsteps.

Since ordinary conversation could not attract attention Cristobal took to shouting.

He bellowed, he vituperated on his top note. He hammered on the wooden wall and greeted every soft-padding footstep with a roar of abuse, sarcasm, and insulting challenge.

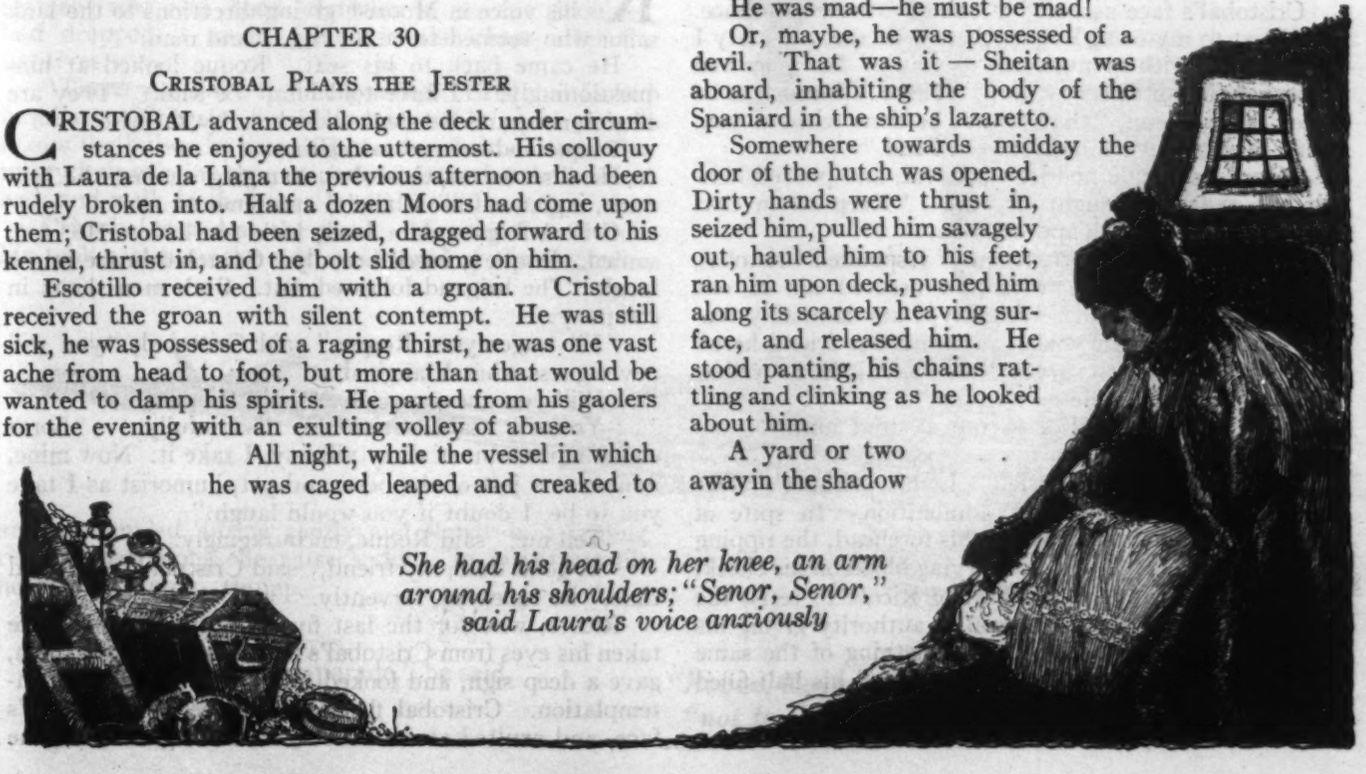
It may well be believed that a feeling of awe spread through the ship. It seemed impossible that a man three days seasick, starving, thirsting, bound and chained, and suffocating in a filthy kennel could still preserve enough vitality to appal the day with an unremitting outpour of verbal offence.

He was mad—he must be mad!

Or, maybe, he was possessed of a devil. That was it — Sheitan was aboard, inhabiting the body of the Spaniard in the ship's lazaretto.

Somewhere towards midday the door of the hutch was opened. Dirty hands were thrust in, seized him, pulled him savagely out, hauled him to his feet, ran him upon deck, pushed him along its scarcely heaving surface, and released him. He stood panting, his chains rattling and clinking as he looked about him.

A yard or two away in the shadow



She had his head on her knee, an arm around his shoulders; "Senor, Senor," said Laura's voice anxiously

of the great mainsail sat Roque and Ricote at a table.

Still chained he advanced. Three Moorish seamen had him in charge. He was ruffled about the dress and hair. His countenance gave evidence of rough handling. His three conductors, however, from the looks they gave him, were none too happy.

Cristobal had been "giving trouble."

Chained, and handled by three men, it would have seemed that any really effective offensive on his part was unlikely. But Cristobal was a man of resource, and he had his shoes on.

IT had never occurred to them to take these off before they drew him from his hutch, and he was making the most of his chances. The three seamen were all barefooted, and he was letting them know it.

They had handled him maliciously, thinking him helpless, and no men ever found themselves more swiftly convicted of error. A stout leather heel planted remorselessly on a bare toe and ground well home is one of the most startling things in life. It is one of those events, trifling in themselves, which cannot be disregarded. A kick on a bare ankle, the chipping of skin off an unprotected shin, are insistent matters, but nothing more instantly demands attention than the toe under the heel.

They subdued him after a time, but the brief adventure had been a heartening thing for Cristobal. He saw the three seamen retiring discomfited. He was ready for Roque and Ricote now.

"Who is this?" said Cristobal. "What — Roque!" He looked delighted. "My old and valued comrade! Well met!" The greatest heartiness rang in his voice. "And Ricote too," he went on, nodding to the Moor. "Ah, Ricote," with a reproachful but playful wag of the head, "you're no shipmaster, or you'd never have let this boat go up and down as it did this last three days. I am relieved to find all's well. I was afraid, as I lay below, that something might have happened to Roque when I was not there to look after him."

This was a good opening. Roque and Ricote both beamed, well satisfied with the amusement provided.

"You'd guard me, eh?" said Roque.

Cristobal's face assumed a look of earnest assurance.

"Next to my own, Roque, there is no life, no safety I would insure with so much care as yours." His voice had a peculiar ring of sincerity in it. "There is so much to be done," he went on, "that cannot be done without you, that I treasure every hair of your head."

"Good." Roque nodded approval, and poured himself out another draught of wine. "Keep on in that strain," he added, with appreciation.

"I am not at my best, Roque," responded Cristobal, offering his confidence with the assured air of one unbosoming to a friend. "Frankly, I am damnably seasick. How is it with you — and with our friend here" — he swung round to survey Ricote — "is he as well as all such good fellows deserve to be?"

"Praise be to Allah," Ricote assured him, "I am well."

It was curious, Ricote felt. In his prisoner's voice was not only solicitude but admonition. In spite of Cristobal's chains, the bruise on his forehead, the ripping of his dress, the little trickle of drying blood on his cheek, it required an effort on the part of Ricote to resist the feeling that here was the person in authority giving his directions. Perhaps Roque felt something of the same influence. Rather ostentatiously he lifted his half-filled beaker to his lips.

"Here's to my health," he said.

Cristobal stepped nimbly up to the tray and lifted a flask to his own thirsty lips.

"I'll drink to that," he said amiably, and did so. He allowed no hint of distress to escape him, but never in his life had he tasted draught so divinely welcome. His three days of thirst had culminated during the last few hours in a torture almost unbearable. The delight of the liquid coolness on cracking tongue and shriveling palate was very heaven.

"Here's to you, Roque — and to you, Ricote, and to me, also." He set the flask down empty and bowed his head.

And as he stood he felt the soul of him mounting again from the depths. Till now he had but assumed a bravado little more than surface deep. But now he felt the real stuff of manhood possessing him again.

"Here's an agreeable day," he gave the other two. "How shall we pass the time? Shall we dance?" He danced a step or two on the hot deck planking. "Is there a musician aboard?"

Roque exploded.

"Curse me if ever I met such a lively devil as this! You want music?" he demanded suddenly, leaning forward, the grin which always gave him the look of a devil baring his yellow teeth under his moustache. "You shall hear it. Sport? You shall see it." He got his crutches under his armpits and stood up briskly. "Ricote — those men of mine ——"

"What of them?"

"We'll make an end," shouted the brigand, uttering his terrible laugh.

"How?" said Ricote.

"They shall walk the plank," said Roque, swinging himself about excitedly on his crutches. "Let your men bring them up."

Ricote looked at him with lips compressed.

"You're the cruelest devil I ever met," he said soberly. Roque gave vent to a string of the wildest blasphemies, laced through with a screeching laugh that hinted, not for the first time to Cristobal, something of what lay at the base of the man's thought and energies — the secret of his lust for cruelties. Was he sane?

RICOTE rose and lounged forward. Cristobal heard his voice in Moorish giving directions to the lank sailor who seemed to be his right-hand man.

He came back to his seat. Roque looked at him questioningly. "I have told him," he said. "They are all sick rats, and we shall take them by surprise."

Roque nodded and sat again.

He directed at Cristobal, lounging against the bulwark, a glance full of baleful amusement.

Cristobal gave him back look for look. He, too, smiled. Roque grinned broadly. Cristobal broke into a laugh. The brigand followed suit. Both men shook in company.

"I'll wager you, Roque," said Cristobal, "you will never guess what I laughed at."

"Will you guess my joke?" said Roque.

"Yours?" said Cristobal disdainfully. "Some commonplace bit of dirty villainy, I take it. Now mine, mine was a jest of the best, and yet, humorist as I take you to be, I doubt if you would laugh."

"Tell me," said Roque, encouragingly.

"In good time, my friend," said Cristobal. "In good time," he repeated, fervently.

Ricote, who for the last five minutes had not once taken his eyes from Cristobal's face, now withdrew them, gave a deep sigh, and looked forward in speechless contemplation. Cristobal flashed a glance at the Moor's face, and exulted at what he saw. Staring forward, the

pirate saw nothing. All his faculties were absorbed in thought, the unriddling of the puzzle this fool in chains had set out before him.

The sound of voices raised in dispute, bare feet hurrying along the deck planking, curses in Spanish, objurgation in Moorish, scuffle and blow ——

UP from the fore hatch there emerged a rabble of men. Their arms bound, clothes torn, faces flushed and bloody, five of the brigand gang were pushed and pulled up the ladder by a dozen Moors. They resisted passionately, with the desperation of men on whom fear had descended suddenly and without warning. With blows of fist and stave the seamen drove them aft, beating them savagely as they raged and protested.

Roque stood up watching their approach. Cristobal drew himself away. Exactly what was to happen to these wretches he had not gathered, but in Roque's face he could read an unmistakable purpose.

It was as if, from twenty paces distant, the five bound men could read for themselves something of the sort. With a sudden frantic effort, as if fear had quadrupled their strength, they made a last attempt to free themselves, and succeeded. The whole crowd of men hurtled violently across the deck, came down in a sprawling heap, split up into a number of struggling units, and melted away into nothingness. Each of the five men had wrenched free from the hands that dragged and shoved. The ropes held, but, still bound as they were, they tore back along the deck and dived desperately below. After them sprang the seamen — the fore deck which ten seconds before had surged with its writhing crowd was now bare of men.

Roque roared with delight. The agony of terror displayed before his eyes was to him a spiritual feast.

"You see," he said to Cristobal, "you see how these fellows take it."

"I see a good deal of agitation," said Cristobal coolly, "but I shall appreciate the situation better if I know exactly what the point is."

Roque pointed forward to where across the deck lay a stout plank some twenty feet long. One of the seamen, who had been carrying it on his shoulder, had dropped it as he joined in the chase after the fugitives.

"There you have it," he grinned. Cristobal looked inquiry. "Conceive," said Roque, "that plank ranged across the bulwarks here. Then consider that those five merry lads of mine are persuaded to start at the inboard end, and walk to the other ——"

Cristobal stared at the plank — he stared at Roque. He took a step to the side and stared at the sea, calm and unwrinkled, lifting gently and slowly in a trifling rise and fall along the vessel's side. In his breast his heart went thump, thump.

"I see," he said.

Roque stared into his eyes.

"You shall watch them parade," he said.

Cristobal nodded.

"And after, you shall follow."

CHAPTER 31

An Experiment in Psychology

"FACETIOUS person!"

Cristobal spoke the words with infinite coolness, not a tremor on his lips. He knew that Roque meant what he said. Ten minutes now would see the end of the struggle. He felt his palms clammy.

What was to be said must be said without delay. And yet it must come with no semblance of hurry.

He gave a quiet little laugh towards Ricote.

"He must have his jest — but have no fear, Ricote."

The Moor started. "Fear?" he said, with a jerk — "fear — I?"

"Have you no fear?" asked Cristobal.

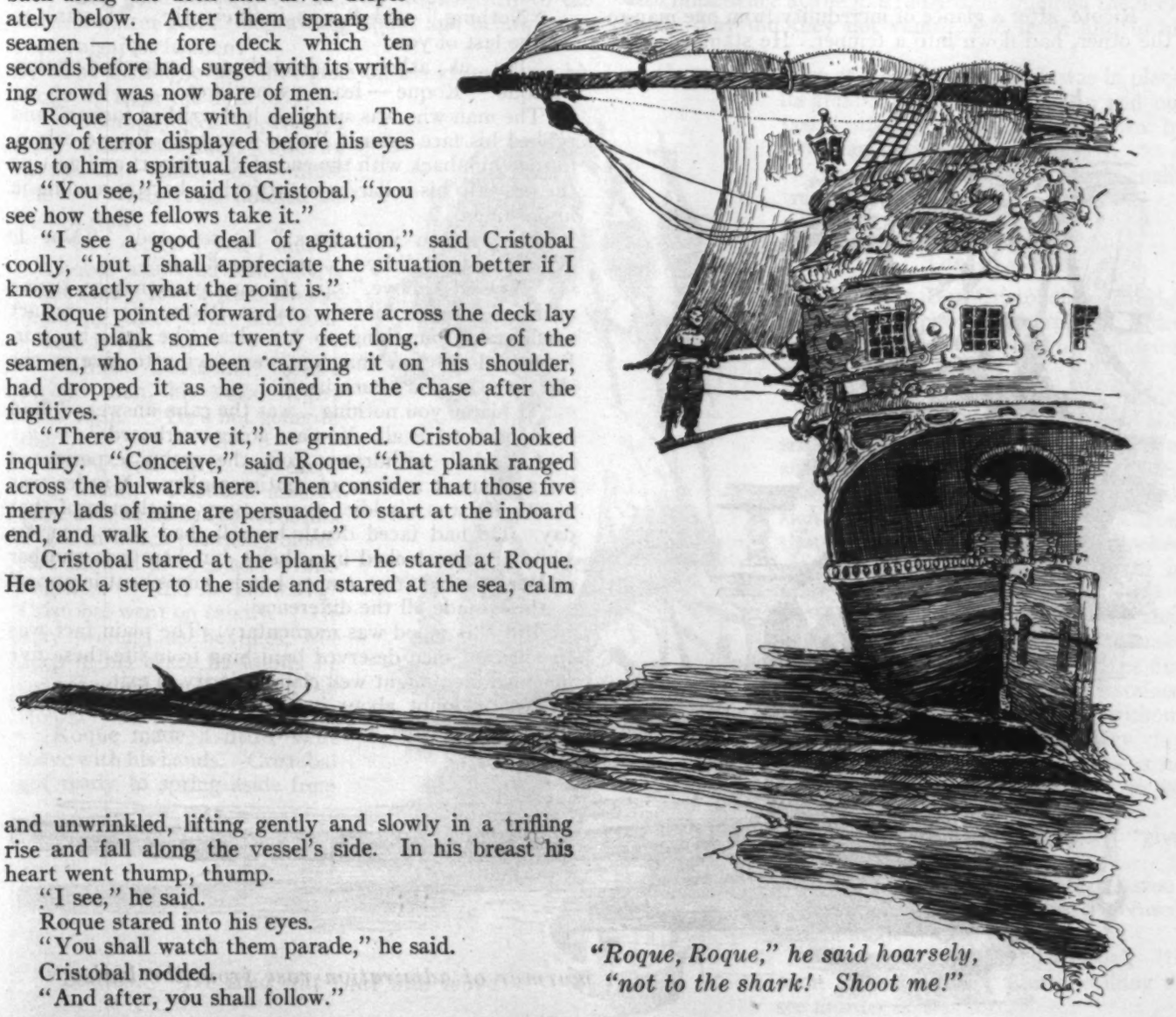
"Why should I fear?" demanded the Moor aggressively.

Cristobal leaning against the bulwark, arms folded, feet crossed, answered him with superb insolence.

"My good Ricote, you have very little brains, and therefore you have no fear — or rather, you *had* no fear. But now, as I speak to you, a cold shiver comes over you. You see me standing here at my ease, and in your heart of hearts you are wondering what it is I have up my sleeve."

The Moor set his teeth.

"For you and your jabber," he said slowly, "I care that much." He snapped his fingers.



"Roque, Roque," he said hoarsely, "not to the shark! Shoot me!"

Cristobal made a sudden swift and imperious movement with his hand downward across the pirate's face.

"That will do!" he blazed.

The Moor jerked his head back. Cristobal laughed. "Enough, my good Ricote, for the present. You have the heart of a hare, and already unpleasant little panics are chasing each other through your breast. I will leave you to stew in your own juice awhile and turn to Roque, a much more interesting —" he paused and chose his word — "blackguard."

Roque leaned back on his crutches and swayed in an abandon of merriment.

"Matchless — matchless in all this broad earth," he got out faintly.

Tears were in his eyes. Recovering, he caught Cristobal's eye on his. He went off again in an explosion of mirth, and one crutch slipping on the deck he came over.

Cristobal caught him in his arms, and steadied him as he drew his crutch up again. Roque was choking, tears streaming down his face. It was impossible to resist the infection. Cristobal roared in his turn. The fit passed. Roque got his crutches under his arms again. Cristobal released him. They recovered control.

Suddenly Roque caught sight of Ricote's face. The Moor, bewildered beyond movement, had stood watching the two, and at this second the expression of his face disclosed his certainty that they were both mad.

Roque touched Cristobal on the arm, pointed at Ricote's face, and subsided limply onto the coil of rope.

Ricote, after a glance of incredulity from one man to the other, had flown into a temper. He stamped away and down the deck, casting glances of fury over his shoulder, and his roar down the open scuttle, where rose the sounds of a bitter struggle, was that of a man in a passion of rage.

In a little space the scene of a few minutes before was repeated. Up from below deck came the same rabble of men, in the same contest, the five Spaniards bound and hurried along, cursing and resisting, while the Moors, exasperated and pitiless, beat them along the deck, the air resounding with mutual execrations and blasphemies.

THE mob whirled aft and halted as it reached the spot where Roque stood. Ricote accompanied. The five unfortunates shouted as they found Roque in front of them.

"Captain!" "Treachery!" "Look here!" They displayed their bonds — then — "He knows!" burst from one of them, and "He has sold us!" came an answering shriek.

Roque said nothing, but stood surveying them in pitiless satisfaction.

One of the poor wretches threw himself to his knees at the brigand's feet.

"Roque — Captain — for God's sake — mercy!"

Roque spat aside.

"Save your breath, Rodrigo. Mercy? When did you know me to deal in mercy?"

A groan went round the group.

"What do you want of us?" said another, his naked ribs heaving hysterically.

"Nothing," said Roque indifferently. "I want to see the last of you."

"Put us ashore," pleaded an anguished voice. "Roque — Roque — leave us our lives."

The man who was speaking had writhed forward and rubbed his face against Roque's crutch. Roque calmly pushed him back with the end of the support and getting the peg into his collar-bone thrust him back sprawling in his lashings.

"Leave you your lives!" he repeated. "Not I! What the devil did you come aboard for?"

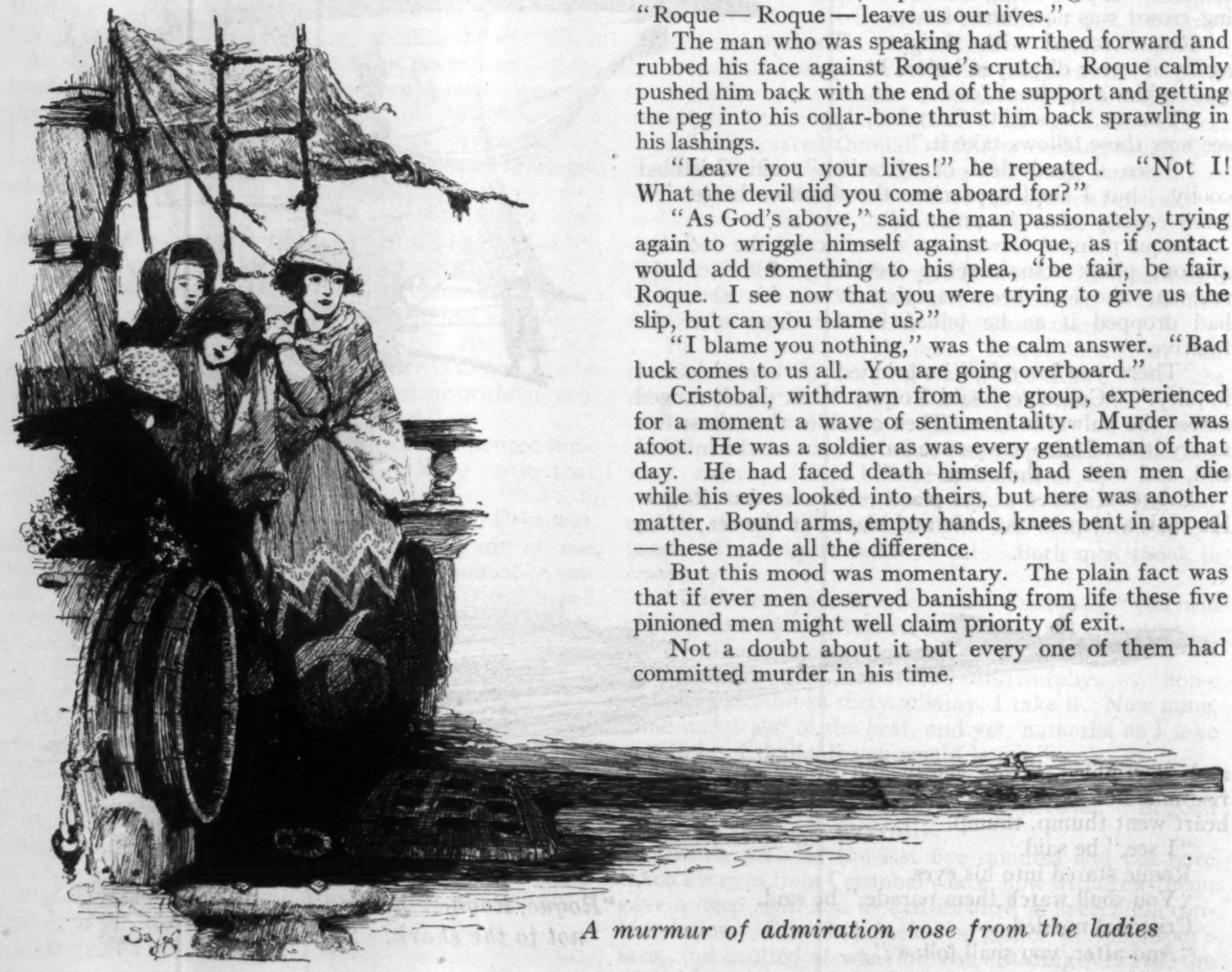
"As God's above," said the man passionately, trying again to wriggle himself against Roque, as if contact would add something to his plea, "be fair, be fair, Roque. I see now that you were trying to give us the slip, but can you blame us?"

"I blame you nothing," was the calm answer. "Bad luck comes to us all. You are going overboard."

Cristobal, withdrawn from the group, experienced for a moment a wave of sentimentality. Murder was afoot. He was a soldier as was every gentleman of that day. He had faced death himself, had seen men die while his eyes looked into theirs, but here was another matter. Bound arms, empty hands, knees bent in appeal — these made all the difference.

But this mood was momentary. The plain fact was that if ever men deserved banishing from life these five pinioned men might well claim priority of exit.

Not a doubt about it but every one of them had committed murder in his time.



A murmur of admiration rose from the ladies

The venture on which they had last been engaged — the abduction of a number of innocent girls who, for gain, were to be devoted to the pleasures of whatever purchaser might bid highest for them—was to Cristobal an offence transcending murder.

No, pity here held no proper place. Death was fairly the portion for these miscreants. He would raise no voice in protest.

And on that Don Cristobal dismissed all consideration of their doom, save as it might impinge upon the business which was fairly his sole consideration — the saving of his own life, the rescue of the women who could look nowhere for help save from him. Coolly he began to revolve in his mind the possibility of turning to advantage the approaching end of this little group of ruffians.

At first he could see no gain to be extracted. Nothing for him but to remain a mere spectator of what was to follow. But his eye lighted on Ricote, and at once Cristobal's wits were astir.

IT was on the Moor that he must eventually rely. His task was to shatter the man's nerve, to make him pliable through fear. To this end might he not utilize the impending death of the five brigands?

Two of the Moors were busy balancing, across the bulwarks close by where he leaned, the plank whose use Roque had explained for him. Cristobal leaned negligently forward and addressed the group stretched on the deck before him, half dead with fear.

"My good fellows, I wish you would learn to die with a better grace — sprawling about and bellowing in the vulgarest fashion!"

The man who had first gone on his knees flung his body up from the deck again.

"Damned jester!" he snarled into Cristobal's face, "but we must die — must die — must die —" His voice thinned off into a wail.

"Of course you must," Cristobal answered him coolly, "but take a lesson from Roque, standing there calm and cool, a hero if you like."

"Hero! Curse him!" said a second man, his voice hoarse with hate. "He's not going to die."

"Oh, yes, he is, my excitable friend," Cristobal assured him. Roque turned towards him a face in which the rising bloodlust showed in eyes and wrinkling lips. "And he knows it," Cristobal went on calmly. "He may pretend as he likes, but deep in his heart he knows he cannot avoid the fate which will shortly engulf him."

Roque made a little, swift move with his hands. Cristobal got ready to spring aside from the sweep of the crutch which he felt might follow. Instead, Roque laughed again. "Matchless!" he said, and moved up towards the plank.

Cristobal stared Ricote full in the face.

"You too, Ricote, listen and take warning. In not so long we shall be at Seville — "

"Algiers," corrected Ricote.

"Seville," repeated Cristobal. "And this Roque of ours will curse himself for not, at this instant, showing the way up that plank and overboard."

Ricote gasped. Roque stood still and stared blankly. On him, as on Ricote, it is possible that some effect of doubt was beginning to work. He turned savagely on Ricote.

"On my soul, Ricote, I believe he's right about you. You're looking queasy. Thousand angels! You're wondering what may be behind all this."

"Not I," said the pirate loudly.

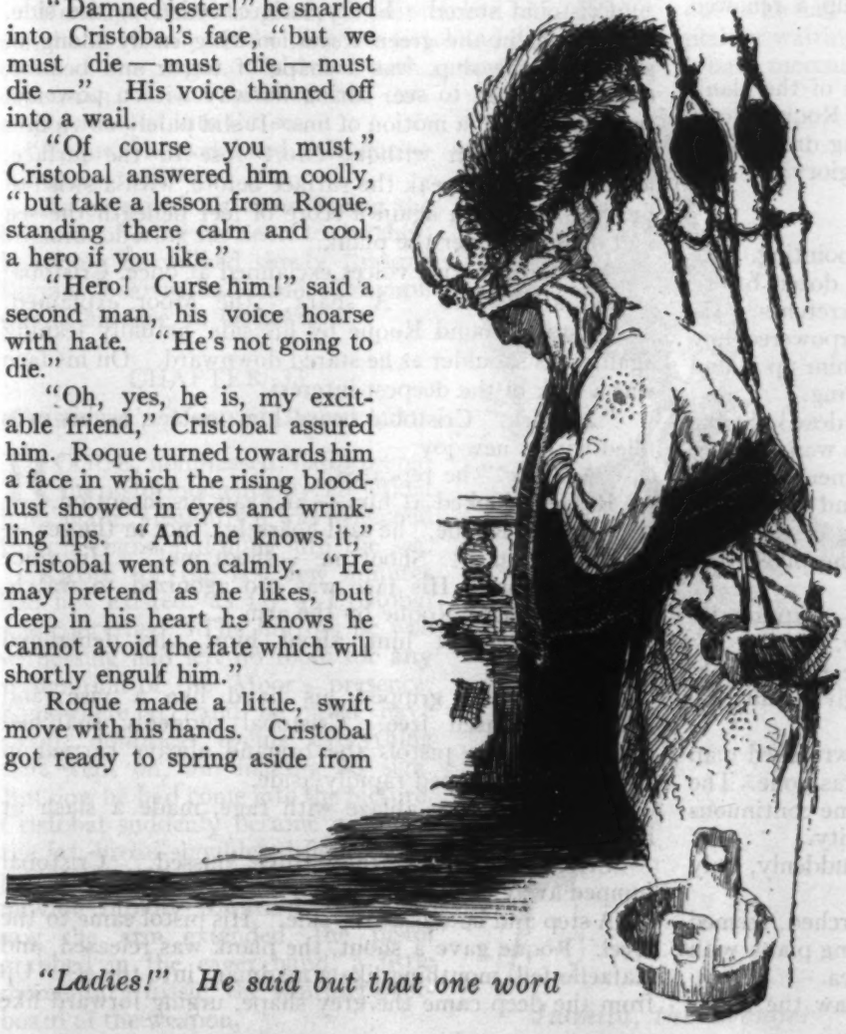
Cristobal laughed. Ricote stepped to him and raised a heavy hand as if to strike him in the face. Cristobal stared at him unblinkingly. The hand dropped, the Moor turned away.

"Victory!" blazed through Cristobal's brain like the blast of a trumpet. From that moment he knew he had the pirate helpless, a tool fashioned to his hand.

He was all impatience to use it. No need for further delay. For good or evil he must make his stroke, his one stroke on which all depended. It was to be a move of the greatest simplicity, delivered with no parade. He looked with impatience at the five ruffians moaning on the deck. Pah! Why did they not vanish, and leave him to his work?

He gave a glance at Roque. The plank was in place, its greater length projecting up and out board, the shorter end held down by two seamen.

The scene was set for the squalid tragedy.



"Ladies!" He said but that one word

CHAPTER 32

The Plank

AND here Don Cristobal de Zaurigi, to his own great surprise, yielded suddenly to sentiment in a most illogical way.

Perhaps it was the blazing purity of color around him — the unspeakable sea, the sky of virgin blue, the blaze of sun that filled the atmosphere with the throbbing of life, and the violent revulsion of the mood thus engendered from that of the coming murder as he looked over the pitiful heap of men lying in tears on the deck.

Whatever its cause, certain it is that all at once he felt it imperative to make some sort of appeal on behalf of the five doomed to die. Their dirty, tear-stained faces, their groans, uttered without shame, their groveling as they lay beneath the jeers of the Moors — as he revolted from the very scene, so he loathed the intention of the minute.

"Roque," he said, impulsively, "give these men their lives."

The brigand stared at him in astonishment and then with an oath refused him bluntly.

"Roque," repeated Cristobal, "I want these five men. I am unwilling to see murder of this sort."

"Unwilling — he unwilling!" said Roque contemptuously. "Hark to that, Ricote."

Cristobal stood by the sprawling figures, extending chained hands in appeal and resistance.

"Roque," he went on, as he saw that in all probability his request would go for nothing, "listen to me. Give me the lives of these five men, and on my honor as a gentleman it shall stand you in good stead when I come to deal with you."

He spoke with deadly earnestness. Roque could but repeat, "Deal with me — deal with me!"

"No jesting," said Cristobal. "Follow me well. I am aware that so far I have not convinced you in the least that I hold you, Ricote here, his men, every soul on this ship, between my thumb and fingers —— !"

"By all that's holy you have not," said Roque.

"But let me tell you, it is so," said Cristobal. "I assure you of it. You too, Ricote. I may have laughed when I told you, but I was never more serious in my life. Understand, I tell you nothing less or more than the truth. Roque, you have made an infernal muddle of things. You have overreached yourself and do what you will you cannot escape from the consequences. Even I cannot promise you life, but take this much from me, that if you will spare your soul the sin of these unholy murders, I will speak for you at the time, not far distant, when you will stand in sore need of a friend. Take my word —— "

"Oh, shut him up!" Roque broke in, glaring at Cristobal, at Ricote, at the miserables at his feet. "This crazy jabber! Stop his mouth, Ricote, if he interferes — and let's get these swine up and over."

Plainly he was implacable. His rage showed in the working of his face. Cristobal relinquished his hopeless task. The assembly of the damned set up a renewed howling.

AT a sign from Roque the inboard end of the plank was depressed to the deck's level. Roque stood close by, eager to miss no jot of the coming drama.

"Now then, who's first up the road to glory?"

They clutched each other.

"All shy," commented Ricote.

"Take that one," commanded Roque, pointing.

His gesture needed no translation. A dozen brown hands grabbed at one of the shrieking wretches. He fought them with fists and feet. They overpowered him and, placing his feet on the plank, forced him up it and beyond the bulwarks. He hung back, raving.

"Curse you — curse you! Strike him dead! Strike him with thunder! Save me!" He gave a wail that set Cristobal's teeth on edge. Two of the seamen produced pikes, and, laughing, thrust him further and further up the plank. He writhed, bleeding, balancing desperately, and seeking with bound hands to grasp the pikes, and all the time pouring out his pleas.

"Mercy! Mercy! No — no — I can't. Captain, let me live — a day — an hour! Let me pray."

"Help him along," was all the notice Roque took. "Prick him up the plank — go on — give him the point ——"

Already the plank was bending as the wretched man went inch by inch further out. All hope was gone. The poor devil opened his mouth and emitted one continuous shriek, appalling in its high pitched intensity.

They let their end of the plank rise suddenly, only preventing it from slipping overboard.

The shrieking man at the other end lurched, seemed to make a feeble attempt to grasp the reeling plank with his feet — the next second he was in the sea.

Cristobal leant over, fascinated. He saw the man's face and shoulders emerge from the still surface, watched for some seconds the working of his shoulders as he writhed desperately in the lashings that bound his arms by his sides. Then slowly, as if grasped by the feet, he sank down, down into the calm water; his agonized face showed, slowly dimming and darkening, as he stared upwards to the sky that was leaving him ——

"One!" came the exulting voice of Roque. "Now, who's next?"

A fuller horror came with the fifth and last murder. His name was Rafaello. He slipped about like an eel. It took as many hands to hold him, bound as he was, as could find a grip. His face was deadly white, and, as he poured out a torrent of entreaties, foam came from his lips. He, like the others, made use of every possible appeal that might stir Roque to pity.

"Roque," he pleaded at a frantic pace, "I saved your life once. You remember, at Valencia, when you were struck down — I ran back and saved you!"

Roque nodded coolly. "I remember. The more fool you. Show more discretion in the place you are bound for." He laughed as they placed the man's struggling feet on the plank.

SUDDENLY the man broke into a scream surpassing in intensity anything that had escaped from the earlier victims. His eyes glared like a madman's as he stared downwards, and such a frenzy possessed him that, thrusting himself backwards against the pushing of the pikes, though his thighs were streaming with blood, he actually regained the bulwarks, and was stayed there by a dozen hands.

"Look — look!" His shriek was appalling. "What's that in the sea?"

Cristobal stared. Every man crowded to the side. Beneath, in the green water, moving easily along in pace with the ship, was a shape of terror and beauty, clean cut, plain to see, oaring its way with a powerful swing of its tail, a motion of fins. It slid palely down into the depths, then without effort rose to the surface, letting its snout break the surface before, with a swish of fins, it bore down again a score of feet beneath the sea and directly under the plank.

A dozen Moorish voices exclaimed at once. Cristobal looked at Ricote. "A shark," the Moor explained.

Cristobal found Roque by his side, actually leaning against his shoulder as he stared downward. On his face was a look of the deepest interest.

"A shark," Cristobal heard him mutter, as his eyes filled with a new joy.

"A shark!" he repeated.

Rafaello looked at him — and saw his intention.

"Roque, Roque," he said hoarsely, "not in the sea — not to the shark! Shoot me — shoot me!" His voice broke horribly. His face was too agonized to watch. Cristobal caught Roque by the arm.

"Roque, shoot him, shoot him!" he demanded fiercely.

The brigand gripped his hand like a vise and wrenched himself free. Cristobal suddenly snatched one of the two pistols the brigand always carried in his belt, and stepped rapidly aside.

Roque, his face ablaze with rage, made a slash at him with his left crutch.

Cristobal dodged, the stroke missed. Cristobal jumped away.

A step and he was at the side. His pistol came to the level. Roque gave a shout, the plank was released, and Rafaello fell, mouthing like a madman, into the sea. Up from the deep came the grey shape, urging forward like

an arrow, twisting over as it rose. The surface boiled, Rafaello uttered a cry as of the damned ——

Cristobal pulled the trigger. Even as the wide jaws closed on their victim he saw the blood spurt from the doomed man's forehead, and knew that he had dealt the brigand one last mercy.

He heard a scramble of naked feet about him. The seamen were slipping away from him on all sides. Roque, a dozen paces away with a face scarcely human, was drawing his second pistol from his sash.

The heart of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi gave a horrid leap, a miss, then beat in a rapid patter.

Here was death.

A sickening sense of defeat possessed him.

Fool — he had thrown everything away in an outburst of useless pity. Here was death, and dying he left in ruin all he had planned.

In silly sentimentality on behalf of a wretch sunk beneath all claim on human mercy he had flung away his life. And with his life went all hope of succor for the helpless women below deck, who had first claim on the best that heart and brain and body might compass on their behalf.

Laura — he had promised her rescue and now had shattered her last hope.

And at that same instant he saw that he had done nothing of the kind. He might die a thousand times, but for the prisoners below there was no need of him. They were saved already. Only an illusory sense of his own self-importance had made his continued existence seem necessary. Fate could dispense with him. His period of usefulness was over. At that surprising discovery he burst into a fit of laughter.

Hysterics had him, no doubt.

He laughed and laughed, till pain racked him. Roque stood and stared, still holding the pistol and delaying the crook of the finger. Cristobal with a sense of glorious expansion of soul pitched his own empty weapon into the sea.

"Roque," he exclaimed. "Roque — ah, poor fool!"

He extended his arms, facing the brigand, offering his heart to the shot. Laughing he walked slowly towards Roque. Fear he had none. Triumph was in his face, in his heart.

CHAPTER 33

Cristobal's Moment Impeccable

ROQUE, nonplussed, had lowered the pistol momentarily. He jerked it up again. Instantly it was wrenched from his hand and flung into the sea.

Ricote for the last few minutes had not existed, as far as Cristobal was concerned. The horrors he was witnessing had left no room for any recognition of the Moor's presence. Somewhere at hand he must have stood, doubtless eyeing everything that went on, but making no sign. But now he had come into the picture. Cristobal suddenly became aware of the fat, broad-shouldered figure, with the dark face, the immense beard, moving rapidly toward Roque. He saw the arm extended, the pistol grabbed in the eager hand, a little momentary tussle, the whirling overboard of the weapon.

Juanita, the avenger

Roque turned on Ricote. The Moor grasped his arm and steadied him. He was making an attempt to raise his remaining crutch. Ricote held him firmly and at the same time deprecatingly. Roque, having only his crutch, was almost helpless. He poured out curse on curse.

He stood at length mastered, panting, but silent, in his eye the sickened glare of a demon who has struck at a soul and missed.

Ricote released him. Cristobal stood without movement. Inwardly he told himself that this was what must have happened. To some such end as this he had devoted himself to bending the Moor. This last half hour not a laugh, not a syllable, not a pose, not a glance, but had been directed toward breaking the man's courage and bringing him to heel, a renegade, craven and subservient.

Fear had him — his action meant nothing less.

Roque sat down, still breathing deeply, Ricote standing beside him.

"Why?" Roque asked at length, with an oath.

"Because," answered Ricote, "I must know what will happen."

"Happen!" said Roque in contempt. "You fool, what can happen?"

"Who knows?" said Ricote. "You may sneer — but I say there is something behind all the talk, and I must know what it is." Roque laughed in bitter scorn. "Oh, laugh! But I will know."

"Ask him, then," jeered Roque. "If you want to frighten yourself he'll help you, never a doubt."

"*Señor*," said Ricote, addressing Cristobal, "I am willing to listen to anything you have to say."

Cristobal glowed; his eyes sparkled. All was working out as he had hoped. Roque was mastered. Ricote was plainly waiting to give himself away for nothing. Cristobal's mercurial soul seemed to bubble up gloriously.

"I am obliged to your good sense, Ricote," said Cristobal. "You have been a very long time coming round, but since you have seen your best course at last, let me enlighten you, as you ask. And you, Roque, my poor Roque, you must listen too while I unfold to you the facts of the particularly stupid muddle you have made of your chances." Ricote continued to stare. Roque, with his chin in his left hand, kept a dark eye fixed with the stare of a wolf on Cristobal's face.

"Let me begin by saying that as you gentlemen — as all Christendom — are aware, the war between His Majesty the King of the Spains, and His Excellency the Dey of Algiers, has now been waged for close on thirty years. Both sides, to be frank, are pretty tired of it."

"Nyeh — nyeh — nyeh!" interrupted Roque, maddened apparently by the easy flow of Cristobal's speech. Offended, Cristobal looked at him. Ricote nervously lifted a deprecating hand.

"You are probably not aware, Roque, that from Doctor Sangrado I received certain papers."

"Blast you — and Sangrado — and the papers!" came from Roque with earnest conviction.

"I have examined them. Their

owner, whom you assassinated on his journey, appears to have been a secret messenger from the Dey to some one in the employ of Don Vincente, the military governor of the southern provinces of Spain, and in charge of the conduct of the war. His papers reveal that the Dey of Algiers is in a state of frantic anxiety to make peace at any price. Algiers is sick of the war, and asks Spain to name her terms."

Roque said something unquotable. Ricote continued to regard Cristobal. It was apparent from the Moor's blank face that he was accepting as true all that Cristobal was telling him. So, doubtless, was Roque. But in the Moor's countenance could be read a sense that the full implication of the facts Cristobal was stating was about to come. Ricote would not have missed a syllable.

"And it is at this precise moment," Cristobal went on quietly, leaning forward a little, "when, as I say, the Dey of Algiers is prepared to go to any length to placate the King of Spain, that you two poor" — he paused — "lunatics" — he let them both get the full taste of the word — "choose to plunge into the idiotic scheme on which I started you. You, Ricote, make a landing by night on Spanish soil. With the aid of this other bright specimen, you obtain entry to a Spanish nunnery. You insult, assault, and terrify the holy women resident there. You seize in brutal fashion on the persons of some of the daughters of the noblest and most aristocratic houses in Spain. You hale them, in bonds, on to this filthy tub." He paused. Ricote's lower jaw had slowly dropped. Roque's face had assumed something of the startled intentness of Ricote's. "And having accomplished this brilliant bit of damnation for you both," continued Cristobal, "you set sail for Algiers, apparently under the impression that as soon as you arrive you will be received with banners and trumpets."

He stopped and looked at the two. Roque made no move. Ricote drew in a deep breath. He raised his face to the skies and two words escaped from him in one groan:

"O Allah!"

Cristobal grinned.

"'O Allah!' You are right! It is indeed 'O Allah!' I do not see the streets of Algiers lined by an enthusiastic populace. No. I do not see the Dey standing to receive you, surrounded by his principal officers on the steps of his palace. I do not see you seated on cushions at his right hand, at the grand feast in your honor — which he most undoubtedly will not give." He turned to the motionless Roque.

"He does not, O Roque, press the daintiest morsels to your lips with his own royal fingers. If you, on your part, Ricote, entertained the idea ——"

"I do not!" Ricote broke in feverishly. "Allah bear me witness, I entertain no ideas at all."

"—— the idea," continued Cristobal, "that he will remove the priceless diamond from his own jewel-incrusted turban and place it in yours — if you have ever dreamed that dream ——"

"Stop him! The fiend!" burst out Roque. "Perdition take him — him and you too, Ricote."

ROQUE was on his feet, was moving forward in a crippled shuffle.

Cristobal drew back. "Keep him in order, Ricote," he said authoritatively.

Ricote seized the brigand. Roque struck the flat of his hand in the pirate's face. Both men came down on the deck, Roque using feet and teeth like a wolf in a net.

Ricote was bleeding from several wounds on his face.

There came a rush of seamen, a disorderly scramble. Ropes were brought. A second or two of useless resistance and Roque lay panting, bound hand and foot.

The seamen backed away. Ricote was on his knees. He touched the deck with his turban.

"*Señor, señor* — in the name of Allah, mercy! I repent. I abase myself." His pleading went on in a torrent. He assured Cristobal that he recognized himself to be three times the son of a one-eyed mule. Even Cristobal felt that the acknowledgment lacked nothing in completeness. He begged to be spared — to be used — to be commanded. He implored an order: "Deign, deign a command!"

Through the breast of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi there passed a glow of complete satisfaction. If till this moment he had experienced a sense of legitimate grievance, surely he might now allow himself to be appeased.

Fortune had indeed treated him handsomely at the finish.

Roque, securely lashed, foamed at the mouth in impotent fury; Ricote was on his knees as before a deity; the seamen, uncomprehending but awe-struck, bent the knee, some of them, like their skipper, with turbans touching the deck. Cristobal, alone erect and commanding in the wide circle beneath the almost perpendicular sun, was the very center of authority.

Beyond doubt, if he chose to wave his hand at the ocean, it would respectfully retire to the horizon.

O moment impeccable!

CHAPTER 34

Triumph

AND for once the triumph persisted. No sudden and unexpected counter-stroke came from the hand of fate to bring Cristobal down in defeat from the pinnacle on which he had taken his stand.

Roque continued to grunt as he lay; Ricote's forehead still touched the deck; all the Moorish seamen had by now followed their captain's example in this respect.

Cristobal may be excused if momentarily he felt inclined to give way to a natural outburst of self-admiration. But he refrained. He put bonds upon himself. There dawned upon him the realization of the fact that he had this time accomplished a fine stroke of business — and the genuine value of the work somehow suppressed the trivialities of undue conceit.

It became easy, indeed, to adopt an attitude of more genuine dignity.

"I consent to be placated," he remarked.

Ricote patted the deck thrice in ecstatic recognition of the condescension vouchsafed him.

Ricote allowed himself to give an upward look into Cristobal's face. "From this moment, who commands this ship?"

Ricote raised himself on his knees. So did all the seamen.

"*Señor*, the ship is yours. I am yours. We are yours." He flung his arms wide. "Everything is yours!"

Cristobal glanced down at himself. His dress was, it must be admitted, a shabby affair. Since he had flitted from Santa Ildefonso he had had poor opportunity of considering so much as a change of linen.

"First," he delivered, "let me assume an equipment more suitable to my new post as captain. Attend me to your cabin — which from this time will be my cabin. In the meantime, give instructions for freeing the prisoners, and let them be conducted here."

Ricote got to his feet.

"It shall be done, my lord." He turned to his men and spoke energetically and volubly in Moorish. On their knees, they listened attentively. At the termination

of the order they rose as one man and vanished down the nearest hatch.

"Where is my cabin?" demanded Cristobal.

"If your lordship will allow me to conduct you ——"

Ricote scurried before him. The Moor acted as valet: he brought water, he produced towels. Cristobal, stripping off his clothes, accepted his ministrations with imperturbability. He managed a complete ablution, combed his hair — and then came the question of dressing himself.

The clothes he had been wearing were impossible. Don Cristobal decided at once that the high office he was now assuming should suffer no loss of dignity by unworthy clothing.

He looked at Ricote.

The Moor, no bad figure of a man, was dressed in the habiliments of his race — baggy breeches, showing bare ankles and slippered feet, a loose white shirt, an overjacket, a sash bristling with knives and pistols, a turban. Cristobal, his eye familiarized to the dress, had regarded it as no more than the garb of a hated and despised race. Looking at it now, it suddenly struck him as admirably suited to hot weather; and vaguely the word "picturesque" came to him as applicable.

"Ricote," he said, "have you any spare clothes?"

"My lord," said the Moor, all anxiety to please, "I have clothes of my own at hand."

"Produce them," said Cristobal, majestic in his nudity.

Forward below deck, Escotillo de Zaurigi, lying alone in his stifling hutch, hungry, thirsty, sick, bruised, hopeless, had been roused from something like torpor by a sudden hurry of feet, the drawing of bolts. Light broke in and dazzled him, hands were thrust at him and drew him out. Many voices, whose nervousness was unnoticed by him because of his own nervousness, explained things to him in hurried Moorish and with much gesticulation.

He understood no Moorish. He understood nothing. Terror seized him. He could hardly stand up. He almost fainted — he was falling. A dozen pairs of hands caught him, lifted him; he was manoeuvred up the ladder on to the deck and carried aft, set on his feet, and released. He looked round him at the brown faces, the black beards. Where was Cristobal? Where was Roque? Where were Ricote, and the women? His agitation unmanned him.

He dropped to his knees and held his hands out to the nearest of the seamen.

A dark face leaned over him. Guttural sounds, threatening, terrifying, malicious, poured from a mouth whose two rows of white teeth seemed to mimic the act of biting him.

As a matter of fact, what was said to him was, with the greatest respect: "Sir, you are no longer our prisoner."

Escotillo shuddered at what he felt sure was a blood-thirsty threat.

"There has been a great change," said another voice behind him. "We are truly your friends and servants."

The assurance was in Moorish. It seemed like the voice of dreadful doom to Escotillo. He clutched at the trousers of the seaman before him.

"I implore," he began — "in the name of Allah — in the name of hunger, thirst, and all misery ——"

AND thus Laura de la Llana found him.

To Laura and to her fellow captives deliverance had come, and with the same inrush of dread. The door of their den had been opened; they had been conducted on deck.

Weak, ill, afraid, they pressed together under the eyes of the men they dreaded. To them, too, explanations they did not comprehend were offered. They were blinded by the dazzle of the day, giddy with the rising motion of the ship. They heard no friendly voice; their eyes, gradually becoming accustomed to the sunlight, saw no face from which they might gather comfort. About them moved these sinister-faced seamen, making gesticulations, uttering disjointed words, in a vain endeavor to set them at ease.

It was for Laura de la Llana to recover something of her usual fine spirit and to inspire the others with confidence.

Examining the eyes, the attitudes of the seamen, she read something of their minds. In the extended hands, the stooping shoulders, she detected a new respect. She spoke a few hurried words to her companions. They began to recover self-control, to look around them with less of hopelessness. They caught sight of a group farther aft. Laura, followed by the others, began to run.

Escotillo heard the rush of shod feet, looked round. He rose from his knees. The deadly whiteness of his face rectified itself rapidly.

"What is happening?" demanded Laura. The other girls crowded round.

"I am ignorant," replied Escotillo. "I have been lying for some days, I suppose, in unspeakable misery. Just now I was brought out, my hands and feet were unbound — I feared the worst."

"These men have just released us, civilly enough," said Laura. "Where——" She glanced round and stopped. She thought rapidly. "This is the doing of your cousin, the gentleman whose courage sustained us in the haunt of the thieves. Where is he, I wonder?"

But here was another figure, that of Ricote, emerging from the gloom below on to the deck. He was a changed Ricote. Nothing remained of his old insolent survey from proprietorial eyes. He walked delicately, carrying a rolled-up parchment in his hands.

They all made for him.

"Tell us," demanded Laura, "what is happening?"

Ricote answered them discreetly and respectfully.

"Praise be to Allah," he said, "who has opened my eyes. I repent of my behavior, and am promised something of forgiveness by the new commander of the ship."

She left it there, stepped a pace away

Before Laura could get out the question that hung on her lips, he had given her the assurance she hoped for.

"He will speak with you directly." He nodded knowingly. "If your Excellencies" — he looked round at the crowding throng of girls, all listening open-mouthed — "will be so good as to withdraw a little to one side ——"

Ricote stepped to the open hatch and stooped down.

"My lord," they heard him say, "all is ready."

A second or two, and then a fine plume was seen emerging. It was attached to a turban of no small dimensions. Beneath this appeared the face of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi, grave and lofty in expression.

He walked slowly, as became royalty, up the steps. A murmur of admiration rose from the ladies.

His eye, that of a man in the exercise of accustomed and unlimited authority, regarded the group as a whole. His foot was on the deck. He advanced majestically toward the table. Those who had taken up their position near it removed respectfully a little farther off.

A trifle taller than Ricote, Cristobal had nevertheless donned a selection from the Moor's wardrobe with distinct success. Ricote, it must be remembered, was a thriving pirate.

His ample breeches were of green silk, embroidered with thread of gold in a design of brilliant interlacing colors. He wore a spotless shirt of snowy linen, its neck well open, its spacious sleeves descending loosely to his elbows. A sash of magnificent crimson girt his waist, in which were stuck three damascened-steel pistols and — with admirable impartiality — three scabbardless knives whose handles were inlaid with gold. A slight jacket of blue silk hung picturesquely from one shoulder. His legs were bare. His feet were incased in green slippers, surprisingly jeweled. At every slow and dignified step brilliant flashes of light twinkled from Cristobal's feet.

His turban was as white as his shirt. It was adorned by a plume of feathers at the left side, of green, orange, white and blue, fastened in place with a clasp of gold in which clustered a diamond, an emerald, and a ruby. Round his neck were several chains of pearls, and on his bare lower arm were a number of bracelets, some of plain gold, others set with jewels. At his side hung a scimitar, its scabbard and its hilt alike adorned with patterns in gold, pearls, and rubies.

Don Cristobal uttered two words:

"The chart!"

With haste, shoulders submissively bent, Ricote spread on the table before him the parchment he had hitherto carried in a roll in his left hand.

"Where are we?"

"Here, good my lord." With one finger-tip Ricote indicated the spot. Cristobal knew nothing of charts. He looked, but he comprehended nothing. His glance, nevertheless, was that of a man who comprehended everything.

"Where's Algiers?"

Again Ricote with finger and voice answered the question.

"Here, illustrious."

"And where's Seville?"

A rustle, then again, "Here, O Sublimity."

"I see."

Cristobal surveyed the map profoundly, and then, lifting his head, scrutinized the sea-circle of which the ship was the center. "There's Algiers"—he pointed forward; "here are we, and Seville is — behind us?" Ricote bowed. Cristobal proceeded:

"Attend me closely. Take the ship by the nose, pull its head round this way," — his hands, each with its thumb and first finger nipping an imaginary ship by prow and stern, illustrating his meaning, — "and lead its tail round this way. By this means do we reach Seville?"

"Seville, my lord — does your Excellency desire to sail to Seville?"

"No less," said Cristobal, coldly autocratic.

"It shall be done then, illustrious, with a slight variation at times of your lordship's august direction."

"Good. I wish first to greet my compatriots. Where is Roque? Ha! — fetch him here."

A sign, no more, and a horde of zealous heathens flung themselves on the trussed-up brigand and dragged him down the deck to where the commander stood.

Roque spat a curse up at him.

Ricote intervened: "Silence, dog!" and gave his old comrade a hearty kick in his ribs.

Roque gasped. A sharp little grating sound made itself heard. Roque was grinding his teeth.

Cristobal felt a great inward satisfaction. His face, however, was as composed as the dignity of his situation demanded.

He turned to the ladies.

He made a magnificent bow, his breeches, his sash, his plumed turban, his knives and pistols, his ornamental-handled scimitar all lending romantic interest to his figure.

"Ladies!"

He said but that one word.

(To himself he breathed: "In my life I have been vouchsafed many fine moments — but this!")

CHAPTER 35

Don Corbino

IN Seville, in the Calle del Torre d'Oro, stood the house of Don Vincente del Monteserrate. This gentleman was a gentleman of the bluest blood, the most punctilious honor, and the most negligible intelligence.

He was military governor of the southern Spanish provinces. His knowledge as a soldier was limited.

He was also admiral of the Spanish Mediterranean Fleet. His knowledge as a sailor was non-existent.

He had held his two posts, the first for forty-five, the second for thirty-two years; had drawn his salary with punctuality; and had retained, till this last six months or so, the complete confidence of his Spanish Majesty.

Lately, however, he had had grounds for uneasiness.

This estimable gentleman was, in fact, a complete duffer, and was now living in melancholy anticipation of being found out.

The whole of his business had always been transacted for him by subordinates who feathered their nests. For the last six years his strings had been manipulated by Don Corbino, a man more audacious, more rapacious, more omnipresent, and more unquestioned in authority than any of his predecessors.

A brute, a bully, a man of temper so unbridled that he dared vent his resentments — easily roused — on men of the highest dignity, feared and hated, Corbino had, nevertheless, an extraordinary power of inspiring in his slaves and dependents a fidelity that decent men might well envy.

One day this man entered his office rather later than was his custom. In the ante-room he answered, casually and insolently, the greetings of a number of gentlemen who had been cooling their heels for some hours in the hope of getting a word with him. To address Don Vincente himself was almost impossible. To attempt to carry through any project over the head of Corbino was

(*Continued on page* 114)

An Architect, a Painter and a Sculptress joined in designing this exquisite lamp

(For the Decorative Arts League)

THE lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting, became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

Compare Fifth Avenue Prices

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora", if found, would cost you from $15 to $20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but **$3.50—Think of it!** Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a Corresponding Membership in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as Artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

$3.50—think of it!

This is the lamp the League sends on money-back approval—a Value that only the Decorative Arts League, with its large membership and unique facilities, could produce.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10¾ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid "Medallium," shaft of seamless brass, all finished in rich statuary Bronze; brass-bound "parchment" shade of a neutral Brown tone; or in Ivory White with Golden Yellow shade. Inner reflecting surface of Old Rose. Shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of lamp cord; 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon then pay the postman **$3.50** plus the amount of parcel post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all as we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to *Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.* - - - or just write: "Send me Aurora lamp on your offer in McClure's Magazine, November, to which I agree." (Bronze will be sent unless Ivory is requested.)

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman **$3.50** plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

State finish desired, (Ivory or Bronze.)

You may enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations. (BJ)

Signed.....

Address.....

City State

Does this smoker know what he's talking about?

He says the best pipe of the day is the first one

A smoker from Zanesville, Ohio, who prefers to conceal his identity under the initials "A.K.K.," insists that the after-breakfast pipe is far and away the best pipe of the day.

"Of course," writes A.K.K., "it depends somewhat on the breakfast. I couldn't get much joy out of a pipe after getting up from burnt oatmeal, bad coffee, and soggy toast. But after one of the breakfasts my wife can turn out, that's different!

"Then when I step out on the porch and light up the old pipe, I very nearly approach the pinnacle of my day. As I figure it, one puff after breakfast is worth a dozen puffs after dinner.

"Somehow the tobacco has a flavor early in the morning that it never quite approaches later in the day.

"It may be that a cool pipe draws better. I don't know. It may be the tobacco or the pipe, or just me. I only know that I like the first pipe of the day the best."

At this point it seems only fair to admit that A.K.K. is an Edgeworth smoker. Has been for the last ten years and expects to be for the rest of his life.

Edgeworth may or may not be the right kind of tobacco for you. At least we want to give you the opportunity of finding out just what you do think about it.

Just jot your name and address down on a postal and we will send you immediately free samples, both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually purchase your tobacco supplies, we will appreciate the favor.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 33 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Some Comments on the New McClure's

In the Danville, Virginia, *Register* there is a fellow who runs a "Scoop Colyum." Recently there appeared the following:

"Last night, after putting the children to bed and turning out the cat and winding up the clock and locking the back gate, we sat down under the evening lamp with friend jummy pipe and proceeded to read 'The Greatest Secret Service Story of the War' in McClure's Magazine.

"When we strike something out of the ordinary run of latter-day romance and fiction, we like to pass the good news along. This story is based on facts which are vouched for by the editor himself, and is a real thriller. It tells of two American officers assigned to the Intelligence Department of General Pershing's staff, who made their way into Germany in an enemy submarine and interviewed von Hindenburg himself; the risks they ran and the dangers encountered; the valuable information secured and brought back through No Man's Land, which greatly aided the Allied commanders in carrying through the closing chapters of the great war to glorious victory.

"This is the greatest story of the war that we have read. It contains a thousand thrills that will quicken the pulse-beat and make the heart swell with pride. Talk about your 100 per cent stuph! Here it is. Take it from me."

* * *

T. W. Schoen, Manager of the Sunbrier Farms of Laurel, Mississippi, writes to the Financial Editor of McClure's for some financial advice, and closes his letter as follows:

"The writer travels all over the States in the interest of fine poultry for exhibition. It might therefore interest you to hear that the financial department of McClure's has often been mentioned in Pullman smokers, and that, as a result of favorable comment, the writer buys your magazine every time for the sake of this department."

* * *

Mr. F. L. Battle writes from Los Angeles, California, that, in his judgment, McClure's is once more in the front rank of American magazines.

* * *

Dorothy Steele writes to Mr. McClure from San Francisco. She says that McClure's is a delight from cover to cover, including the cover. She lays stress upon the poems by Anita Fitch. She also comments most favorably upon the Henry Ford story. She says, "So long as you have such great and gentle souls to contribute to your columns the magazine will be sought and read far and wide."

* * *

Dear Colonel McClure:

I have been reading your Irish articles, and they confirm me in my first impressions. As a whole they contain a body of extremely valuable material on the Irish problem. This material is difficult to collect and is often inaccessible to American students. If I were once more lecturing on Irish affairs I would require my undergraduates and my graduate students as well to read your articles.

You have really produced a source book for recent Irish history and I hope the articles will be combined in a single volume. Its value will increase as time goes on, for the selection you have made is admirable.

Your editorial comment is so easily done and so readable that each article slips by as though it were half its actual length. As a student of recent history, I want to thank you for the entire series.

Yours sincerely,

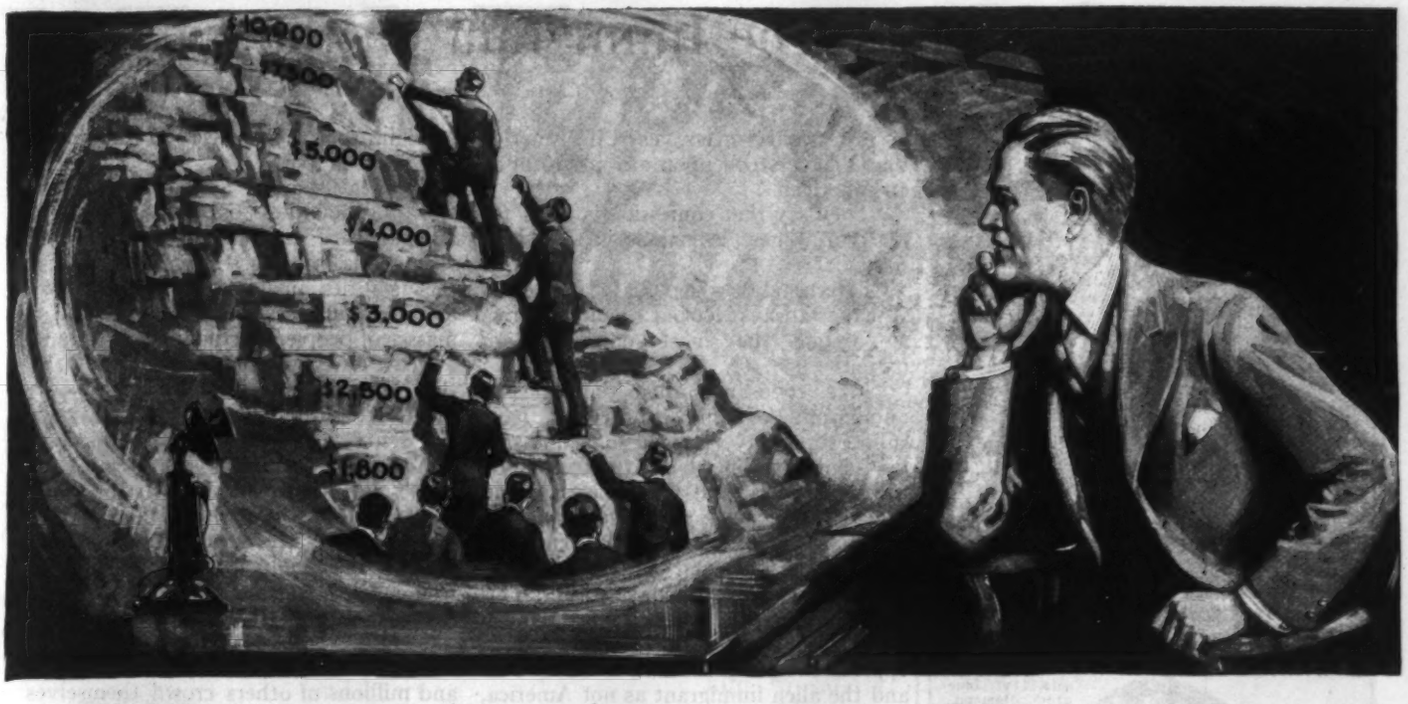
Alfred L. P. Dennis.

A Splendid Gift for Christmas

McCLURE'S as a Christmas gift will please your friends. It will be remembered and appreciated long after the holiday spirit has passed, and every month will remind them of your interest in them.

Its entertaining stories and articles reflect the life of America, and throughout the country *McCLURE'S* is recognized as *the magazine for thoughtful Americans.*

McCLURE'S is not a carrier for sensationalism. It is sound in its opinions, clean in its fiction, and constructive in its ideals. Above all, it is interesting with the breadth of interest that it has achieved in American magazine history. More than thirty years ago *McCLURE'S* blazed the way for the modern magazine. It is the best magazine in the field and carries the widest appeal. You enjoy *McCLURE'S.* Your friends will be grateful if you introduce them to *McCLURE'S* as their Christmas gift from you.



Are You Climbing To Bigger Pay?

—Or Are You Watching Others Climb?

Any number of routine men at the *foot* of the ascent—and all of them wondering how they can get up higher!

Out of the crowd, now and then, a man makes a start—he begins to climb.

"A mighty stiff grade"—that's the way the first big step appears to the man who is standing still. He has no confidence.

"Mighty good sport"—that's the way the event strikes the man who is *climbing*. The thing that perplexes *him* is why in the world he didn't get into action *sooner*.

The power that carries him up the grade to a bigger job? —Confidence in his own ability.

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* * * *

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James C Pitton, of Tacoma, Washington, writes:

> "I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of $10,000 and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

When Charles S. Jones took up home-study training in Higher Accountancy under the LaSalle Problem Method, he was earning only $100 a month. Three years later, on the letterhead of Henry & Jones, Certified Accountants, El Paso, Texas, he writes:

> "My income is a trifle in excess of $8,000 and I am just beginning to grow. I have recently enrolled for your full Law course and expect to complete my business education with LaSalle."

During only three months' time as many as 1089 LaSalle members wrote to the University telling of the raises they had received as a result of home-study training under the Problem Method. The majority of these men had not yet completed their courses, *yet the average increase per man was 56 per cent.*

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* * * *

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Break away from the men who are holding you back—the men who would make you think that "you haven't a chance." Find out today what YOU must do to command big money.

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The Immigrant on the Land

(*Continued from page* 21)

in my twenty-seven years in America that I have stood upon any platform as an American.

"They say that confession is good for the soul. I mean to make confession here to-night.

"I have always repudiated America. I have always looked upon America as among the most oppressive of nations. . . .

"Like thousands upon thousands of immigrants to this country, I have suffered poverty, hunger, nakedness; I have borne the burdens attendant upon too much work and too little pay, and I have seen like burdens weighting the shoulders and breaking the backs of most of the men and women and boys and girls in my workaday world. This I conceived to be America. But I have come to recognize the monster which oppresses equally the American citizen and the alien immigrant as not America, but capitalism, peculiar to no country, eating at the heart of each — citizen sinister of the world."

And in an article entitled "The Immigrant Speaks," in *Good Housekeeping* for June, 1920, Anzia Yexierska, a brilliant writer, says:

"Had I not come to join hands with all those thousands of dreamers who had gone before me in search of the Golden Land? As I rushed forward with hungry eagerness to meet the expected welcoming, the very earth danced under my feet. All that I was, all that I had, I held out in my bare hands to America, the beloved, the prayed-for land.

"But no hand was held out to meet mine. My eyes burned with longing — seeking, seeking for a comprehending glance. Where are the dreamers? cried my heart. My hands dropped down, my gifts unwanted.

"Yes, I make demands — not in arrogance, but in all humility. I demand — driven by my desire to give. I want to give not only that which I am, but that which I might be if I only had the chance. I want to give to America, not the immigrant you see before you — starved, stunted, resentful, on the verge of hysteria from repression."

WHEN one reads utterances so sincere from two distinguished and brilliant women who entered America as immigrants, and further when one realizes that there is a vast body of literature and a well thought out body of doctrines and beliefs filled with the passion of discontent and hatred for our institutions, it gives one pause. The beliefs that underlie socialism merit careful and friendly consideration. The first question that arises is, why the great difference between the earlier immigrants, whose work is described by Roosevelt, and the later immigrants, whose beliefs and practices are set forth in modern socialistic writings?

Evidently, had the earlier settlers acted on the principles of the socialistic immigrants of the present day, there would have been no country.

They did not crowd into the towns and proclaim that they refused to lead lonely and perilous lives.

With a sparsely settled continent affording boundless opportunity to gain independence and liberty on the land, with roads, schools, telephones, and all the facilities imaginable, how can we account for the mysterious reason for masses of people crowding into the slums of great cities, where their children have the worst possible chance physically, mentally, and morally?

Twenty years ago Jacob Riis presented the conditions in New York City's East Side in his heart-breaking book, "How the Other Half Lives." To-day there are several square miles on the East Side of New York City where there is a greater density of population than in any other part of the world.

Rose Pastor Stokes, Anzia Yexierska, and millions of others crowd themselves into such spots in New York City and other cities. Fifteen years ago Upton Sinclair described conditions that he found among the workers in the Chicago stockyards in his book, "The Jungle;" and in a publication issued by Hull House in Chicago there is a description of young girls working in factories side by side with lewd and evil-spoken men who are not restrained by the presence of older women.

LET us imagine that one of the innumerable host, mostly young, who between 1620 and (say) 1876 adapted a continent to human use — who founded governments, abolished slavery, created a nation, built railways, and established schools and colleges — returned from the spirit world. I do not mean a ghost, but a real human being.

He sees the horrible conditions in which men and women, and even children, work in the crowded slums, and above all the destroying environment in which children are reared.

He would first ask: "Are these people members of the human race?"

He learns that they actually are human beings. He then naturally can not understand why human beings will voluntarily live under such conditions. To him parents who rear their children in such places must be incredibly wicked.

He then inquires whether there is no conscience in the American people, to permit parents bringing such harm to their children. He is told of the various agencies to ameliorate the conditions — of the various "settlements" like Hull House.

He then throws up his hands in despair. He can not understand how men and women of education, distinguished by noble aims, should do a thing so wicked as to establish enticements for the wretched people to remain in such conditions.

When he learns, however, that there is a whole field of operations devoted to "uplift work," and that a complete social and political philosophy has been devised on the idea that these people

(*Continued on page* 114)

Which Type of Child Is Yours?

Is your son studious or a play-boy, self-assertive or timid, spontaneous or analytical? Is your daughter a tom-boy or is she shy? It means a good deal to know the inclinations of your children. The types briefly described here have been verified by the well-known psychologist, Dr. J. M. Fitzgerald, and are taken from a book now being distributed free to parents.

RALPH

Strong intellectual type. Studious. A great reader. Not a natural mixer, owing to his reflective tendency.

RUTH

Energetic. Enthusiastic. Quick-tempered. Mischievous. Frank. Makes friends easily.

JACK

Sensitive. Affectionate. Sympathetic. Backward socially, though strongly emotional.

THE important guide marks in parenthood are the interests, disposition and talents of your child. They tell you where and how to guide your child's mind and heart.

Which type of child shown here is yours? This you should know. If left entirely to himself he may develop only one side of his nature. Ralph's intellectuality may entirely smother the human and sympathetic side of his character. On the other hand, Ruth's emotional tendencies may upset her faculty for cool judgment.

Every type of child needs the broadest possible outlook on life. If your son has a passion for science you should help him to satisfy it. But you must also provide him with *those other essentials* to which he may not feel so strongly drawn but nevertheless must know.

It rests with you, his mother or father, to guide him *now* toward this *broad general development* that he needs. Let this fascinating 96-page book help you.

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MARY

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The Immigrant on the Land

(*Continued from page* 112)

are the victims of the social and economic systems established by the founders of America, and further becomes acquainted with the mass of publications, periodicals, books, etc., regarded by their writers as "liberal" or "radical," he thinks he must have returned to an insane world.

He is liable to be rather unjust. He characterizes certain people as "whining breeds." He does not realize that the self-reliant qualities that gave to his forebears such dominance in the world to-day may be deficient in other peoples, and that to give these peoples who lack self-determining qualities proper opportunities they must be helped out of the crowded slums and given a chance to secure food and shelter from the illimitable resources of our great domain.

The whole question may be summed up in this formula. The more a man obeys an inclination to rely on help from others, from the community or state, the less is his force of initiative developed, the less is he inclined to exercise himself personally to make a livelihood.

Roosevelt has said:

> The worst lesson that can be taught a man is to rely upon others and whine over his sufferings. If an American is to amount to anything he must rely upon himself, and not upon the State; he must take pride in his own work, instead of sitting idle to envy the luck of others; he must face life with resolute courage, win victory if he can and accept defeat if he must, without seeking to place on his fellow-men a responsibility which is not theirs.

That is good enough for the type of people who conquered a continent. The fundamental question to-day is to devise policies and methods for the man who can not rely upon himself. Artificial conditions produce artificial and absurd doctrines and beliefs.

The doctrines set forth in the great mass of radical and socialistic literature are as absurd as would be the activities of a nation if the whole effort in government, education, and all the other activities of the people, were devised to deal solely with the blind and crippled.

Let us imagine a country in which the whole machinery of life deals only with the interests of defectives, in which schools, colleges, factories, railroads, etc., are created to serve only defectives.

Such a national policy would be as absurd as policies deduced from the artificial conditions created by such peoples as live in crowded misery in the slums of our great cities, or under any other unfavorable conditions anywhere when there are such marvelous lands accessible.

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page* 108)

out of the question. All business must go to Corbino.

When Corbino entered the room in which he transacted official business, the sole occupant was a clerk, a white-faced, crushed-looking fellow, who was sorting papers.

Corbino sat down at a table. The clerk brought to him a batch of papers. Corbino, who seemed thoughtful, took no notice of him. The man stood, still and silent, not daring to let the papers he held so much as rustle.

At length the great man looked up. The clerk ventured timidly:

"*Señor* Corbino——"

"Yes?"

"A letter was delivered this morning."

"For whom?"

"For Don Vincente."

"Where is it?"

"Don Vincente has it already."

Corbino sat up in his chair with threatening energy. On his face a scowl deepened. The clerk shook as he went on:

"The messenger got to him direct."

"How was that? Who dared disobey my orders?"

"There was some business with the doorkeepers — they throw the blame on each other — the messenger was insistent —and seeing from whom he came ——"

"Yes?"

"His Majesty."

Corbino sprang to his feet. The clerk backed away. Corbino seized him and shook him like a rat, the papers flying all about the apartment.

"And I not told before!" Corbino cried in a fury.

"*Señor* — it was not I who was to blame."

Corbino threw him to the floor. He scrambled away and began to pick up his papers.

Corbino walked about the apartment.

"I'll find out this business. Whoever is to blame shall rue it."

THE door opened. Corbino turned. A man was entering the room, his hat in his hand. He was booted and spurred. His look demanded attention.

Corbino gave a little start. "Perez — you!"

The newcomer opened his lips to speak. Corbino flung up a hand.

"Wait!"

He turned on the clerk.

"You — out!"

The clerk rose to his feet and crossed the apartment nimbly. Within two seconds the door closed behind him.

"Well!" Corbino said. He put the question with the usual bullying inflection in his voice.

The newcomer put his hat on the table and stood for a moment eyeing Corbino as if feeling for a word of commencement. Corbino went on speaking.

"What news? Curse you, Perez, a snail would have been back before this. What's happened?"

"I should have been back before, but I was set upon. No man should travel

alone in western Granada. I got a beating, was left for dead, my horse stolen, my money ——"

"Oh, another time, another time," interrupted Corbino, with brutal unconcern. "What of the job I sent you on?"

"I got to Guipuscadilla. I saw the man, the brigand ——"

"Roque?"

"Yes. He was, as he said, a man of his word. He had traveled fast and was at the place at the time agreed upon."

"Well, go on. Did he do as you had arranged?"

"Yes. The girl came to the inn."

"You are sure?"

"I waited in the neighborhood to observe events."

"Ah. Well, she came. Did she come alone?"

"No."

"The man ——?"

"Came also."

Corbino laughed. "Well done, Escotillo! So you dared!" He was almost pleasant. "One word, Perez — they trapped him, too?"

"Yes."

Corbino rubbed his hands.

"I give thanks. I gave him his chance, but since he dared venture behind my instructions let him make the best of what I had in waiting for him. Wait — what name did he use?"

"His cousin Cristobal's."

Corbino nodded pleasantly. "What followed?"

"Roque and his gang swooped on them; but the real Cristobal was there, too."

Corbino sat as if aghast. His heavy jaw dropped.

"*Maledicto!*"

Perez eyed him in concern and proceeded.

"Roque took him, too."

Corbino sat in thought.

"Well — yes. Yes. Ha! That should be well. You made me sweat." He was recovering. "Go on — the boat?'

"Ricote brought in his ship as arranged. But, Corbino ——"

Corbino got to his feet. He struck his hands together in exasperation.

"Something's wrong — out with it!"

"Roque," went on Perez, "seems to have had further business on hand on his own account. He made an attack on the Convent of the Sacred Manger not far from Guipuscadilla ——"

"The mad fool!" Corbino was blazing.

"— and carried off some nine or ten of the young ladies resident there."

"*Dios!*" Corbino's face was black with his passion. "What other good news have you got for me?" he demanded savagely.

"Roque slipped off with his prizes, got them aboard the ship, and should by now be safe at Algiers."

Corbino breathed deeply, his eyes still glaring over his flushed cheeks.

"Oh, but the madman — the madman! I still tremble."

He sat in his chair again and threw his heavy body sideways, his hand to his cheek, his eyes staring down at the table. His visitor sat opposite him, leaning across to him and speaking in tones not loud but full of portent.

"Now comes my news. Don Diego de

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la Llana roused the countryside next morning when he found his daughter was gone. He got in touch with men at the inn."

"Yes?" Corbino was grave still. He felt that worse was coming.

"Now for the mischief. When Roque got aboard he gave the slip to nearly all his men. Don Diego pounced on them before all could get to the mountains. There was a fight, many were killed, but ——"

"He has taken prisoners?"

"Yes."

Perez, having got the worst out, sat still. Corbino at the other side of the table was like a man turned to stone. After a little space he turned his gaze to Perez and nodded his command to proceed.

"Both men and women. He has them with him now."

"Where?"

"Here — in this town," said Perez.

Corbino jumped from his chair. He was like a madman, except that he kept both his voice and his movements about the room down to a certain level of quietness. The effort, however, threatened him with apoplexy. He sawed the air with both hands viciously.

"Perdition!" He made a gigantic effort and got some control. "Here — in Seville?"

Perez was on his feet.

"The man's in a flame of fury. Corbino, what he had learnt I cannot say, but if he has got wind of you in this —"

"Tchah!" Corbino whirled on him with his mouth open as if he would bite him. Again he went up and down the apartment. When he next spoke it was with a measure of self-command. He gave a little laugh. Evidently, after the first shock of news he was making some attempt at a rally.

"Let me think."

Perez remained motionless and silent.

"Perez," said Corbino at length, "keep away from Don Vincente. Give him no chance of speech with you till to-morrow. See me to-night."

He turned with a scowl towards the door, which, opening without ceremony, disclosed the face of the clerk he had dismissed twenty minutes earlier. As Corbino lifted a threatening fist, "*Señor*," pleaded the man, in a hurried whisper, "here comes His Excellency." He looked apprehensively over his shoulder and withdrew, closing the door.

Corbino took Perez by the shoulders.

"This way," he said, and urging his man across the room opened a small door which gave exit into a dark passage. Through this he thrust him unceremoniously, and immediately re-entering his office sat down at his desk and busied himself with the papers there.

The door at the far end of the room was flung wide. Corbino looked up, a busy man interrupted at his task. A page was just closing the door again, and Don Vincente was advancing.

Don Vincente was a man of nearly seventy, thin, bent, and bald, with pale blue eyes, a pink face and a querulous temper. He eyed Corbino with no pleased expression.

"Good morning, my lord," said Corbino.

Don Vincente, reaching the large and comfortable chair always waiting for him at a little table towards the window, sat down slowly, and turned a sour look at him.

"If you have found this morning a good one," he said, "you have discovered more than I have."

CHAPTER 36

Two Gentlemen of Spain

CORBINO'S black eyebrows went up in respectful concern.

"Your lordship is disturbed?" he said with solicitude.

"And my lordship has very good reason," came the emphatic answer from the old gentleman, whose head was shaking up and down, as his years nowadays readily induced it to do in moments of agitation. "I have received a letter from His Majesty ——"

"His Majesty is vexed?"

"His Majesty is pleased to loose his spleen on me. Yesterday, when I saw him, he scarcely vouchsafed a word, and now he has written to express his feelings. It's all this abominable war with Morocco. Dragging on, he says, year after year, with a nest of pirates we can never smoke out."

"The Moors suffer more than we do," returned Corbino.

"How do we know?" said the old gentleman sharply. He looked at Corbino hesitatingly, grew a little pinker in the face, and then said, "Corbino, it has come to this — I must dismiss you."

Corbino gave a little jerk of the head, and his face flushed. He bent his neck a little.

"My lord," he said quietly, with a touch of pain in his voice, "dismiss your most faithful servant?"

Don Vincente looked away awkwardly.

"It must be," he observed. "I will never consent to be addressed again as the king has addressed me."

"And will your lordship blame me?"

"I intend to blame some one," said Don Vincente, "and whom — if not you? His Majesty tells me that I am responsible for the present state of things. I appoint the commanders, terrifyingly large sums of money pass through my hands . . . And I leave it all to you. I have taken your advice in everything. For six years you have been my adviser, and you bring me no success."

"My lord," said the secretary in dignified remonstrance, "I cannot control Providence."

Said Don Vincente, suddenly facing him with a fresh spurt of acrimony, "It's a pleasure to find something you don't control!"

Corbino bit his lip as he made an expostulatory movement with his hands.

"The king asks me," continued his master, "if I am still led by the nose. *Maledicto!* What a question! And he meant you. You, Corbino. You fill all offices, you make all dispositions, you tell me what to sign, and if ever I try to look into things I find a cloud of mystery. I tell you, I will make a change. I shall dismiss you."

He said it with more ill-temper than firmness. Corbino, well aware that here

was a matter that wanted careful handling, felt nevertheless a little reassured. He could steer through this storm.

"Sir," he rejoined, "I repeat, the Moors must be more sick of things than we are."

"Then why," Don Vincente asked him pathetically, "why the devil don't they say so?"

"They seek to fool you, sir," said Corbino firmly.

"Well, someone's fooling me, that's certain," grumbled the old gentleman, whose anger was filtering away into mere bad temper. "Well? — " he asked suddenly. A page had opened the door and was waiting for a word.

"Excellency, *Señor* Don Diego de la Llana begs to be allowed to wait on you," said the lad.

Corbino felt a spasm of fear. All through his unpleasant interview with Don Vincente he had been confident of righting matters after a little outburst. But he had been perturbed by the news of the presence in the town of Don Diego de la Llana. He changed color a little and was perhaps a trifle hurried in voice and gesture as he took it upon himself to deal with the interruption.

"You will tell Don Diego de la ——"

"Wait — wait," interposed Don Vincente.

It was the sheerest bad luck. Some flicker of ill-humor took its way with Don Vincente at that moment. A thousand times he had allowed his secretary to dispose as he chose of an application of this sort. Some erratic obstinacy, some lingering desire to be difficult — which was what all his outbursts had hitherto ended in — had made Don Vincente break in.

CORBINO had few illusions as to his powers. He was aware that his immense success in controlling Don Vincente had resulted not so much from any outstanding superiority of his own as from the old gentleman's very real weakness of character.

It is true that in emergencies he had displayed a reserve of cunning, of even real force, which had more than once carried him through dangers perhaps as grave as that now threatening. But on this occasion he was hampered by a something new to him, something he tried in vain to disregard, the stirrings of conscience.

He knew himself guilty of a crime altogether outside the range of the indisputable infamies in which he did not scruple to deal when he considered due occasion arose. The monstrous nature of his action was only now being revealed to him.

He was nervous — he made a mistake.

He withdrew entirely that touch of arrogance that had hitherto served him unfailingly. He became instead completely obsequious.

"Excellency ——" he bowed profoundly — "I ventured to remind your servant of your orders."

Don Vincente, without being very clear as to why, suddenly found himself experiencing an inspiriting sense of mastery.

For years now he had been uncon-

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sciously overawed when talking to his secretary by a vague fear of the man's temper, a brutal insistence in any dispute, an arrogance really unnerving. It seemed suddenly to have vanished. Corbino stood before him with real deference, real submission. Don Vincente felt quite excited. He was undoubtedly master in his own house after all. He would assert himself.

"I know what orders I gave."

Corbino, head bent, bit his lips as a flash of apprehension went through him.

"I can give them again — without your interference." He waited a sour second, resting an arrogant glance on the stooping figure of the secretary, then addressed the waiting page.

"Say I have no time to spare for Don Diego de la Llana."

Corbino felt a little gush of relief. But what was that? The infernal page was venturing to speak again.

"Excellency ——" he hesitated.

"Go!" blazed Corbino, straightening himself. Again it was a false move. Don Vincente lifted a rebuking hand. Corbino stood and said nothing.

"Yes?" This was to the page — a deliberate and delicious flouting of Corbino before a subordinate. Don Vincente felt twenty years younger.

"Excellency," said the lad, "Don Diego directed me to say that he is not the ex-governor of Guipuscadilla asking for audience of the Governor of Seville and Granada, but a Spanish gentleman asking another Spanish gentleman for a hearing."

Said Corbino to himself, "*Maledicto!* — This settles my business!"

He was right. Don Vincente sat bolt upright.

"Ha!" he said, "what's this?"

"Sir," said Corbino, earnestly, "I would not see him."

He was making blunder on blunder. His master surveyed him coldly, exulting in his new-discovered sense of independence.

"That's your advice?"

"My urgent advice, Excellency."

Don Vincente smiled maliciously. He was appreciating the situation to the full.

"Then for once I'll take the liberty, Master Corbino ——" he looked keenly and with meaning at the secretary, who could only bow again and bite his lip — "of turning my back on it." He looked at the page. "Show Don Diego de la Llana in — now!"

"Excellency — a word ——"

"Hold your tongue," was all Don Vincente vouchsafed him, and turned his back on him to confront with every dignity the gentleman who had entered the room and was advancing to greet him.

Don Vincente stood up from his chair, holding himself wonderfully straight and stiff, and looking with coldness on the newcomer.

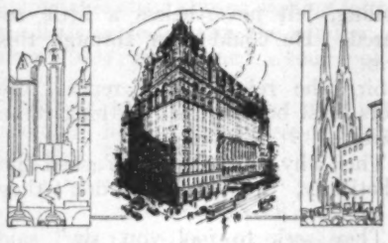
Don Diego de la Llana advanced slowly, equally straight and stiff, equally cold.

Both gentlemen were models of deportment.

Don Diego bowed.

Don Vincente bowed. He also spoke first.

"Well, *Señor* de la Llana?" he enquired dryly.



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"I trust your Excellency is well," answered his visitor.

"I don't think you do," said Don Vincente, testily. "You are a professed enemy of mine."

"I do not admit it, but in that case I should say, better a professed enemy than a false friend or an unworthy councillor." Don Diego flashed a look at Corbino.

"I want neither," replied Don Vincente.

Don Diego spoke with some emotion. "I shall not cease to protest against your action in dismissing me from my post. The emoluments mattered nothing. I am a wealthy man. But the aspersion on my capacity is as bitter to me to-day as a year ago."

"Well, well, I cannot listen to this," said Don Vincente, uneasily. "What are you asking now?"

"Don Vincente," said Don Diego earnestly, "it was never your intention, I swear, that I should be wounded in the person of an innocent woman, a relative most dear ——"

"What are you speaking of?"

"My daughter, *señor*, my only child, a girl innocent and beautiful, and now of marriageable age, has been abducted from my house at Guipuscadilla. *Señor* Don Vincente, I have enemies ——"

"Tut — tut — tut — and your daughter no doubt has lovers," Don Vincente replied.

"But hear the details. It might appear that she was beguiled from her home, but behind that lay a damnable chicane ——"

"Who was the man concerned?" asked Don Vincente.

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi," promptly came the answer. Don Vincente addressed Corbino.

"Was that the gentleman I signed an incarceration order for, a few months back?"

"Just so, Excellency," came the answer.

"*Señor* de la Llana, Don Cristobal de Zaurigi is in prison."

CORBINO, looking at his ease, but with a beating heart, said with an assumption of coolness, "Excellency, you will remember, a week ago he escaped."

"Escaped — and I remember?" Don Vincente stared. "How should I remember what I have not been told?"

"Excellency," Corbino assured him, "it is in my head that you were informed at the time. It may be that in the recent rush of business ——"

"The recent rush of business — yes. That's always the cry." He looked very vicious. Don Diego went on with his story.

"You say he escaped a week ago. But there can be no doubt that he was meeting my daughter by stealth three weeks ago."

"But — but — he was in prison up to a week ago, you say?" demanded Don Vincente of Corbino. The secretary bowed assent.

"I don't understand."

Don Vincente sat down in puzzlement. He courteously waved a hand to another chair. Don Diego bowed but continued

(*Continued on page* 123)

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Public Utility Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

BONDS and stocks of companies which produce something essential to the welfare of the country, which supply the needs of the people and for which there is a constant and enduring demand are the kind of securities it is wise to buy. Concerns which cater to a whim or passing fancy may be extremely prosperous for a time but their prosperity cannot be permanent; due to unusual conditions, demands may be created which will create temporary prosperity for the companies which satisfy these demands. But there are certain things of which there is always need and, so far as can be foreseen, always will be.

The demand for power will probably increase rather than diminish. Artificial light is being employed more generally each year. The telephone, a toy at the time of its invention, is now a vital essential. Electric railway transportation is also in increasing demand. Corporations which furnish light, heat, power, telephone service and street railway transportation are furnishing things which are essential to the industrial and social life of the nation, and their use is spreading. In practically every organized community in this whole vast country there is a company which supplies them. These corporations are called by the general title, "Public Utilities," and they are recognized as essential industries; being essential industries we believe their bonds and stocks offer attractive inducements to investors.

It has not been many years since men politically ambitious made capital out of attacks on the railways and public utilities. Legislation directed against these corporations always won hearty applause from a large percentage of unthinking people who did not realize that their own welfare was closely bound up in the fortunes of these very enterprises they were attacking. People of this sort still exist and an application for higher rates by a public utility is always liable to bring forth a storm of protest. In general, however, the public is beginning to understand how vital the public utilities are to the communities they serve, and their needs are receiving more sympathetic attention.

If a trolley company asks permission from the public utilities commission — or whatever the board that supervises these companies in the state in question is called — to increase fares, the trolley company should not be condemned offhand as a profiteer. An increase of one, two or three cents may mean the difference between successful operation and failure to them. To the individual it can mean only a few dollars a year at most. And the real point for the individual to consider is whether he could obtain this same transportation as cheaply if the trolley company should cease to operate. Is it to his interests to pay a fare which will enable the company to furnish him good service, or would he be better off if the company did not exist and he had to furnish his own transportation? The answer, of course, is obvious.

Limit to Self-Sufficiency

The same arguments apply to the supplying of electric light, gas, heat and power. We take these things almost for granted in our present-day civilization. Would it be possible for so many of us to enjoy these conveniences if we had to supply them individually, and could we possibly do it so cheaply? And when we are inclined to complain about the service we should remember that it is more to the company's advantage to furnish good service than it is to ours. If the electric lights all over town go out, the meters in all the cellars immediately cease to register and no revenue is coming into the company's treasury during the period of the trouble. If a trolley car breaks down or the wires are out of order, consider all the fares the company loses. It is to the best interests of all business to render good service to its customers, and after all it is rather infrequent that public utility service is poor. Perhaps we notice it all the more because it happens so seldom.

Public utility securities do not differ from other investments in that they are dependent for their value upon the worth of the company's property and upon earnings. Rates are now regulated by state and national commissions and public and governmental sentiment is

rapidly crystallizing in favor of rates sufficiently large to enable the public utilities to earn enough on their investments to make their securities attractive to investors, and keep their properties in first class condition. Unless the utilities can meet these two requirements they cannot function properly and the communities they serve are bound to suffer.

No one expects a horse to pull a heavy load unless he is properly fed and cared for. No one expects a motor car to run without gasoline, and everyone would be astonished if a fire should burn without fuel. There have been times, however, when people seemed to think a public utility corporation could maintain its plant and render efficient service, no matter what its revenues. Happily those times seem to have passed, gone forever, it is to be hoped.

A few years ago public utility companies faced extraordinary difficulties in the matter of costs. Wages and expenses had gone up tremendously without a compensating increase in revenues and many of these corporations were earning deficits every year. To-day it is recognized that most of them are on a sound basis, and the securities of a sound corporation engaged in an essential industry, selling something which is vital to the continuing welfare of the community, should be most attractive.

Utilities Bonds Safeguarded

Public utility bonds, further, are as a class secured by extremely valuable property. The property is in most instances located in the city, and city property is valuable; the rights and franchises owned are also worth a great deal, and the rolling stock, plants and other possessions all assure the purchaser ample security for the principal of his investment.

There are many public utility bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Securities so listed are assured of a ready market and are also readily accepted as collateral in case a loan is necessary. The writer has a list of such bonds before him which range in yield from 5 per cent. to 6.10 per cent. and all of them are rated high grade.

Many public utility bonds not listed on the Exchange are still actively traded in, and the volume of business in this class of bonds is growing constantly. Investors everywhere are becoming more alive to their attractive possibilities, their worth as investments is being more and more generally recognized, and they are meeting with increasing favor.

One of the strong points in favor of public utility investments is the fact that most communities in the United States are growing in population. The use of the products sold by the public utilities also is spreading; more and more houses are being lighted by electricity and electrical appliances of all kinds are mounting in favor; gas and electricity are being used more and more for cooking purposes; industrial and manufacturing concerns are buying more and more of their power from the utilities which supply it; no one can dispute the fact that the telephone and telegraph are in increasing demand; and as populations increase there are growing numbers of people to ride on the trolley cars.

In my opinion the outlook for the public utilities is bright and the opportunities afforded by the securities offered by these companies well worth looking into. Like all securities some are better than others, and as the number of public utility companies increases the choice of securities widens in proportion, and their yield also covers a wide range.

Discrimination is just as necessary in this type of investment as it is in all others, and the investor is not wise who tries to get too much for his money. The general rule that the higher the yield the greater the risk applies here with the same force as it does in other fields of investment. And in general, too, a public utility bond is safer than a stock, for a bond is secured by definite, tangible property, while a stock is largely dependent for its worth upon the earnings of the company, and earnings are almost sure to vary.

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Utah P. & L., 1st 5's	1944	6.10
Duquesne Light, coll. 6's	1949	5.75
Pacific Gas and E., gen. 5's	1942	5.75

Q. A friend has advised the purchase of Piggly Wiggly Manhattan 8% preferred certificates. Do you consider this stock a good investment?

A. We consider this stock a speculation at present rather than an investment.

Q. Please give me information about the Revere Motor Car Corporation. Where can I sell stock that I own of this company?

A. This concern, located at Logansport, Indiana, made its first offering of stock in January, 1920. Five hundred thousand shares were offered, the par value of each share being ten dollars. In February, 1921, the company went into the hands of a receiver. In July, 1921, it was succeeded by the Revere Corporation. We cannot find a market for the stock, but you might try the firm of Weeden, Smith and Argrove, Providence, R. I., through whom the offering of 500,000 shares mentioned above was made.

Q. I own some shares of Success Mining Company stock. About a year ago I received notice of an assessment of one cent a share which I did not pay. How does this fact affect my holdings?

A. Stockholders who did not elect to pay the assessment to which you refer were closed out, and the stock certificates they hold are worthless.

Q. Please give me full information about the Northern Pacific Railway Company Refunding and Improvement Mortgage Bonds, Series "B," 6%.

A. These bonds mature July 1, 2047, and interest is payable semi-annually, January and July 1. They are redeemable on and after July 1, 1936, on any interest date at 110 and accrued interest. They are secured by a direct mortgage or collateral lien on 6,700 miles, on 1,011 miles of which it is a first mortgage. The mortgage also covers valuable terminal properties and practically all of the company's equipment, only a small part being covered by equipment obligations. The company's outstanding mortgage indebtedness (exclusive of the Refunding and Improvement Mortgage bonds issued in connection with the acquisition and ownership of approximately one-half of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company's stock) is about $29,700 per mile. No more of the underlying mortgage bonds may hereafter be issued. Since 1901 the Northern Pacific has invested in road, equipment, and other capital assets, more than $432,000,000. Of this amount, $142,000,000 was from funded debt issues, $93,000,000 from stock issued at par, and $197,000,000 from earnings. The corporate income of the company available for payment of fixed charges during the 10½ years ended December 31, 1921, averaged over 2½ times the amount required. These bonds are a legal investment for savings banks in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and other states, and are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. At present prices their yield is about 5½ per cent.

Q. What is the dividend rate on Illinois Central R.R. stock and its yield at present price?

A. This stock pays $6 a share a year in dividends, and at current market prices yields 5.25.

Q. What do you think of building and loan shares as an investment for a person of small means?

A. We think very well of this method of saving money. It obliges the subscriber to save regularly and this is a good thing for most of us. Much depends upon the particular building and loan company you have in mind, however, as to the attractiveness of the investment. There are thousands of them throughout the country; most of them operate locally and conditions are different in every instance. Provided the management is honest and conservative and local conditions favorable for this kind of business, building and loan shares seems to us to offer many attractions.

All inquiries addressed to this department will receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as personal and confidential and is answered in full by mail. Interesting questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month in these columns. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE'S *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.*

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page* 119)

to stand. He found some relief to his agitation in pacing the room as he spoke.

"I do not understand either. I can tell you with certainty that by arrangement with a band of brigands ——"

"Band of brigands!"

"— Don Cristobal de Zaurigi abducted my daughter. He afterwards raided the convent of the Sacred Manger ——"

"The what?" Don Vincente bounced out of his chair. "Go on," he commanded in an agitated voice.

"— carried off the fairest of the young ladies there ——"

"*Diablo!* My granddaughter was in residence there!" ejaculated Don Vincente and collapsed into his chair again.

"— hurried them all onto an Algerian pirate barque ——"

Don Vincente gave a hideous groan.

"— and sailed with them to Algiers."

"What for?"

"To sell them all in the slave-market there."

"But — but — will you tell me," interrupted Don Vincente in a voice of anguish, "that a Spanish gentleman — but — I tell you he was in the tower of Santa Ildefonso a week ago."

"We roused the neighborhood," persisted Don Diego, "and captured a number of the gang who had been deserted by their leaders."

"Where are they?" demanded Don Vincente.

"Without, under guard."

Don Vincente looked at Corbino. "Have them brought in."

Corbino went down the room with a brisk step. His heart was like lead.

At the door he turned.

"May I venture," he put in, "that in a matter of police ——"

"Matter of police!" snapped his master, "it's a matter of my granddaughter. Hurry!"

Corbino vanished through the door.

Don Vincente sat in a fume. Don Diego said nothing. In a few minutes the door opened. An unhappy rabble of dirty and desperate men, heavily chained, entered, in charge of a number of armed attendants. After them came Juanita, chained also. She looked round undaunted, insolent defiance in her walk, her glance.

"Are these the wretches?" demanded Don Vincente. No one spoke. "Well, has anyone of you anything to say?"

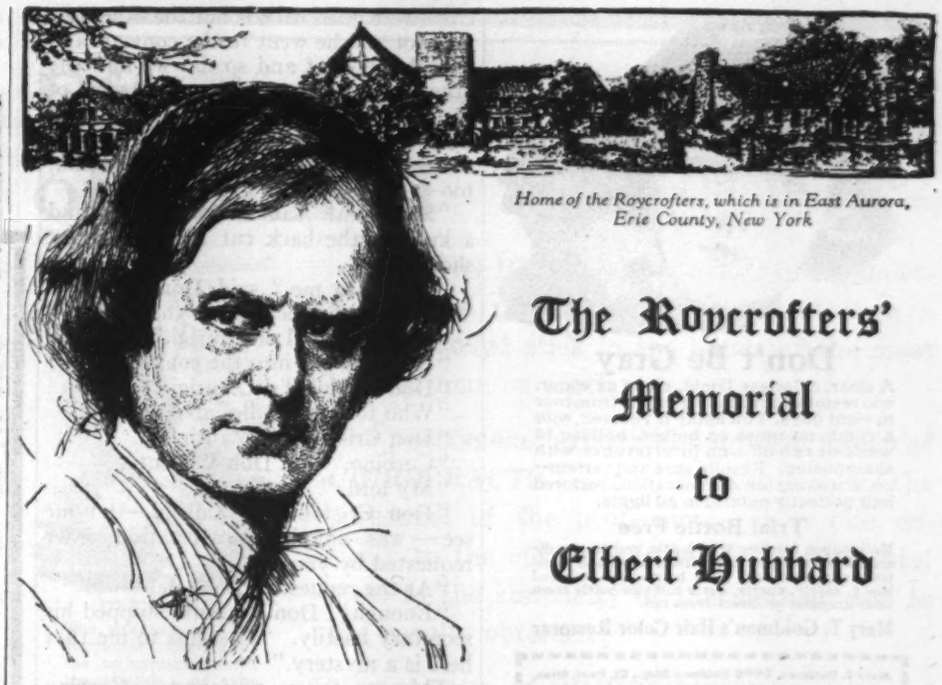
One of the brigands came forward as far as the chain round his neck would allow, and dropped to his knees.

"Excellency, if my life may be spared ——"

"No promises," said Don Vincente, harshly.

Evidently the brigand decided on the spot to offer what wares he brought without further bargain. He pitched them all at Don Vincente's feet. They made a pretty tangle.

"*Señor*, it was a matter of money. A man came from here to see the chief — not Don Cristobal — but we went to the inn and there was Don Cristobal and we took him and the women, and the other Don Cristobal and he and the



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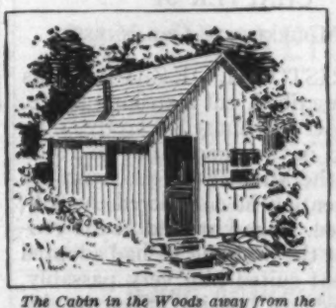

The Cabin in the Woods away from the throng where many of the "Little Journeys" were written.

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chief were good friends but the other one was not and he went to the convent and so did the chief and so did we and the other one was there and we got some of the girls but the nuns were no good so they stopped behind and they went aboard ship and we stopped behind, too ——"

"Stop him!" said Don Vincente, and a knee in the back cut the lucid story short.

"Listen to me," said Don Vincente. "Who brought the lady to the inn?"

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi."

"And who got into the convent?"

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi."

"Who took the ladies aboard ship?"

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi."

"Corbino," said Don Vincente.

"My lord?"

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi — let me see — was not his incarceration order requested by you?"

"At the request of *Doña* del ——"

"Enough!" Don Vincente stopped his secretary hastily. "It seems to me that here is a mystery."

This was very profound. Corbino bowed his recognition of the magnificent brain effort.

"To you," continued Don Vincente, "I depute the business of clearing it up."

Corbino bowed again to conceal his satisfaction. Investigate his own crime!

Don Diego made a hasty intervention.

"Excellency, pray select some other person."

"Why?"

"Because this man is my enemy."

"But in this matter ——" began Don Vincente bridling.

"In this matter as in all matters I may reckon on his hate," said Don Diego emphatically.

Corbino, drawing himself up, his face flushed, subduing with an evident effort the words of honest indignation that crowded to his lips, looked his protest at Don Vincente.

"Now — now — now ——" said that gentleman. "I cannot have this sort of thing. I wish," he went on plaintively, "I wish this unfortunate business could be cleared up by the one man who can do it best. If I remember rightly this Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was a gentleman who had a habit of turning up at all sorts of unexpected moments, opportune and inopportune. The age of miracles is now over, I suppose, so that it would be madness to expect the sudden reappearance of ——"

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi," announced the page at the door, holding it open.

And Don Cristobal de Zaurigi walked delicately in.

CHAPTER 37

The Modesty of Greatness

DON CRISTOBAL DE ZAURIGI, as last described, cut a striking figure. Having observed himself secretly, during the two days it had taken to reach Seville on the Moorish barque, with the minute attention he considered the subject deserved, he had arrived at the conclusion that the costume he had adopted was one that suited him very passably, and decided to try its effect on his compatriots at Seville. But with all this

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he had cunningly mingled a certain modesty of bearing which perhaps by its very newness suited him admirably.

Therefore, though his air was aristocratic and commanding, there could be detected in it at the same time a something subtly accommodating that at once created a favorable impression on Don Vincente, who really was a very great man indeed, and liked to be sure that people who addressed him had no doubt about it.

Cristobal bowed deeply, the jewelled plume in his turban making a gorgeous sweep. As he bent, his green breeches fell into long folds, which resolved themselves into others no less graceful as he stood up. He planted his feet elegantly — and with care. The heelless slippers required a lifetime of familiar use before one could be certain of not losing one or the other at an awkward moment.

"Good morning, Excellency," said Don Cristobal cheerfully.

DON VINCENTE endeavored to assume an aspect of severity, but it was impossible to do so convincingly. In fact, he found himself looking, speaking and feeling quite affably as he replied: "Good morning, Don Cristobal. When did we last encounter?"

Cristobal made a grimace.

"A very long time ago. Your Excellency is perhaps recalling the fact that you were good enough to send me to prison some months ago. A certain lady — with red hair ——"

"Enough!" interrupted Don Vincente. "But why aren't you in prison now?"

"I knew the whole affair was a mistake, but I could not think of troubling you in my small affairs, so I got out."

"And went to Guipuscadilla?" said Don Vincente, looking grave, and yet as he surveyed the young man feeling a growing conviction that the terrible disclosures of the morning would end happily.

"Yes," Cristobal answered him.

"Where," broke in Don Diego with indignation, "you persuaded my daughter to leave her home."

Cristobal faced him.

"Ah — they say that — do they?"

"And afterwards," said Don Vincente, recalling the circumstance, "abducted my granddaughter from a convent."

"That also?" murmured Cristobal.

"And took them," continued the Don, "with others, to sell at Algiers."

"How news travels!" said Cristobal.

"Leagued with bandits!" said Don Diego.

Cristobal turned to him. Before he could speak —

"And Algerian pirates!" said Don Vincente.

"They have every item," said Cristobal. "But may I be permitted to put in a word? To get to the bottom of this matter we should undoubtedly have here the chief of the brigands."

"Ha! yes. When did you last see him?" demanded Don Vincente.

"About two minutes ago."

"Where?"

(*Continued on page* 127)

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Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page* 125)

"In the next room."

"Then why the mischief don't you say so? Have him in."

Unruffled, Cristobal paced down the room, having the best of luck with his slippers, opened the door and beckoned.

The sound of curses, blasphemies, robbed of their full fineness by the fact that two days' unremitting exercise of that sort had resulted in a terribly sore throat, penetrated into the room.

Through the doorway came four men with halberds, haling the figure of Roque de Tormes.

They had robbed him even of his crutches, and that tormented figure might have elicited a sentiment of mercy from the onlookers but for his blasphemies and his face, which was more demoniac than ever.

They dragged him up to Don Vincente and held him helpless there.

"Well," said the Governor of Southern Spain, "what have you to say?"

"That you may go to perdition with the utmost despatch," said Roque with engaging frankness. "I know what waits for me, and I spit at you."

On Cristobal his gaze rested. He spoke as from a full breast. "This man — this man — when we meet in the infernal regions may I eat his heart!"

Cristobal acknowledged the brotherly sentiment with a friendly little nod. He then got briskly on with the business.

"I also have Ricote here."

"Who's Ricote?"

"The Moorish Captain."

"Have him in."

Ricote was by no means so interesting as Roque. When Don Vincente called him a paynim hound, he listened meekly. He would undoubtedly have had a good deal to reveal, but Don Diego burst in with the matter that after all was very reasonably near his heart.

"Don Cristobal, where in heaven's name is my daughter?"

"Safe," said Cristobal.

"But where?"

Before he could answer, Don Vincente put his question. "And my granddaughter?"

"Safe."

"But where — and the other young ladies —— ?"

"Safe — and here!"

Cristobal had the door open in a trice — he had judged to a nicety just how long to keep the ball rolling.

They came swooping in.

Laura flew to her father. He embraced her with fervor.

Don Vincente's granddaughter clasped her venerable relative to her sturdy young breast.

All the other young ladies were in turn embraced by the Governor of Southern Spain. These privileges attach themselves to governorships.

There were radiant faces, bright eyes, little joyful exclamations, congratulations, an unceasing movement of this bright assemblage of youth and beauty.

A picture, indeed, it seemed to Don Cristobal. The group of girls, the stiff figures of the two Dons, Corbino's black and ominous shape, Roque, hideous and pitiful, Ricote cringing on his knees, the coarse brigands in their chains, the halberdiers who stood in charge — and not too prominent, and yet, he trusted, not overlooked altogether, indeed perhaps noticeable in spite of its modest shrinking into a corner, the figure of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi himself.

But, — overlooked for the moment, he was content to wait.

And, waiting, he witnessed a final tragedy.

CHAPTER 38

EXPIATION

TWO other people had remained inconspicuous during the entry of the ladies — Juanita and Escotillo.

Undoubtedly it had been the intention of Don Diego de la Llana to offer Juanita for question by Don Vincente. Events had struck across that line of investigation, and the woman, scornful and defiant in her chains, had escaped all attention. A silent witness of the entry of the girls whom her own decision in scheme and action had brought into jeopardy, she had stood without word or gesture.

Escotillo, pale, troubled, miserably exercised mentally as to what the final upshot of this adventure would prove to be, had entered with the ladies, had stood aside, and like Juanita, had said nothing and had remained unnoticed during the first excitement. As chance would have it, he stood near her, but never looked at her.

But at length Don Vincente caught sight of him. The governor's sight, however, was none too good.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked amiably.

A silence fell on Escotillo. This infernal question had suddenly launched itself at him. It was his greatest dread.

He stood in the presence of the girl he had married, whom he had meant to betray, whom he had deceived, lied to, on this very point.

He hesitated — turned red. Near him he saw Laura.

She stood by her father, holding his hands in hers. As Escotillo looked at her she dropped her father's hand and moved a slow pace forward. It was the instinctive action of a woman of courage. She stood facing the man she had married, at full arm's length. She, too, was waiting his answer.

He shrank unsteadily away from Laura. He did not know it — he had not once seen her — but the movement brought him a little closer to another woman, a woman with chains on her wrists and feet, who stood with burning eyes fixed upon him.

In the breast of this woman a thought was stirring. Without a movement of her head she took in the nearness of Escotillo, uneasy under a simple question: she glimpsed the nearness of a knife hilt, projecting from its orderly place in the scabbard, hanging from the belt of the

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officer who stood at her left, halberd in hand.

The silence was broken. Don Vincente had peered good-naturedly forward in his chair.

"Why — it is Don Escotillo de Zaurigi!" Escotillo gave him a miserable look. Don Vincente was puzzled. "Surely," he said courteously, "I am right? You are Don Escotillo de Zaurigi?"

"Yes," said Escotillo.

Lightning itself could hardly have been quicker when once Juanita moved. Three movements only, and the thing was done.

With her left hand she twitched the knife from where it hung in its belt. The officer had no time to make a move. The same movement, continued, swept the knife into her right hand. It rose high; she took a step past Escotillo's side, and, turning, drove the steel into his breast.

She left it there, stepped a pace away, still regarding him, slipped her open palms across each other as if to wipe away in disdain the trifling redness that had spurted on them as the stroke went home, and, standing still as a statue, watched him.

He had given at the knees. His jaw dropped. His eyes shut, then opened full, and with no great noise or haste he went down to his knees, then on his face.

Now it was too late they had her in hand again. She made no resistance.

Cristobal knelt by his cousin, and helped to turn him gently over on to his back. Don Vincente had left his chair. The women there had drawn back. Juanita was panting, but a smile was on her face.

"Why was this?" said the Don.

"That was Escotillo de Zaurigi," she said. "I had a sister, Sanchica. He betrayed her. She loved him so — she thought him her god. He left her and she took her own life. Now he pays."

She laughed, and, as if the emotion were too sweet to share, bent her head and covered her face with her spread fingers. In a little she put them down again. She saw the face of Cristobal turned gravely up to hers as he knelt by the side of the dying man.

"I thought you were Escotillo," she said, nodding friendily to him. "That was why I tricked you at the convent. But he pays — he pays." She drew a deep, sobbing breath and was silent.

Don Vincente looked round him. For once in a way the old gentleman became genuinely authoritative. He said no word, but what he wished was in his face. The crowd began to melt. The gang in chains, the tragic figure of Juanita, Roque's twisted and bitter shape, Ricote, dragged to his feet, all these, together with their guards, passed from the room.

Corbino, too, might have gone. A sense of the hopelessness of his position kept him there. That ought could be hidden now was, he could see, next to impossible. One chance only was left for him. If Escotillo's death would but hasten — if the last silence could intervene ——

He stopped solicitous over the bleeding man, and with a murmur of tenderness put his hand to the dagger. His intention was to draw it from the wound. The act might be excused as an officious error, and its result would be immediate.

Cristobal caught his wrist just in time, and flung the hand aside. Corbino stood up and waited for what he knew was coming.

Round the dying man all had crowded. Escotillo looked round him wearily. His eye rested on Cristobal's.

"Am I dying?" he asked.

"That is so, cousin," said Cristobal, soberly.

Escotillo took a breath and spoke calmly.

"Let me purge my conscience. Where is *Doña* Laura?"

He did not call her "wife." She leant towards him.

"I lured you to the inn where the brigands took us. I did so that you should be captured. I was paid."

"Who paid you?" said Cristobal, his skin creeping with horror.

Corbino knew it was coming now, and rallied his energies for all that was left him — blank denial, word against word.

"There he stands," said Escotillo, clearly, and nodded his head at Corbino.

THERE was a movement of every one there. All faces turned to the secretary.

"A lie," he said firmly. "I swear it by my Maker."

Escotillo disregarded his denial. He went on quietly with the story.

"He had an old hate to glut. He struck at Don Diego through his daughter. I was penniless and he bought me for the work. I am dying. I make this confession as a sinner's offering to God."

"Oh, get a priest — get a priest," said Laura. She kept her eyes on Escotillo, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

It was marvellous that such a step should have been overlooked. Some of the girls ran out of the room, echoing the demand. "Can this be true, Corbino?" asked Don Vincente. Cristobal leant back on his heels in sudden remembrance of that name.

Corbino spoke with desperate calm.

"I assert on my conscience ——" he wondered why Cristobal was looking up at him so strangely. Something stopped him.

"I had forgotten you, Corbino," said Cristobal rising to his feet. "We may leave for the present any dispute as to the truth of what my cousin says, but you are the man who for years has persistently sold Spain to the Dey of Algiers."

Corbino stood rigid. Here was the universe about his ears.

Cristobal put his hand inside the snowy Moorish shirt. He pulled out a little bundle of papers, and handed them to Don Vincente.

"Excellency," he said, "here are papers. Their history I will give you when you choose. In them the Dey of Algiers sues for peace. They came accompanied by a letter from one of the Dey's officers, which discloses this man's actions beyond all doubt."

Corbino opened his mouth to speak. Don Vincente, the paper in his hands, stopped him warningly.

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"Corbino, think well!"

Corbino sustained his defiance in look and attitude while his dull eye travelled from Don Vincente to Cristobal, to Escotillo, to Laura. Sudden resolution took him.

"I will tell you the truth," he said, simply. "As to my treason — well — that's as may be. But for this man," he looked at Don Diego with an indescribable passion of hate in his dark face, "he may know who I am and why I hate him. Ten years ago I lived near Guipuscadillo. Algerian pirates in a raid carried away my daughter. I complained to Don Diego de la Llana, who was military governor there. He advised me to bear with fortitude a blow he averred nothing on his part could have prevented."

"What else?" said Don Diego.

"I swore to myself," went on Corbino, who, in assuming palpable honesty, had in some way put on also a queer dignity that checked in his hearers the growing sense of horror at his villainy. "I swore to myself that one day he should have the opportunity of practising his own philosophy.

"My girl was eighteen when the Moors took her. I waited. A month ago Don Diego's daughter, Laura, came to her eighteenth year. I lured her from home, using this man." He swept a gesture at Escotillo, lying at his feet in the calm of approaching death. "I had sent another man to interview the cripple, Roque, the brigand. He and his gang did as I paid them to do. And I procured a Moorish corsair to carry the girl to Algiers as my girl was carried, and sell her there as my girl was sold."

He laughed, looking down at his writhing hands. Then he went on.

"I have failed. I blame neither God nor the devil. I blame myself only. If I had my life to live over again, I would attempt again, more carefully, to do what I have just failed in doing."

He sat in his chair by his table, his elbows among his papers. He knew himself a dead man.

Before an instruction could be given, Escotillo lifted a feeble hand.

"Cristobal ——"

Cristobal dropped to his knees by the side of his dying cousin.

"Laura ——"

Unwillingly, yet unable to refuse, she knelt over the man in whose hand her own had been placed in marriage — or was that a cheat, too? It mattered little. It had been nothing. And here was the end.

"Well, cousin?" asked Cristobal, affected by this man's coming death more than he cared to show.

"Stoop and listen."

Cristobal was stooping but he bent lower. Laura's face was near his. She, too, was intent on what was coming.

Escotillo whispered faintly, his eyes on Cristobal's.

"I lied to you."

Cristobal stared.

"Not true," continued Escotillo. Then seeing that still his cousin had missed his meaning, he lifted a feeble hand and placed it on Laura's shoulder.

"Virgin," he said — and died.

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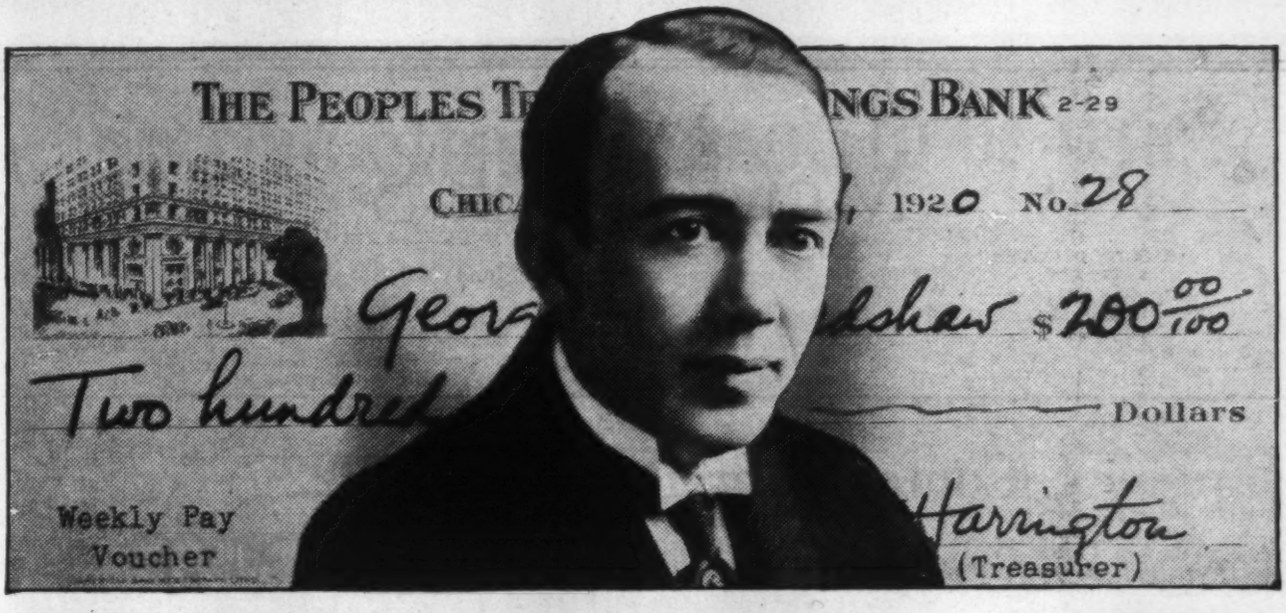

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Dept. 81-W, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "Modern Salesmanship," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

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Volume 54 Number 10

McCLURE'S

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Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $3.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

Is this offer too good to be true?

Are we offering a value too great to be credible? Do people "shy" at the thought of receiving too much for their money?

WE recently mailed several thousand circulars to booklovers. We described and pictured these thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely, accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several thousand additional circulars to booklovers, this time enclosing a sample cover of one of the volumes illustrated below. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value *unless they see a sample!*

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. We must depend on your faith in the advertisements appearing in McClure's; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

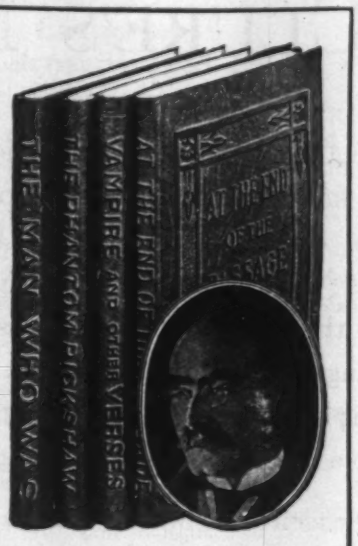
What this offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration below shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning and others. These are books which no one cares to confess he has not read and reread; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete—this is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the 30 volumes, pocket size, contain over 3,000 pages; the paper is a high-grade white wove antique, equal to that used in books selling at $1.50 to $2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful limp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather; it is *five times more durable* than leather!

What about the price

The price of this entire set of 30 volumes, exactly as described and illustrated, is $2.98 plus postage; please bear in mind that there are NO installment payments — no further payments of any kind!



FREE

4 Volumes of Kipling

If you will order at once instead of waiting

TO those of us who have been forced to lead drab, workaday lives, Kipling opens up a new world—the vivid, colorful world of the East. His stories, every one of them, are steeped in realism, but it is a realism more fascinating than the wildest imaginings of a romanticist. These four volumes include his best work. Among them are the following: The Vampire, and Other Verses; The Man Who Was; The Phantom Rickshaw; A Conference of the Powers; The Recrudescence of Imray; At the End of the Passage; The Mutiny of the Mavericks; My Own True Ghost Story.

How can we do it? That is the question most often asked of us. Yet the answer is simple. *These books are produced in editions of a million at a time!* Quantity production — that is the secret.

Testing human nature

These books are made by a body of specially trained workmen. We cannot make a million volumes, discharge these workmen until the edition is sold, and then expect to get the same men again. This body of men must be kept together. The manufacture must be continuous — one edition following the other immediately.

It is worth our while, therefore, to give our customers something valuable if they will co-operate with us by sending in their orders at once. It is worth our while to make an attempt to overcome the bugaboo of procrastination, which haunts so many publishers.

That is the reason, the only reason, we offer you, in addition to the regular set of 30 volumes, FOUR VOLUMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING FREE, IN EXACTLY THE SAME BINDING AS THE REST OF THE SET — if you will send in your order at once, instead of waiting.

An experiment—not a precedent

One word more. This offer, as you can gather, is simply an experiment. It must not be taken as a precedent. We do not know whether it will work. We do not know whether ANYTHING can keep people from procrastinating, for it is certainly a deep-seated human trait.

In any case, we hope it will keep YOU from procrastinating. If you want this set of books — if you feel that eventually you will buy them — we urge you to do it NOW, instead of LATER, so that you can obtain not only the thirty volumes, but the four equally splendid volumes of Kipling. Do not send money. Simply mail the coupon below or a letter.

LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY CORPORATION
Dept. 7912, 354 Fourth Ave., New York City

Little Leather Library Corporation
Dept. 7912
354 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Please send me on approval the 30 volumes of the De Luxe edition of the Little Leather Library (and the four volumes of Kipling free). I will pay the postman $2.98 plus the postage upon delivery. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the books do not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return them any time within thirty days, and you agree to return my money. It is understood that $2.98 plus the postage is positively the only payment to be made on this set. *Outside U. S. $3.50, cash with order.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

The Roycrofters have made a special set of Hand Hammered Copper Book Ends to fit this set. Regular $2.00 value, our price only 49c. If desired place X in this square. ☐

What a Foremost Advertising Executive Thinks About the New McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is as much a pioneer among magazines as it was when it first gave the American people, at a popular price, the best work of distinguished novelists, biographers, scientists and historians. McCLURE'S of today, edited along the same fearless and constructive lines, but in the spirit of the present, is blazing a path among the magazines edited according to yesterday's formulas. That this fact is appreciated by leading Americans is shown by this voluntary letter from an advertising executive who is also a keen judge of editorial contents:

"In response to your request as to what I thought of the new McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, I am glad to tell you that I enjoy reading it more than any other general magazine.

Looking back over the rise and fall of various magazines during the past twenty years, it seems quite apparent that the reason for the sudden declines in circulation of a number of these publications is due to failure of the editors to sense a shifting in the tastes of the reading public. I have a feeling that such a period of change is upon us, and that your editorial staff has correctly gauged a growing desire on the part of the public for something more than entertainment.

Evidences of the same change can be seen in the moving picture field, and we see it in the automobile business. The tendency of the public in all lines of activities seems to be a search for more substantial values. We have emerged from the hectic after-war period and have our feet on the ground.

I feel that the manufacturer, producer or publisher who best harmonizes his proposition with this changed viewpoint has the best chance for success.

For the foregoing reason, we expect to give McCLURE'S MAGAZINE our full advertising for 1923." *(Name on request)*

We invite the public to keep pace with American progress through the pages of

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, Editor
NEW YORK

Some Outstanding New Books

FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY: Memoirs of a Painter and a Yankee

By Edward Simmons

The intimate reminiscences of a great American artist, painter of the murals in the Library of Congress. His contacts with the great people of Europe and America are recorded with a wealth of serious and humorous anecdote and in a flowing, picturesque style.....**$4.00**

AMERICANS BY CHOICE

By John B. Gavit

"A fresh and wholly original contribution to an understanding of the facts and factors in the making of Americans out of those who have chosen America for their home and their country." — From an editorial in the New York *Times*.....**$2.50**

FLOWING GOLD

By Rex Beach

"The best story that has come out of the region of oil wells, splashed on a big canvas but with no detail neglected. An enthralling romance, and Mr. Beach makes every chapter thrill with action." — Boston *Herald*.....**$2.00**

CHEMISTRY

By Hippolyte Gruener

The emphasis throughout this work is on the fundamental principles underlying the subject. Practical applications for the housewife and the business man of organic chemistry are given careful and detailed treatment.....**$3.00**

THE KAISER'S MEMOIRS: Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany 1888-1918

This book, written during four years of exile by the world's foremost exponent of militarism, is his personal review of his career as Emperor of Germany. The English version was carefully read and corrected by the ex-Kaiser.....**$3.50**

LIFE ON A MEDIAEVAL BARONY

By William Stearns Davis

Feudal France, with its pageantry and squalor, chivalry and brutality, superstitions and deep religious fervor, is pictured in this reconstruction of the thirteenth century.....**$3.50**

HER UNWELCOME HUSBAND

By W. L. George

"Claire Caldecot is perhaps the best characterization of the modern woman, who subordinates emotion to intelligence, the woman whose own watchword is courage and who is able to inspire it in others — a thoroughbred." — The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.....**$2.00**

THE DUST FLOWER

By Basil King

A love-mystery story — two women, and a man who thinks he is in love with both of them. He becomes engaged to one, and the other he marries secretly. A story that mystifies to the very end.....**$2.00**

NAPOLEON: From the Tuileries to St Helena

By Louis Etienne St. Denis

The author was Napoleon's closest personal attendant from the peaceful days at Versailles to the end at St. Helena. His chronicle is intimate and meticulously accurate.....**$3.00**

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL

By Irving Brown

Not since George Borrow wrote *Romany Rye* has there been such an account of life among European gypsies. "Paints the life, customs, joys and sorrows of this interesting race with unerring instinct." — New York *Sun*.....**$3.00**

PSYCHOLOGY

By Robert C. Givler

It is the purpose of this book to supply the beginner with a sound basis in the study of human behavior. "A composite of modern psychological tendencies. The style is easy and there are abundant anecdotes illustrating the laws and principles of psychology." — The Boston *Herald*.....**$3.00**

TALES OF LONELY TRAILS:

By Zane Grey

A Bit of Autobiography. "Zane Grey gives us in his latest book pages—394 of them —out of the great West's most wonderful book of facts. These pages ought to live." — New York *World*. Illustrated with photographs taken by the author.....**$3.00**

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817 **Franklin Square, New York**

When the Baby Laughs—

YOU are being advertised to. When the sun shines, when the flowers bloom, when dinner sends out its inviting aroma—when any one of a thousand things happen to attract your attention, you are being advertised to.

The purpose of any advertisement is to attract your attention and arouse your desire; to tell you what is new and good; to guide you to something you ought to have; to make you happier and more comfortable; to save you money and make life easier for you.

So, read advertisements. They will give you the latest ideas and improvements. They will help you to live better and dress better at less cost.

You'll be surprised at the world of interest and the wealth of new ideas that you'll find in reading the advertisements in this publication.

Advertisements are daily records of progress. They are the reports to you of manufacturers who work for you, telling what has been accomplished for your benefit. Take advantage of them.

Don't let an issue leave your hands without reading the advertisements.

Individuality and Distinction in Home Decoration

one of its productions receives in effect an exclusive and unduplicated design, made for him individually by the artist; as it is owned by few others or no others in his community. But, unlike the ancient method, he does not have to commit himself to accept it before the replica has been carefully examined and approved in his own home.

The League places him in practically direct touch with the creative artist. By its help it enables him to make *care* and *thought* do far more for the individuality and beauty of his home than mere lavish expenditure of money could do. A work of art such as the Greek-Pompeian lamp, if only *one* lamp like it had been made, might have cost rather more than two thousand dollars. The League can produce it for about *one-hundredth* of that price or less, because its membership is so widespread, and because those who wish to subscribe for identical replicas of it can be reached so quickly.

For the same reason, of course, the League is in a position to offer to the foremost artists and designers, who would not think of selling their designs to the "trade"—payment as large, or larger, than would be paid by very wealthy collectors. Each member of the League is in a position to share in the advantage of this. He receives one opportunity to subscribe for each of the productions contemplated or offered by the League, but is under no *obligation* to do so.

A painter, a sculptor and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp,—Olga Popoff Muller, painter and sculptor, a student of Rodin,—Andrew P. Popoff, painter, student of the Beaux Arts—and John Muller, architect for many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty. The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace which at once distinguish it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of "factory designing departments."

This is but one example of the art productions the Decorative Arts League is arranging for its members. The League is a most significant development in art and in the decoration of homes of culture. And the best guarantee of the permanence of the growth it has already attained, is the pleasantly businesslike and entirely self-supporting basis on which it does its work.

IN every community there are a few families distinguished not so much by wealth as by taste and discrimination in the selection of all the things that surround them in their homes, and by their instinctive and consistent avoidance of the mediocre things that one sees displayed by the dozen in stores and also in most other homes, in wearying duplication.

They give some thought to the art of finding, selecting, and purchasing the right things. They know that success in doing that is not so much a matter of money as of intelligent care. These are the men and women who, in every part of the country, are welcoming a young organization (which in reality is reviving a custom that is almost as old as art itself)—who see at once the important uses they can make of it, and who are joining in the movement as soon as they hear of it. In comparatively few months the League has had an amazing growth—a growth which art collectors, a year or so ago, would have said was impossible.

The Decorative Arts League has taken the ancient system,—by which patrons of arts joined in little groups and subscribed for replicas of any beautiful design that pleased them, even while the design was still in the hands of the artist,—and has vitalized that system by the employment of all modern resources in getting quickly into touch with its members.

Each member of the League ordering

A Work of Art, Sent on Approval

Total Price $19.85

Pay Carrier $3.85

deposit on approval

Works of beauty and permanence—heirlooms a century from now. A lamp design made by the Muller-Popoff group, and owned by the "D.A.L."

This low price is a *test*

This lamp was designed to sell for $36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at $19.85.

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised. Your Approval Request should be mailed at once.

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap are cast in solid Medallium. The upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations are in three colors; the top and bottom bands in deep red, the design in dark green, the background graded in brown.

Inside the shade the reflecting surface is of a delicate pink tone diffusing a warm and mellow glow. The gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Just above the bulb another pivot enables the shade and the bulb to be tilted to throw the light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece sectional socket.

The lamp is complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds. If desired you can cover the shade with silk or other fabric to match any particular surroundings.

The regular price was fixed by the League at $36, but the introductory price, and to members of the Decorative Arts League was $19.85 (which may have to be discontinued).

The price has not been advanced yet. You can have one of the Muller-Popoff Greek-Pompeian lamps—(if you act at once)—at exactly the price paid by members of the Decorative Arts League. And you can become a member without cost or obligation. . . . Read the coupon.

Compare thoroughly. That is why this lamp is loaned to you

VISIT the art importers, the decorators, the jewelers, the large stores, and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find *any* lamp that even approaches it in beauty and artistic perfections — even at twice or five times the price at which *this* beautiful lamp can be yours (if you act promptly).

* * *

WE do no "selling" in the ordinary commercial sense. The lamp must sell itself to you — on your own judgment and comparison. If it does not . . . . send it back, any time within five days. (That is all the "selling" that the Decorative Arts League relies on — all that it has ever needed for any of its productions.)

We will return your deposit at once, and in full; and you will be under no further obligations whatever.

* * *

SO you see clearly that, when you accept the loan of this lamp and hand the carrier your $3.85 deposit, you are not risking the sum. You are not risking either money or annoyance.

On the contrary — you are accepting on the pleasantest and safest terms, an opportunity to get a lamp of superb beauty and artistic perfection—and an opportunity to prove to yourself, *before* you decide to keep it, that for a lamp of equal or nearly equal beauty and distinction, you might have to pay three times or five times as much.

* * *

IF we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions, we would do it, — but we cannot.

We Lend it Gladly

WE ask the privilege of sending the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp, the Muller-Popoff design, for your own use in your own home. We lend it for your examination and comparison; for the judgment of yourself, your family, and those of your friends whose opinions in matters of beauty and art have weight.

When the carrier delivers it you hand him the small charge for postage, and $3.85 (which is the deposit, and is *returnable*).

Put a bulb in the lamp, attach it to a socket and begin using it. Two, three, or four persons can read by its light at the same time. Find, by a few experiments, the best position in the room for it. It can be moved with one hand and without rising from your easy-chair.

Note the change it makes in the whole appearance of your living-room, drawing room, library, or bedroom—the greater distinction and individuality it gives to its surroundings. View it as if you were a visitor, entering the room for the first time. Note how it harmonizes with the plan of decorations in your home, where a lamp of garish, over-accented or mediocre commercial design would strike a note of discord.

These are the Tests of True Art and of Real Beauty

Notice how within a few hours it no longer seems strange to have it there—and how it takes its place as part of the permanent furnishings and decorations by which your home environment expresses your individuality.

No lamp of mediocre or garish design can withstand them successfully. Then, too, besides noting the changed appearance of the room, notice the beauty and effect of the lamp itself—the exquisite Muller-Popoff Greek-Pompeian design—first, when lighted and viewed from a short distance; second, when viewed from another room or from the hall; third, when it is not lighted, and when the room is lighted by daylight. A perfect lamp-design must be beautiful in all three of these tests.

We ask you to make these tests and comparisons in your own home. Send the coupon *now*.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE

175 Fifth Avenue
New York City

The productions of the League are not sold at high prices, as many have assumed. The purpose of this offer is to demonstrate that fact. The very low prices at which its productions can be supplied to its members, are made possible by their united—and prompt—action when new productions are offered. Corresponding members pay no dues and are under no obligations. The resources of the League are ample for its objects. It does not ask endowments or contributions from the general public.

Do not send any money with this coupon

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

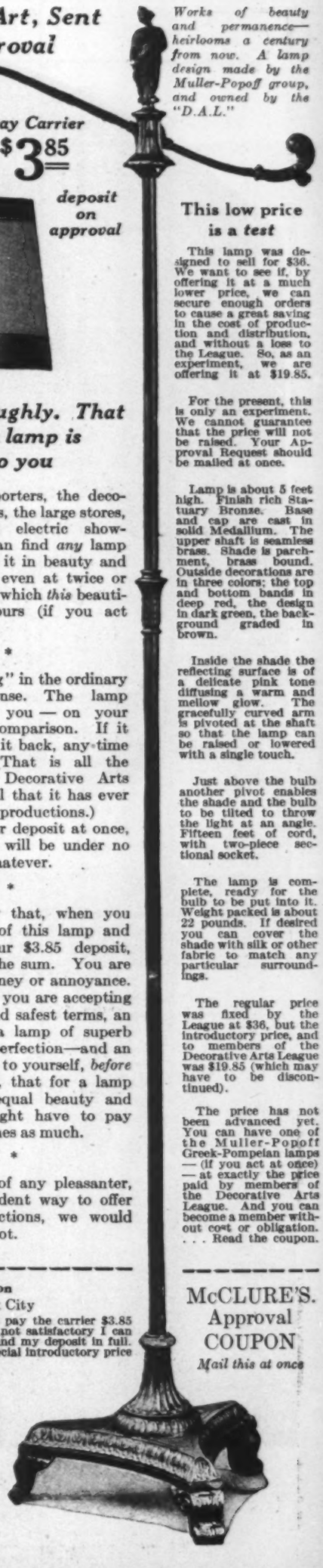
Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier $3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full. If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of $19.85 and will send $4 monthly from date for four months, the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

(Cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.)

[ ]Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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